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VIEW OF LUBECK
FROM THE BANKS OF THE TRAVE.



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EXCURSIONS
IN THE
NORTH OF EUROPE,
THROUGH PARTS OF RUSSIA, FINLAND, SWEDEN,
DENMARK, AND NORWAY, IN THE YEARS
1830 & 1833.

BY JOHN BARROW, JUNR.



A NORWEGIAN CARRIOLE.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALFEMARLE STREET.
1834.

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PREFACE.

Two *Excursions*, of two months each, supplied the matter contained in the following pages. My fellow-traveller and myself, desirous of skimming over as large a surface as this limited time would allow, resolved to be always on the wing, or on our legs; and the better to enable us to effect this, we also resolved not to seek for any letters of introduction, which might have gained us a few dinners, and lost as many days. Our movements were guided by the spur of the moment, without preparation or premeditated design. To observe and to enjoy the diversified scenery of mountain, forest, lake, and river—to view the arts and industry of man—to glance at the various shades of human existence,—these were the main objects of our excursions, of which, from my daily notes, I have attempted to draw a faint, but, I trust, a faithful outline.

Having been one in the “Family Tour through Holland, Belgium, and on the Rhine,” I there learned, though young, the advantage of noting

down, on the spot and at the time, whatever was considered worthy of observation; and this plan was followed up, as far as could be done, on the present occasion, more especially in Norway,—a country singularly interesting, both as regards its wild and romantic scenery, and the unsophisticated character of its inhabitants.

Though these excursions were undertaken merely to please myself, and the notes were chiefly intended to please my nearest and dearest connexions, I now venture, however, to send them to the press, in the hope that I may at least displease nobody, and perhaps, by giving them publicity, may afford some little service to the future traveller.

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EXCURSIONS,

g.c.

CHAPTER I.

HAMBURGH AND LUBECK.

Advantages of Steam-vessels—The Elbe—Hamburgh, its Port and Town—Churches—Orphan Asylum—Cruelties practised by Davoust—Execrable road to Lubeck—Description of Lubeck—Travemunde—Steam-boat to Cronstadt—St. Petersburg.

THE Marquess of Worcester, when a state-prisoner in the Tower of London, having witnessed one day the cover of his boiling-pot blown off and driven up the chimney, his sagacious mind at once perceived that, by this simple and not unusual incident, a new power of extraordinary force had developed itself, by which large volumes of water might be lifted, heavy weights removed, and machinery put in motion; but he could scarcely then have conceived an idea that, at no distant period, by the power of steam, large vessels would be moved through the water at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, or, as the Americans assert of their spoon-shaped boats, sixteen or eighteen miles an hour; or that a train of heavily-laden waggons or of carriages with some

hundreds of passengers would be whirled along on an iron rail-road at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles an hour.

The application of steam to navigable purposes seems to have been discovered by an obscure individual of the name of Jonathan Hulls, who would never have been known or recognized as the inventor but for a little scarce book of a few pages, bearing his name, and containing a copy of a patent granted by George II., a short description of his boat and engine, and a frontispiece exhibiting his steam-vessel with its chimney and paddle-wheels, towing a large three-masted ship. This evidence (conclusive, certainly, as far as it goes) was only brought forward when a dispute arose among the competitors for the invention of the steam-boat—Lord Dundas, Symington, Miller of Dalswinton in Scotland, and Lord Stanhope and Fulton in England. Of all these, there can be no doubt that Fulton, having sucked the brains and gone over to America, first brought this machine into practical utility and common use.

Whoever the inventor or inventors may have been, the traveller by sea owes them a debt of gratitude. By means of steam, distant countries are brought nearer to each other; a voyage to Petersburg may now easily be performed in eight days, which by the Baltic in a sailing vessel might be eight weeks. The passage from the Thames to Edinburgh by steam is, on an average, about fifty-

two hours; by a Leith smack, however well found and navigated, it is uncertain at all times, but generally five or six days. Indeed, it so happened, that on the very day I started for Hamburgh, on our Norwegian excursion, my brother took his passage for Edinburgh in that unfortunate smack the *Earl of Wemyss*, in the voyage before she became the scene of distress and of gross outrage on decency and humanity. The distance to Edinburgh is somewhat less than that to Hamburgh. The wind being from the northward, on the *ninth* day the smack reached Flamborough Head, and, tired out with the delay, my brother got into a small boat with an old man and a boy in it, who fortunately landed him without being swamped in a heavy surf; the smack arrived at Leith in four days more, making the passage *thirteen* days. I was landed at Hamburgh in *fifty-two* hours.

In fact, the convenience, expedition, and almost certainty as to time, of travelling, whether by sea or land, have of late years so greatly increased, and have now become a matter of so much ease, by means of steam, that a person may not only himself visit any part of the civilized world approachable by water, but even venture to take his family, great or small, along with him without much apprehension of encountering the delays, the dangers, and the difficulties described and dwelt upon by travellers of former days, and, it may be added, but too often realized in our own. Two-thirds of the ship-

wrecks that unfortunately occur are occasioned by vessels being driven on a lee shore. A steam-boat, unless by gross mismanagement, can never be brought into that predicament. And then what an advantage it is, and how satisfactory to the passenger, to be able to fix the day, nay, almost the very hour, of his arrival at his destined port—to step on board a commodious steamer with the almost certainty of reaching the end of his voyage at a specified time! Nor are these advantages confined to voyages out of England. Ask the London citizen, who has toiled through the week amidst the smoke and fogs of the metropolis, and hustled along its narrow lanes, or twisted through its winding alleys—ask the man of business, who has been shut up in the counting-house for six successive days,—and he will tell how delightful it now is to be enabled to spend his Sunday at Margate, and breathe the pure air from the sea after inhaling the murky and smoky atmosphere of London. Ask those who, not many years ago, were compelled to embark at Dover on board a sailing vessel, and, instead of landing on the quay at Calais in about three hours, (as they may now do,) have for three days perhaps been tossed and tumbled about the Channel by a contrary wind: or have been detained, waiting for a fair breeze, at an incommodious and expensive hotel,—ask any or all of these persons, and you may be sure of one thing, that they will one and all agree in their reply in the commendation of steam-boats.

A voyage by steam to Petersburg, of which I am about to give some account, has produced this eulogium on a mode of conveyance which, on all short voyages, must supersede sailing vessels for the mere purpose of carrying passengers. At first, the voyage by steam was attempted to be made from the Thames to St. Petersburg; but that attempt was soon abandoned, from the difficulty of carrying a sufficient quantity of coals, and from the heavy expenses of such a long voyage, and the paucity of passengers, which afforded no remuneration to the proprietors. The route was therefore changed to that by Hamburgh, to which port two steam-boats start from the Tower Stairs regularly every Wednesday and Saturday. From Hamburgh to Lubeck is a land journey of about thirty miles, where a second embarkation takes place in an excellent steamer, which conveys the traveller to Petersburg.

On the 26th of June, 1830, I embarked with my friend, Mr. Rouse, in the "William Jolliffe," a commodious passage-boat belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company; our intention being to visit St. Petersburg and Moscow; on our return from thence, to travel through Finland to Abo; and from thence (by crossing the Gulf of Bothnia to Stockholm) to return to England through Sweden and Denmark. We got under weigh at day-light, and at eight in the morning found ourselves at the Nore. The boat was crowded with passengers, among whom were many of the tribe of Israel. The

weather was beautiful, and we made the passage to the opposite coast in little more than forty hours; but it was too late in the evening to allow of our entering the Elbe with safety, the mouth of that river being exceedingly intricate, and the darkness of the night not favourable to the attempt. We accordingly hove-to off the island of Heligoland till sunrise, when we proceeded on our voyage, and came to anchor at Hamburgh as early as nine o'clock.

It is but justice to a very worthy man to state, that this short passage was rendered most agreeable to every one on board, by the kind behaviour of Captain Downie, who commands the *William Jolliffe*, and whose sole care seems to be directed to the management of his vessel, and the comfort of his passengers.

Whilst lying off Heligoland, the funnel of our steam-boat became ignited, and the burning soot flamed from it rather frightfully for some time; and as there was not a breath of wind, the sparks fell upon deck, and the passengers were apprehensive lest the sails might catch fire. Fortunately, a slight breeze, springing up suddenly, carried the sparks over the ship's side; and it was pleasant enough thus to get rid of them, and also to observe how gracefully they fell into the water, resembling the sparks which drop in the air at the bursting of a rocket, on attaining its greatest height.

The right bank of the river Elbe is rather pic

turesque, the ground being much broken and diversified, richly wooded, and interspersed with many neat-looking little villas, more particularly on the approach to Hamburgh. A number of windmills scattered along the banks give a pleasing effect to the scenery. The left bank is flat and uninteresting, much resembling those of the Scheldt.

We landed with very little trouble, as the luggage of the passengers was not searched: on passing the custom-house, which is built on piles in the harbour, we were merely asked if we had any excisable articles, and upon answering in the negative, we were allowed to pass without further molestation; but on stepping on shore, a person took down our names, and that of the hotel to which we were proceeding. We showed him our passport, which, after glancing at it, was returned to us.

Hamburgh very much resembles a Dutch town in its general features; but, unlike most Dutch towns, many of its streets are narrow, dirty, and ill paved. The houses are several stories high, and both walls and roofs are crowded with windows, which give to private dwellings the appearance of so many manufactories. Some of the wider streets have rows of trees planted on each side, generally elms. The houses are chiefly built on piles, and the town is subject to frequent inundations, to prevent which dykes have been constructed at no trifling expense for the purpose of restraining the Elbe, which in the year 1771 overflowed the town, and caused considerable distress and damage.

The new part of the town may be called handsome; it abounds with substantial buildings, and the plantations around it are tastefully laid out. The hotel at which we took up our abode was the "Hôtel de Russie," a name rather apropos for us who were proceeding to the capital of that empire. It is situated in the most frequented as well as the most fashionable part of the town. Facing it is the favourite public promenade, well shaded with rows of trees, planted on the side of the lake, into which the little river Alster expands itself on the north side of the town, before it falls into the Elbe. Close to the water's edge there is a café, or restaurateur's shop, a sort of pavilion, where tea, coffee, ice, and liqueurs may be procured. Chairs are arranged in front of the building, which we found generally occupied by well-dressed gentlemen, sipping their coffee, and enjoying their cigars, in the cool of the evening. The lake was often crowded with neatly-built pleasure-boats, but the weather at this time was unfavourable to this species of amusement. I remarked that the rain descended at this particular season of the year in torrents such as I have seldom witnessed in England, and so suddenly, that it was as unsafe to venture out without an umbrella, as it would be in our own country on a sunny day of April. On the lake there is an excellent floating-bath, and boats belonging to the establishment are constantly in attendance at the landing-stairs to carry off the bathers.

The port, which includes the whole expanse of the Elbe where it forms a broad sheet of water, is usually crowded with shipping of all classes and denominations. In the inner port, which is a creek of the great one protected by a pier, shoals of boats arrive every morning from the upper and opposite parts of the country, laden with provisions for the market, and with the peasantry bringing their milk and butter, at which time this part of the town exhibits a busy and bustling scene.

The continental churches are generally the first objects that attract the attention of the traveller. From the tower of St. Michael's, which is reckoned the loftiest spire in Hamburgh, being three hundred and ninety feet high, an extensive view is obtained, which enables the stranger to form a tolerably correct idea of the situation and extent of the city. The whole Elbe, nearly as far as the sea, may be seen from the top of this tower. The churches of St. Peter and St. Nicholas have also lofty towers. We ascended that of St. Peter to an octagon room, about the centre of the spire; at each side there was a window, and a flat board placed across upon the ledge, on which were marked several lines, pointing to the different objects worthy of notice. The idea is ingenious, and saves not merely the trouble of asking questions, but the frequent mistakes which arise from the answers referring to a different object from the question. In one part of the church are watch-towers, from whence the

alarm of fire that might happen in the city during the night would be given. This is done by the sounding of a trumpet, which emits so strange a noise, that it would be impossible to mistake it for any thing else.

The mercantile inhabitants of Hamburgh are well known to be, by their commercial connexions with every part of Europe, an intelligent, shrewd, and respectable class of men, containing in their body a considerable admixture of Jews,—every tenth man of the population being supposed to be an Israelite. The tradespeople and artizans appear hardworking and intelligent in their stations; nor is this character confined to the male sex, the women being particularly industrious and active. The streets are constantly crowded with people hurrying to and fro at a very early hour of the morning, and continuing so till the evening.

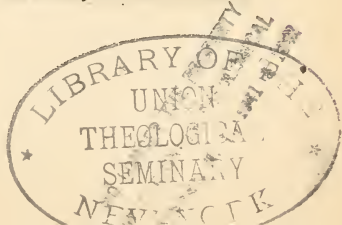
Water for domestic purposes would appear to be an article of sale; it is carried about in small pails, which are always painted a deep red colour; and milk is also carried about in the same manner.

Large wheelbarrows are much used by the men to carry goods from one part of the town to another; and the women have a curious custom of carrying small baskets under their arms of about two or three feet in length, over which is invariably thrown a gaily-coloured handkerchief to keep the contents clean. But the more bulky kinds of merchandise are carried in long narrow carts,

which are very numerous in the streets, and generally loaded with hides, skins, and other heavy articles; they are drawn by fine sturdy-looking oxen. There are but few carriages to be seen driving about, and those that are met with are but little better in their appearance than our hackney-coaches.

The market of Hamburgh is excellent; it is supplied with fruit, vegetables, butter, and other articles of consumption from the neighbouring country, in which there are three or four villages, much resorted to by parties of the inhabitants during the summer months. Below Harburgh, (which stands on the opposite or left bank of the Elbe,) the river forms several rich islands, well stocked with cattle, from which Hamburgh receives most of its butcher's meat, milk, and butter.

The Danish town of Altona is situated a very short distance on the west side of the city, the works of which it almost touches. It is a large and apparently flourishing town, containing many respectable inhabitants, and buildings deserving of notice, but we had no time to examine it closely. It happened to be Sunday, and here, as everywhere on the continent, Sunday is always a gala-day. Its public avenues, with the exception of the size of the trees, which are small, reminded me much of the Champs Elysées at Paris, but were far more crowded than these generally are. They exhibited the same sort of booths, and the same



kinds of amusements. Some were fitted up as dancing-rooms, and others were a kind of rotunda, in which wooden horses were going round at a great rate, and their riders endeavouring, with small daggers, to unhook some rings which were hung upon a post; if eight of them were taken off in succession, the horseman had his ride for nothing. Some were very expert, and others equally clumsy; but all appeared to enjoy themselves with these trifling sorts of amusement. It was remarked that, on the Altona gate, the arms of the city of Hamburgh were engraved on one side, and on the other those of Denmark.

Hamburgh at this time wore the appearance of a flourishing city. The outer port is generally as crowded with shipping as the streets are with people; and every one of the latter seemed to have some business of his own to attend to. No idle loiterers (except such as ourselves) were to be seen; and no more notice was taken of strangers like ourselves, than if we had been walking in the streets of London.

It has been said of the Hamburghers, that it was no unusual thing for the most opulent of the merchants frequently to become all at once bankrupts, and almost as suddenly to resume their former station and wealth. These, however, may be presumed to be men without any fixed capital, who live mostly by speculation, and whose expenses keep pace with or exceed their incomes;

so that the least unexpected blow brings them to poverty, from which, however, by their characteristic industry and shrewdness of speculation, most of them very soon contrive to extricate themselves. I suppose, in this respect, they pretty much resemble the speculators of our own country.

Four burgomasters, four syndics, and twenty-four senators, all of them electing their own members, are intrusted with the government of Hamburg; they propose all the municipal regulations, recommend new taxes, and levy imposts; but the burghers or citizens, represented by one hundred deputies, must accede to them. The above-mentioned functionaries wear a dress suit of black; their knee and shoe-buckles are silver, and they have a smart white frill ruff, (similar to those worn by our beef-eaters round their neck,) and a dress sword by their side.

Among the public buildings may be reckoned the theatre; but being at this time closed, we had not the opportunity of seeing the performances nor the interior; but if the latter corresponds at all with the exterior, it is not deficient in elegance.

Every house almost has its sign to point out the occupation of the owner, and some of them are ludicrous enough. These signs are sometimes painted, but are more frequently figures made of tin. In the windows of almost every house are placed glasses to reflect objects in the streets, as is so much the practice in Amsterdam, and other towns of Holland.

We dined at the table-d'hôte of our hotel, and found it well attended, between thirty and forty people being generally present; a few officers, for so I judged them to be, although out of uniform, were of the party. One of these heroes had evidently been very recently engaged in some affair of honour, and bore the marks of it, by a most severe slash with a sabre down his cheek, which had been cut to the bone; the wound extended the whole length of the face, and was indeed a sad disfigurement to an otherwise handsome countenance.

One of the most interesting objects in Ham-
burgh is the Orphan Asylum, which contains from five to six hundred children, who are maintained until they attain an age when they are supposed to be capable of procuring their own livelihood. The poor are well taken care of, chiefly, I learned, by voluntary contributions; but there is also a small toll on passing the gate into the city, and a tax on the theatre, and other places of amusement, all of which are set apart for their maintenance. Few beggars are to be met with; the members of an institution for their suppression are said to have voluntarily imposed a fine upon themselves if any one of them should give indiscriminate alms. A flourishing association for encouraging and rewarding industry among the lower classes was destroyed by the myrmidons of Buonaparte, who swept away all the funds that had been raised for charitable purposes; and among the rest, the little pittance

of the industrious poor—the savings-bank, as it might be called, of Hamburgh. Indeed, during the time of the occupation of this city by the French, Hamburgh was the scene of rapine and bloodshed. The brutal and inhuman conduct of the French, under the execrable Davoust, will never be forgotten by the inhabitants. The atrocities at that time committed on the unoffending inhabitants have left a mournful recollection in every family. Would it be believed that the daughters of the first families in Hamburgh were compelled by this unfeeling wretch to work at the fortifications among common labourers, as a punishment for their having embroidered the standard of the Hanseatic legion, of which Hamburgh is the chief city! He burned the best houses of the merchants situated without the city and far beyond the line of military defence.

The general conversation one day at the table-d'hôte turned on these enormities and the atrocious conduct of Davoust, when I observed that the stories I had heard of that man were almost incredible. An elderly gentleman, who sat opposite, looking at me, said with great composure, “Young gentleman, you were hardly born when these things happened, but I was an eye-witness and a sufferer; and though impressions made by such enormities grow weaker by time, I can safely aver that those committed against the unfortunate inhabitants of this city have not been exaggerated. Read what one of your own countrymen has recorded in that

excellent work the ‘Quarterly Review,’ every word of which is true.” The passage he alluded to I have since found in the 26th Number, and is as follows:—

“Eight and forty hours were allowed, or rather were promised to be allowed, the inhabitants of Hamm (a village two or three miles from Hamburg) for removing their property; for, as may well be supposed, many of these houses were filled with fugitives, and with goods which had been removed from houses destroyed in a similar manner. Before thirty hours had elapsed, a body of French pioneers, with their firebrands, burst into these houses in the night, and in spite of the supplications of the inhabitants,—in spite of the remonstrances of the mayor, who claimed only the time which had been promised, burnt or pillaged whatever they found,—the wreck of many a family, the property of many a widow and orphan. The mayor, upon this, wrote a letter to Davoust, reminding him that he had been graciously pleased to promise the poor sufferers a respite of forty-eight hours to enable them to remove their goods, and informing him in what manner this promise had been disregarded. ‘The remaining inhabitants of Hamm,’ said he, ‘beseech you, in the most pressing manner, to inform them how far the burning of their houses may yet extend, as they only request time and notice to remove their effects. I entreat to be favoured with a word of consolation on this head, that I may communicate it to the distressed parishioners.’

Ten days after this letter was written, the mayor received a verbal message, authorizing him to announce to the inhabitants of Hamm, that it was not the intention of Marshal Davoust to destroy any more of their houses. Three weeks had hardly elapsed before this Marshal Davoust sent an order to set fire to every remaining house in Hamm the same evening; the inhabitants had neither means nor time to remove their effects; they were turned out into the high way in the very midst of winter, without shelter and without bread: their houses were destroyed in their sight, and their furniture consumed as fuel for the watch-fires of the French. The French ruffians went mirthfully about their work of havoc: a body of troops was drawn up, every man having a bundle of combustibles fixed upon his bayonet; they then divided into parties, and went dancing, with music before them, from house to house, to set house after house on fire. If the unhappy families clung to the spot, they were driven out with the bayonet; if they refused to open their doors, even in the night, to let these incendiaries in, they were fired upon. This was a wanton destruction; it was not necessary; it was not even useful, as a means of defence, but was committed in mere malignity of heart.

“The execution of these atrocious orders was entrusted to General Loison, a man pre-eminent in infamy among the infamous officers of Junot’s army, —he who presided at the murders at Caldas, and

by whom the massacre at Evora was committed. Notwithstanding the severity of the season, Marshal Davoust turned out of Hamburgh all the inhabitants who had not been born in the city, and all who were not provided with food for six months: thirty thousand were driven from their homes by this measure. He ordered the public hospital, for the insane and infirm, to be cleared in a few hours for the use of his army. Nearly four hundred patients of both sexes, suffering under the most deplorable afflictions to which our poor nature is subject,—idiots and madmen, the blind and the bed-ridden, were driven out by Davoust's orders into the open fields in the midst of winter; they were exposed to hunger, cold, and a miserable death; their sufferings were aggravated, if it were possible to aggravate them, by the brutality of the French soldiers, who faithfully followed the example of barbarity which their chiefs had set;—these miserable creatures were driven together into a field covered with deep snow; ‘their fits of convulsive laughter,’ says a German writer, ‘their weeping, their curses, and their prayers, were alike the subject of mockery for the French, and more than thirty of them were found dead in the morning!’ It appears by an official estimate, in which a native of Hamburgh assures us that nothing has been exaggerated, that the losses which Marshal Davoust occasioned to that city and its environs, amounted to thirteen millions sterling; that he re-

duced the population from one hundred and twenty thousand to forty thousand souls; that he burnt or demolished more than one thousand five hundred houses; and that, in the depth of a German winter, he turned out more than one thousand six hundred families whom he had plundered of everything, to beg their bread. These were Marshal Davoust's actions at Hamburgh."—(*Quart. Rev.* vol. xiii. p. 485.)

Well might a public thanksgiving be appointed, as it was, by the oppressed inhabitants of Hamburgh, when intelligence of the defeat of the French at Waterloo reached that city: well might they display, as they are said to have done on that occasion, such universal demonstrations of joy!

Having hired a calèche, with a pair of horses, at a very moderate price, we took our departure from Hamburgh on the morning of the 30th. The distance from hence to Lubeck, where we were to embark for St. Petersburg, is, as I have already said, about thirty miles; but we were informed, and too truly, as it afterwards proved, that it would be necessary to start at an early hour to enable us to reach the end of our journey before sunset. Nothing can be imagined more execrable than the state in which we found the road; indeed, it has for ages been stigmatized as notoriously bad. It lies over a loose sandy soil, through which we were dragged at the rate of about three miles an hour; which we certainly did not exceed at any one

period of the journey, although our carriage was of a very light construction, and the luggage trifling. Large rough stones lay about in every direction: they might once have helped to form the road in the shape of a pavement, but were now loose in the sand, in such a manner as to convey the idea of their having been thrown there by some enemy, with a view of rendering the road impassable, which indeed it very nearly was.

The tardiness of the journey was occasioned partly, but not wholly, by these stones; for, independent of the momentary necessity of turning aside to avoid them, the carriage was every now and then either jolting against them with considerable force, when, from the jerk, away went the harness, as a matter of course, or it was up to the axletrees in deep sand. In fact, it was obvious in one place that these huge stones once formed a partial pavement, but being laid on a sandy foundation, some had sunk in, while others had worked themselves up to the surface. In other parts, fragments or points of naked rocks rise out of the sand, over which the carriage had to be dragged. In short, though a public road between two large cities, it is perhaps the very worst in civilized Europe. This is owing to its passing through, and being shared among, no less than three different states. The poet says,—

“The child whom many fathers share,
Has seldom known a father’s care;”

so the road to Lubeck, belonging to all, is owned by none.

This neck of land, which separates the Elbe from the Baltic, is generally flat and uninteresting, but was here and there relieved by clumps of wood, in which were many fine well-grown trees. On approaching within a few miles of Lubeck, the road begins to be tolerably well macadamized, which allowed us to enter the town at a good brisk trot,—the horses appearing to be as much pleased at the change as we ourselves were, and more so they could not well have been: we were, however, a little surprised at this demonstration of freshness, for the same pair carried us through. The king of Denmark has at last, we are told, given his sanction, and liberally contributed to a new road being made, on condition, however, that it shall pass through some town, I forget which, belonging to him; but this indulgence will increase the distance about a German mile (four English); no matter, the public passenger would gain if it be two. He is also to receive all the turnpike dues. A proposal was made at one time by Mr. Klein, for establishing a rail-road from Altona, through Hamburgh to Lubeck, the expense of which was estimated at £300,000; and a statement was made to show that this rail-way would realise a much larger profit than even the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road. But the speculation did not meet with sufficient encourage-

ment. For invalids, the easiest way of performing this most disagreeable journey is to divide it, by passing the night at Schoenberg, where there is a neat and clean little inn, with a very pretty well-stocked flower-garden behind it; but even with this stoppage, the journey would prove tedious enough.

Lubeck presented an exceedingly gay and lively appearance, as we drove up the long street which runs through the town, and which something resembles that beautiful street at Leyden, called Breede, or Broad Street. The town is built on a gentle elevated ridge, on one side of which runs the Trave, and on the other the Wackenik. The environs are well wooded, and enlivened with cheerful villas, more particularly those along the banks of the Trave. The streets are much wider than those of Hamburgh. The houses generally appeared to be old, and mostly built of stone; like those of Hamburgh and of Antwerp, their gable-ends faced the street. They are in general very lofty, six or seven stories not being uncommon. Round the ramparts of the city, in which there are two handsome gateways, is a promenade, shaded with fine trees.

The inhabitants at this season of the year were quietly seated at the doors of their respective houses,—men, women, and children, all neatly dressed: some drinking tea, some playing at cards, others looking on; the ladies amusing themselves,

at the same time, with their needles, whilst the head of the family was generally to be seen enjoying himself with his pipe. There was, as might be expected in such circumstances, a general air of comfort and content.

The principal buildings of Lubeck are the cathedral, four churches, and the town-hall. The cathedral is a curious old building, the spires of which are very much out of the perpendicular, and momentarily threaten to fall, which is also the case with the towers of St. Mary and St. Peter's. All these lofty towers and spires are seen from a distance, and give a striking appearance to the city. The cathedral will be considered as a handsome church in the interior, and as well worthy to be visited, were it only for the sake of the paintings, many of which are curious, and of ancient date. Among them I observed the celebrated picture of the Dance of Death, by Holbein, but whether an original or copy, I am not connoisseur enough to decide, but am disposed to think the latter. In fact, it seems to be doubtful whether the picture be Holbein's or not, some ascribing it to one Hans Glauber, who was of an earlier age. Its merits and defects are well known; the artist, be he who he may, deserves, at the least, great credit for the original thought of conveying a satire on human vanity, and for the very clever and ingenious manner in which he has contrived to depict the figure of Death in so many different

characters and attitudes, many of which are grotesque enough. He is represented in the act of marching off kings and commoners, princes and priests, old men and young, and concludes the dancing march by introducing a figure carrying a coffin to the goal towards which all are advancing and must come at last.

In this cathedral may be seen some fine specimens of sculpture, more particularly a representation of the Lord's Supper, carved in white marble, on the altar-piece, which struck me as being finely designed and beautifully executed. It is pretended that the organ pipes are of silver; but they do not appear to be so. Here there also is a curious old astronomical clock, remarkable for its size and mechanism, which contains movements far beyond what were exhibited by the recently defunct giants of St. Dunstan's Church. The figures of the twelve Apostles are shut up within the clock of Lubeck Cathedral, but at mid-day they sally forth and march in regular succession, passing a figure of our Saviour, to whom they each face round, and having made a quick and familiar nod of the head, they then march onwards to a door at the opposite side, which closes upon them the moment the twelfth Apostle has entered.

A visit to the Dom Church will very well repay the stranger. It contains several well executed monuments, and there is, among others, a remarkably curious old picture painted by Hans Hemling,

bearing date 1471. It represents the Crucifixion and Ascent, and is painted with great execution. Great care is taken of it, and it is kept shut up in a case, which opens on hinges.

The Town Hall of Lubeck is a curious old building, and appears to be one of the most ancient in the town. These are the kind of buildings, in the plan and decoration of which the burghers seem to have vied with each other in their endeavours to display the greatest magnificence, and the most curious variety in the style of architecture. That of Lubeck is a mixture of Gothic and that decorative and fanciful style so common in the Netherlands. Several turrets ornament its front, in which are also displayed, in circular compartments, the shield and eagle of Austria.

A considerable number of vessels were lying in the Trave, immediately below the bridge. Lubeck, like Hamburgh, appeared to us to be a thriving city. Many of the modern-built houses, of which there were several, are on a grand scale. Their basement stories are used as magazines or warehouses, and they have commonly large courtyards, into which the carriages of the proprietors are driven; and as there is generally a door at the foot of the staircase, the ladies may step into them at once as they descend from the upper apartments of the house,—a convenience very common on the Continent, but only known in some of the oldest mansions in England. Here as in Holland,

Belgium, and the other Hanse towns, most of the houses of Lubeck stand with their gable-ends towards the street, and many of them, like those alluded to, present a picturesque appearance. Each extremity of the roof rises generally in steps similar to those of the generality of the houses in the Netherlands.

Leaving Lubeck on the morning after our arrival, with a pair of excellent horses, we reached Travemunde in about three hours, the distance being twelve miles. The roads, though still very bad, were infinitely better than those over which we had travelled the preceding day. There is now a small steamer that carries the passengers from Lubeck to Travemunde. The steam-boat for St. Petersburg was lying at anchor off this place. In the course of this last journey we crossed a broad ferry, the boat being worked by two men who pulled it across the stream by means of a rope stretched from side to side. The operation appeared clumsy and laborious. Neither during our stay at Lubeck, nor in the neighbourhood, were we fortunate enough to hear the pleasing harmony of the "thousands, nay millions," of Dr. Clarke's "Holstein nightingales," vulgarly called frogs, whose "choral vibrations, and cadences of sound," are said to be something like those of musical glasses!

Travemunde is a small village situated, as the name implies, at the mouth of the Trave. It is

resorted to by the inhabitants of Lubeck as a bathing place. On our arrival, we found that the vessel had got her steam up, and was in every respect ready for a start, but three of our countrymen, who had reached Travemunde a short time before us, discovered that they, or rather their courier, had unfortunately left their passports at Lubeck. This consequently delayed our departure for a short time, as the captain of the boat was obliging enough to say that he would wait the return of a man who had been despatched on foot to regain them. We had met this man on the road, running very quickly, and fortunately, when the Captain was beginning to get rather impatient, he returned with them, to the very great satisfaction of all parties, and to none, perhaps, more than my fellow-traveller and myself, who would have felt the loss of three very agreeable companions during the voyage.

The boat on board of which we embarked was a Dutch one, and was called the "Beurs van Amsterdam,"—a fine commodious packet. About one o'clock we got under weigh, our party consisting of fourteen, including the Captain and his wife, who accompanied him to sea. Of this number, five were Englishmen, including ourselves; we had two Russian noblemen as passengers, Prince Galitzin, and another whose name I forget, but who had recently been employed in the wars with Turkey. Altogether we were a very

pleasant party, and the time certainly passed agreeably enough. Nothing could exceed the convenience and comfort of our accommodation; the large cabin, being calculated to hold fifty persons, was now occupied only by fourteen. The fare for the passage was reasonable enough, being twelve guineas each person—including our subsistence. We were on board five days, during which it is but justice to remark that I never wish to fare better.

The weather during the five days we were at sea was delightful, so much so that not a ripple disturbed the surface of the water, which was like a mirror, and literally “as smooth as a duck-pond”—a circumstance I do not remember ever to have witnessed at sea before; for, whether in the North Sea or the Atlantic, a slight swell is generally perceptible, even in the most calm and serene weather.

We had all our meals on deck. On the day of our departure from Travemunde, the Captain treated his passengers with a sumptuous dinner and plenty of champagne, in honour, as we afterwards ascertained, of the birth-day of his fair lady, to whom he was apparently very much attached; and, were it not somewhat of an ill-natured remark, I should be disposed to hint that they had recently been married, and that this was the lady’s first voyage. He was a good-natured, easy sort of man, who appeared to think more of

his wife than his ship, and seemed to know but little about navigation, leaving the management of the vessel solely to the pilot, who spoke the English language pretty well, and appeared to be a clever and trustworthy seaman.

On the morning of the 5th of July, I had the curiosity to get up at half-past two o'clock for the purpose of seeing the sun rise, of which, but a few hours previous, I had witnessed the setting. The sight to me was novel and splendid, but the cold at this hour was piercing, though at the setting, about four hours previous, the air had been very warm.

About five o'clock in the evening we arrived at the end of our voyage in this vessel; and I really took my leave of her with a feeling of regret, so comfortable had we all been during our stay on board. Unless the number of passengers generally very far exceeds that on the present occasion, it appears to me the owners will not find it to answer their expectations. The fuel expended, the subsistence of the passengers, the high wages to the people, and the wear and tear of the machinery, could leave but little profit for the concern. The engineer had high wages, as indeed he ought; for he had a very laborious office to perform. He was an Englishman, and the only one amongst the crew; he had been brought up at Maudslay's, as is the case with the greater part of the engineers that one meets with on board the steam-boats in

foreign countries, where the natives rarely understand the nature and management of the machinery. This poor fellow was stripped to the skin day and night ; his presence could never be dispensed with, with safety, as one of the engines was quite out of order, and required much care and attention to make it work well, or even to work at all.

Immediately on our arrival at Cronstadt, where we were not allowed to land, a large party of custom-house officers, drest in handsome uniforms of green with silver lace, came off to us in a boat ; and, on stepping on board, descended at once into the large cabin, where they took their seats in great state round the table, and proceeded with much care minutely to examine every passport. This job being finished, which could not have occupied much less than an hour, they went upon deck, where they had caused all the luggage of the passengers to be brought up from the hold. Now commenced the operation, not of examining, but of sealing up the different articles, which was done by passing red tape round them, and stamping impressions with a large seal on a substance, which, had it been black instead of red, might have been taken for cobbler's wax. The ship's hatchways were then sealed in the same manner. Unfortunately some of the people on deck happened to deface these impressions by standing on them, at which the Russian officers were not at all well pleased. After all was finished, we were trans

ferred with very little ceremony, bag and baggage, into another steam-boat, which was brought alongside, and which carried us up to St. Petersburg.

It was late in the evening when we arrived, and there were no custom-house officers on the spot to examine our luggage; and not venturing to break open the seals, we were under the disagreeable necessity of proceeding on shore without a single article of apparel, save what we had got on our backs. Having received information that the officers would examine the luggage of the passengers between seven and eight o'clock the following morning, and not wishing to be disturbed at so early an hour, we made over our keys to the landlord of the hotel to which we had gone, and having fully explained to him of what our luggage consisted, begged that he would, at the appointed time, send to release it, which he accordingly did; but at about a quarter to eight, we were knocked up and informed that the officers refused to examine it unless we made our appearance at the Custom-house ourselves, and that there was not much time to lose, as the officers would leave the place at eight o'clock: accordingly we jumped out of bed, and half drest, and half asleep, throwing our cloaks around us, we rattled down in a *drosky* to the place where the steam-boat was lying. Fortunately we arrived in time, and the officers commenced to inspect the articles very minutely, not omitting to open a single parcel, however small. I could not

help feeling highly amused at a fellow with a large pair of mustachios, who was busily employed over my portmanteau, and who had got hold of a parcel, which he no doubt thought to contain some valuable treasure, as it happened to be wrapped up somewhat carefully in two or three pieces of paper; but conceive his disappointment as well as that of his brother officers, who were standing round and looking over him with the greatest possible anxiety, when the hidden treasure proved to be nothing more than a small canister of chocolate powder!

They appeared to me to be more particular with regard to the admission of books into their country than any other article, and a long time was lost in debating about a prayer-book which was found in my possession, and the only book I landed; for knowing that they were very particular on this point, and more so with regard to books which treat of their own country, we did not attempt to take on shore Captain Jones's travels, which we had brought with us from England to serve as a guide-book, for which purpose, among the many that have been published, there are none that I know so useful for the information of travellers in Russia. We, however, did contrive to smuggle two little volumes of the 'Modern Traveller' in our pockets, and found them of the greatest possible use as a substitute for guide-books. All our other books were left with the master of the steam-boat

which had brought us to Cronstadt, and who promised that they should be delivered to the landlord of the hotel where we had resided during our stay at Hamburgh, with directions to forward them to England.

Having cleared the luggage to our great joy, we returned to our abode, and being informed by our landlord that he had procured a "billet of residence," (a permission from the authorities to reside in the city,) we considered ourselves settled for a short time, and proceeded to examine the many interesting objects which the splendid city of St. Petersburg offers to the attention of the stranger.

CHAPTER II.

ST. PETERSBURG.

Imposing effect of the Public buildings—The three great Streets—
 The Quay—The Admiralty—The Palaces—Statue of Peter the
 Great—Churches—The Museum—Gardens—Peterhoff—Tzar-
 skozelo — Cronstadt—Ships of War — Society — Droskies—
 Military—The Knout—Departure for Moscow—Travelling—
 The Road—Appearance of the Country—Approach to Moscow.

ON approaching St. Petersburg in the steam-boat from Cronstadt, there is so little remarkable in the appearance of the city, that, were it not for the glittering of one or two gilt spires which tower above the mass of building, there would scarcely be an object to interest the eye; but on landing, this is very far from being the case.

It was a fine clear night when we entered this city; though past ten, it was still perfectly light, for during the summer months there is scarcely any darkness. The novelty of the scene, added to the pleasing thoughts of my having reached the renowned city of Petersburg, had almost caused me to forget that it was even so late as ten o'clock, and it therefore struck me as remarkable, that, with the exception of one or two of our own countrymen, who were lounging on the quay with cigars in their mouths, and a few *drosky* drivers, not a soul was

to be seen in the streets, as I wandered with my fellow-traveller in quest of an hotel. At this early hour, in broad day-light as it were, Petersburg had all the appearance of a deserted city.

We very soon experienced the bad accommodation which this Russian capital so notoriously affords to travellers. It was our intention to have taken up our abode at Damuth's, which has the reputation of being the best hotel, but after a long walk,—for it is situated at some distance from where the steam-boat lands her passengers,—and no little difficulty in rousing up an old woman who reluctantly answered our call, and who bestowed upon us a look indicating anything but a welcome, we were given to understand that the house was full. We then tried our luck at the London Hotel, and were shown up into a dirty, miserable-looking attic, not unlike the hay-loft over a coach-house, and equally void of every appearance of comfort; but which, nevertheless, we were informed was the only unoccupied room in the house.

Failing in both of these first and best hotels of this grand city, our next recourse was to one of those private lodging-houses which are generally kept by Englishmen, and in one of which, in a street called the English Back Line, we were very glad to gain admittance, and to find ourselves at home. To a person of quiet habits, the chief objection, and certainly a very great one, is, that

these lodging-houses generally swarm with the masters of the multitude of merchant-ships that resort hither every summer, and who are under the necessity of residing on shore in the city, to attend the purchases and sales of their cargoes, whilst their vessels remain at Cronstadt.

My first impression on landing was, that Petersburg was a city of palaces, and unquestionably the most splendid and magnificent in the whole world; its massy and regular buildings, apparently of stone, overwhelm one with wonder by their extent and magnitude. Nothing that I had yet seen,—and I have seen the principal cities of Europe,—seemed to be deserving of a comparison; nor, to say the truth, was this my first impression obliterated by subsequent and closer examination; though it is necessary to state, that this observation is confined to certain quarters of the town: for although there are cities of Europe, to go no farther than London and Paris, that, if taken as a whole, surpass St. Petersburg, yet were we to select any particular division or quarter either of London or Paris, I conceive none could be selected that would bear a comparison, as a whole, with that part of Petersburg which is termed the Admiralty quarter.

The buildings here are on the most magnificent scale, and being concentrated and constructed on a regular and systematic plan, have a most imposing effect. We were far, very far from agree-

ing with Dr. Clarke, when he pronounces that the united magnificence of all the cities of Europe could but equal St. Petersburg,—that it is, in fact, as much superior to London, as London is to any provincial city in England: this was exaggeration, even at the time Dr. Clarke wrote; and the recent improvements of London have rendered it still less correct. In point of fact, Petersburg cannot boast of a single building fit to be compared with St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Greenwich Hospital, or perhaps Somerset House.

As our visit to Petersburg was one of short duration, I cannot pretend to give any accurate account of the various objects which would interest the traveller, and must therefore content myself by attempting a very slight sketch of that part of this splendid city which lies on the left bank of the Neva, or the modern portion of it; the old part, founded by Peter the Great, being almost wholly on the opposite side of this fine river.

The first object on approaching Petersburg that attracts the attention of a stranger is the Admiralty,—a very extensive structure on the left bank of the Neva, down to the very edge of which its two wings descend, enclosing the dock-yard, but obstructing the sight of all beyond it, when viewed from a point in looking up the river. These projecting wings also obstruct the passenger from proceeding along one of the finest quays probably

in all Europe, which I shall notice hereafter. This interruption obliges him to turn to the right, which brings him to the opposite façade or front of the Admiralty, to that which faces the Neva, and which looks into a large open square, or rather oblong, called the Senate Square, from whence diverge the three principal streets, or, as they are called, the three Perspectives, of which the Newski Perspective is the largest and most favourite street; it branches off obliquely in an angular direction, the gilt spire of the Admiralty being the central point: it is upwards of two miles and a half in length, and about twice as broad as Regent Street; which, from its stuccoed houses and macadamized road, it may be said somewhat to resemble. In it are all the principal and best shops, and at certain hours of the day it presents almost as busy a scene as Regent or Bond Street. On each of its sides are rows of trees, but they were at this time small, and had the appearance of being but recently planted. These three streets, and all that part of the town through which they pass, are intersected by three canals, or branches of the Neva, over which are numerous bridges, as in Holland; the outermost canal, named Fontanka, being the widest, may be said to insulate this new part of the city, and to inclose it as with a wall. From each of these Perspectives may be seen the gilt spire of the Admiralty. In an old map of Petersburg, bearing date 1738, there is scarcely a house but the Admiralty on this side,

and a building next it, which is now the Winter Palace; but the Newski Perspective is laid down therein in its present direction as an avenue of trees, and so is the other outer Perspective, each radiating from the centre spire of the Admiralty; and hence, probably, their name in the sense of a *visto*. The middle of these Perspectives has the name of Peace Street. In all these, and some other streets, are pavements or trottoirs, an improvement for which the citizens are indebted to the late Emperor Alexander, who was so struck with this great accommodation for pedestrians when in London, that, on his return to the *residence*, he issued an Ukase directing every inhabitant of this part of the city to pave that portion of it, at his own expense, which occupied the extent of the front of his house.

The side of the Senate Square, out of which these grand streets issue, is made up of public buildings and offices, and the new Isaac Church. The two ends of the square are filled, the one by the Senate-house, now building, and the other by the Riding-school. The Winter Palace and the Hermitage continue in the same line with the Admiralty. Of these buildings hereafter.

The granite Quay, above alluded to, was commenced and finished by Catherine II. It was commenced in the year 1764, and took upwards of twenty years to complete it. Stretching along the clear and transparent Neva, a river as wide as the

Thames at Westminster Bridge, there is certainly nothing of the kind in Europe that can vie with it. It extends to a great distance, both above and below the Admiralty, by which it is interrupted, being about three *versets*, or two English miles, in length. The part immediately above the Admiralty is fronted by the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, and this part is called the Russian Quay; and the lower, or that below the Admiralty, the English Quay. On this latter are situated some of the largest and best houses in the city,—among others, that of Lord Heytesbury, at this time our ambassador. They are, for the most part, occupied by the English merchants and gentlemen who reside at St. Petersburg. The chaplain to the embassy (Mr. Law) has also a house on this quay, to which a very neat chapel is attached. We had the pleasure of conveying an introduction to this gentleman, and received much kindness and attention from him.

On the Russian Quay stands, as before mentioned, the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, which together form a very extensive range of building. The back front, if we may so call it, of the Winter Palace, faces the Senate Square, and immediately opposite to it, on the other side of this space, is a very handsome crescent, composed entirely of the Government Offices. The rest of this side is occupied by a splendid mansion for the Governor, and other official houses; and at the lower corner is the

new Isaac Church, or, more strictly speaking, the old one, for it was commenced in the reign of Catherine,—altered in that of Paul,—pulled down and altered again by Alexander,—and altered and added to by Nicholas,—and, when we were there, very far from being completed; which, if it ever be, will certainly rank among the most splendid edifices in Europe. Its cupola is large and lofty; it has four porticos, each of eight frontal and three lateral columns, each of a single block of granite, six feet in diameter at the base, and fifty-six feet high; the base and capital of bronze.

Opposite to this church, and not far from the foot of the Isaac Bridge, which crosses the Neva, and is one of the three wooden ones, rises majestically the colossal statue of Peter the Great, on the pedestal of which is the following inscription, in Latin on one side, and on the other in Russ:—

PETRO PRIMO,
CATHERINA SECUNDA,
1782.

This bronze equestrian statue, erected, as the pedestal informs us, by Catherine, to the memory of Peter the Great, is the work of M. Falconet, a French statuary; though generally admired for the bold and spirited design, the attitude of the horse is, perhaps, somewhat outré, the head, in rearing, being thrown so far back, as to give an appearance of the horse being beyond its balance,

and in danger of falling backward, which a living animal in such a position would certainly do, and crush his rider; but the metal horse is supported by a metal tail.

The figure of the Emperor is composed and graceful, holding the rein in his left hand, while the right is stretched out, as if in the act of bestowing a benediction on the city. David, in his celebrated and splendid picture of Buonaparte crossing the Alps, would appear to have had in his mind this equestrian statue of Peter the Great.

The intention of the artist seems to have been to represent his hero in the act, as it were, of overcoming some great difficulty, or surmounting some formidable obstacle, by putting his horse in the attitude of galloping up the steep side of a rock, and checking him only at the moment of arriving at the very precipice of its summit, when he had vanquished all opposition. To enhance his triumph, a huge serpent appears crushed under his horse's feet. By this representation, M. Falconet, the artist, may have had in view to convey an emblem of the bold and determined measures to overcome all opposition, and to crush his enemies. But the introduction of the serpent or dragon is not merely emblematical,—it answers another purpose, which is that of materially assisting to fix the statue to the pedestal. By an ingenious device, it is united to the extremity of the horse's tail, and being let into the rock, keeps the horse steadily fixed in its position.

When Catherine determined the statue should be placed on one solid rock, probably to figure the stability of the power which Peter had created, the next question was, where to look around for an object worthy of the intended purpose; neither hill nor rock, nor scarcely a stone, was to be found in the neighbourhood of the capital, and therefore it became necessary to look out for one at some distant place; but supposing a suitable mass to be discovered at a distance, how to transport such a mass, as would be required, to the capital?

There happened to be at this time in St. Petersburg a person who went by the name of the Chevalier de Lascary, a Lieutenant-Colonel in Catherine's army, who, seeing an opportunity of distinguishing himself in an affair in which his mistress was so deeply interested, set about an inquiry as to the nearest spot where a mass of rock sufficiently large was likely to be found. "Fortune," he says, "which frequently favours noble and extraordinary enterprises, seemed to give a special mark of her favour to Catherine II., on the occasion of the monument which she was about to raise to the memory of Peter the Great. A peasant informed me that there was a very large rock in a morass not far from a bay in the Gulf of Finland, about four miles from the shore, and about fourteen miles by water from St. Petersburg. I found the rock, covered with moss; its form was that of a parallelopipedon, whose length was forty-two feet, its

breadth twenty-seven feet, and height twenty-one feet." This, the Chevalier conceived, was just such a block as was wanting for the pedestal; and as if nature had fallen into M. Falconet's idea, a transverse fissure at one end of the parallelopipedon had separated a portion from the mass, which, when removed, would give to the remaining part nearly the slope or inclined plane up which the artist had designed his horse should ascend; this huge crack the peasantry said was done by lightning.

Of the mode pursued by the Chevalier Lascary to draw this mass of granite, weighing about 1600 tons, out from the earth, in which a great portion of it was buried not less than to the depth of fifteen feet—of the subsequent operations of dragging it four miles by means of metal balls, moving in grooves of the same metal, let into large beams of wood—of floating it on a raft between two vessels down the Neva, and of landing it safely on the quay,—all these operations, with specific plates, are detailed by the Chevalier Lascary in a large folio volume, published at Paris, under the name of "Le Comte Marin Carburi de Ceffalonie;" a name, he says, with great naïveté, that really belongs to his family; that he had been under the necessity of assuming the other name in consequence of having, in the heat of youthful passion, committed an act of violence, which his age might excuse, but his heart detested, and for which, to escape a pro-

secution, an exile from his country was his unhappy destiny.

The details of this operation are exceedingly curious, and, considering the time when it was carried on, rail-roads being then unknown, the obstructions he met with, moral and physical, and the many difficulties he had to encounter, the successful accomplishment of this vast undertaking reflects great credit on the ingenuity and perseverance of this Greek officer.

Of Falconet's statue, I should say, though celebrated as it has been, it is very inferior to that of Charles at Charing Cross, which, indeed, (though habit makes most Londoners pass it with little notice,) has, perhaps, not many equal to it in Europe.

At the time we were at Petersburg there was a current joke against the Captain of an American ship, who one day after dinner laid a wager with one of the company, that he would ride on the same horse with the Czar Peter; and being *Bacchi plenus*, he sallied forth to perform this exploit. He had not much difficulty in clearing the iron railing, and was busily employed, by means of the tail of the horse, taking his seat behind his Imperial Majesty, and might, perhaps, have succeeded, though not without difficulty, when, being unluckily observed by the police, his progress was immediately arrested and his person taken into custody; and report says that, notwithstanding it was repre-

sented as a mere frolic in consequence of a wager, he was compelled to pay a fine to the amount of about fifty pounds for his presumption.

But to proceed in the general description of Petersburg. The Winter Palace is of a less modern construction, and more heavy than most of the other contiguous buildings. The interior both of this and the adjoining "Hermitage" is well worthy of being visited. The hall of St. George in the former is a magnificent apartment, being upwards of one hundred and thirty feet in length, and fifty in breadth. The roof is supported by elegant Corinthian pillars.

The Hermitage,—which when it obtained its name was no doubt a kind of rural retirement from the vast magnificence of the Winter Palace,—but is now anything but what its name would imply,—contains an extensive collection of paintings, judiciously arranged in a long suite of apartments, each room being appropriated separately to the works of one master or school: thus, one is occupied solely with those of Rubens, another with those of Rembrandt, Vandyke, Teniers, Wouvermans, Paul Potter, and so on. The Houghton collection is here distributed, which never ought to have left England; the Russians lose no opportunity of putting an Englishman in mind that they once belonged to his country, and that Russia paid well for them.

In one of the numerous apartments, I particularly

noticed a very fine jasper vase, and in another a very extraordinary mechanical clock, made, I am told, in London; it exhibits a large peacock which spreads his majestic tail, an owl that rolls its eyes about, and a cock that crows most lustily. They are shut in a cage, which occupies a great space in the room. On looking out of some windows on the first floor, I was surprised to see, on the same level, a garden planted with several large trees and luxuriant shrubs, tastefully arranged, laid out in flowerbeds, and intersected by gravel walks; so that I almost fancied I had imperceptibly descended to the ground floor, so well did everything appear to thrive in this artificial piece of earth. I remember to have seen a somewhat similar garden, but less artificial, on one of the Boromean Islands, in the Lago Maggiore, where the trees were as large, perhaps larger, than those in question.

The Marble Palace is situated on the same quay with the Winter Palace, and a little above it. Many of the apartments are lined entirely with marble, as is also the hall and staircase, but the whole building, at this time, appeared to be in a neglected state. From the top of the roof is a very good general view of the city, but not equal to that seen from the spire of the Admiralty. The roof of this palace is of copper; and so intense is the heat of the sun during the summer months, that the man who accompanied us over the building asserted he had frequently cooked his victuals there without

the aid of a fire,—a fact which we saw no reason to disbelieve. Of the churches, the principal one is that of the Casan; it would be difficult to say which to admire most, the exterior or the interior of this cathedral. It is a splendid edifice, and splendidly decorated. The columns of the interior are of beautifully-polished granite. The gates of the altar are of silver, and of elegant workmanship.

The Church of Alexander Newski is also a fine building. The tomb of the saint—for he has been canonized—from whom the church takes its name, is also composed entirely of massive silver, and must have cost an enormous sum of money. This church is situated at the farthest extremity of the Newski Perspective.

The ancient part of Petersburg, if anything which dates its existence from the seventeenth century can be called so, is in a great degree in the same state that its founder left it. It is almost wholly on the opposite, or right side of the Neva. The streets or lanes are narrow, the houses mostly of wood, and like a town in Holland, intersected by canals or branches of the Neva. Peter, indeed, professed to build it in imitation of Amsterdam, with which city he was well acquainted. The castle or fortress stands on this side, on an island formed by a branch of the river, a little above the Hermitage, and nearly facing the Marble Palace. It derives an interest from the church attached to it, in which are contained the remains of Peter the Great, and

many of his Imperial descendants, amongst whom is the late Emperor Alexander.

Around the interior of this church,—which appears to be more of a mausoleum than a temple, as divine service is rarely if ever performed,—are arranged an immense number of banners, taken from time to time from different hostile nations, and many of them bear evident marks of a hard-fought battle; one in particular, which was very carefully pointed out to us, had several stains of blood upon it, as well as the impression of an entire palm of a hand.

The large Theatre, which is situated in the middle of an extensive square, was, unluckily, closed during the period of our visit. The building is extensive, and not inferior, in point of architectural beauty, to any public edifice in Petersburg. This may be considered as the national theatre; but there is also a small one, to which we went, and, if one might judge from the countenances of the audience, and we had no other means of judging, the play must have been highly amusing: the performers appeared to exert themselves to the utmost of their abilities, and acted with great spirit. This house, which is somewhere about the size of the Adelphi Theatre, was well filled; but the French Theatre at Kammenoy-Ostrof, which I subsequently visited, was evidently the most fashionable one.

Kammenoy-Ostrof is situated about three or four miles from Petersburg, and appears to be the

favourite drive in the cool of the evening. It is an island, on which the Emperor has a small, but neat palace, with some pretty gardens tastefully laid out, attached to it, in which the public are allowed to walk. We drove there on the evening of the Emperor's birthday, when all the fashion of the city attended. Amongst the carriages, which were very numerous, I saw many elegant equipages, but still there was a want of something in the best of them—a finish, if I may so term it, which will hardly, if ever, be met with in any part of the Continent, except in the carriage of an English gentleman. For instance, some of the smartest “turns-out” we noticed on this occasion,—carriages which really in themselves were extremely elegant,—were driven by slovenly fellows, who cut no better appearance than our hackney-coachmen. None of their drivers have the least idea of attempting the management of four-in-hand: they have generally, I may say always, a little boy placed on one of the leaders, which are, for the most part, very showy horses. These boys, who rarely exceed ten or twelve years of age, are very smart-looking little fellows; and often amused us by their manner of calling out, with a tone of considerable authority, to the drosky drivers, on whom they look with the greatest possible contempt, to get out of their way. They rattle through the streets at a great rate, and it is curious to see them come whisking round a corner, before a

glimpse can be caught of the wheelers, the traces of the leaders invariably being of what seems to us a ridiculous length.

The Emperor and Empress were themselves present at Kammenoy-Ostrof, on the occasion alluded to, and we had the gratification of seeing them several times, as they passed round with the line of carriages. The Emperor was on horseback, attended by Prince Oscar of Sweden, and the Empress was in an open carriage. After riding about for a short time to show himself, the Emperor dismounted, and walked among the crowd, unattended by any one. He had thrown a cloak across his splendid uniform, and not a soul seemed to take the least notice of him,—many, probably, not recognizing him; and those who did, knowing that it was not his wish that they should pay any attention to him. We stood on a bridge close to him for several minutes; he is a fine-looking man, about six feet high.

As soon as it became a little darker, fireworks, consisting chiefly of rockets, began to be played off, and when they were all finished, the spectators flocked back again to town. A few men of one of the regiments of cavalry were placed two and two, at equal distances along the road, and maintained the most perfect order, taking particular care that the carriages should not get out of the line. Small lamps of oil were placed scantily on the ground on each side of the road, which we

were informel were meant for an illumination; though I am more inclined to think that they were placed there for no other purpose than to light up the road, in the event of the evening being dark—yet such a precaution at this season of the year was certainly unnecessary.

In the Museum we were much amused. The collection of minerals is very extensive and valuable; they are well arranged, and all the specimens exceedingly fine; but in hurrying through a museum of natural history, the stranger has little time to examine, with much attention, the multitude of objects which it contains. At the end of the long-room were subjects of a very different nature: we there beheld the stuffed figures of two of the domestics of Peter the Great, both of whom are said to have been great favourites. They are naked to the loins, and, as may be imagined, very disgusting objects. The skin has all the appearance of being tanned, and is exceedingly hard and dry. The one is of gigantic stature, and stands seven feet high; the other is a little dwarf, to whom the Czar is known to have shown very great partiality, taking him with him generally wherever he went. The contrast exhibited by these two figures, great as it is, is not so great, however, as that of the skeletons of Mr. O'Brien, the Irish giant, and Miss Cracami, (a dwarf not long since exhibited in London,) have furnished for the Museum belonging to the College of Surgeons in London; the

former said to be nearly eight feet high, and the latter only eighteen inches!

There is a small apartment in the Museum in which is preserved, with great care, a model of Peter the Great in wax, which is said to be a perfect resemblance; he is seated in an old-fashioned leather-bottomed chair, the same which he is supposed to have generally made use of when alive; he is dressed in the clothes which he wore on some particular occasion, I believe at the battle of Pultowa. The figure is placed under a canopy, and I could almost work up my imagination to such a pitch, as to fancy myself in the presence of this extraordinary man. I have somewhere read that there is a spring in this figure which, when touched, causes it suddenly to rise from the chair, and stand upon its legs, an exhibition with which the public, I am happy to say, are not now favoured; though, judging from some other exhibitions still existing, it is not at all improbable that Peter heretofore has been made to move upon springs. It would appear, from a mark on the wall, that the Czar must have been very nearly seven feet high, but I should question the accuracy of the measurement; he is, however, known to have been a very tall man.

One of the greatest curiosities in the Museum is the entire skeleton of a mammoth of prodigious size, which is said to have been found by a fisherman, some years since, near the mouth of the Oby. It is probably the only perfect skeleton to be met

with, if it has not been patched up with extraneous materials. There is also the skeleton of an elephant, which, although of very large dimensions, is considerably smaller than that of the mammoth. The skeleton of the horse on which Peter the Great was in the habit of riding is also exhibited. Round the sides of a long gallery are placed a number of models in wood, dressed in the several costumes of different countries—Tartars, Chinese, Persians, &c. In glass cases, along the sides of the same room or gallery, are a variety of anatomical preparations; for which it would, perhaps, have been as well that a separate apartment should have been devoted, being here rather out of place, and not very agreeable to the generality of visitors, particularly to females.

The successors of the Czar Peter have not been wanting in marking their respect for him, as is obvious by the great veneration in which all kinds of relics appertaining to him are held, such as the dresses he wore on different occasions, and particularly in different battles in which he was engaged, besides that in which his model appears. This, no doubt, originated in a feeling of veneration for him who wore them; and the custom may be considered by many as well calculated to keep in remembrance the distinguished character to whom they belonged.

In the room, adjoining the one where the figure of Peter is seated, are various tools which belonged to him, models of his own making, and specimens

of his own turning in ivory, at which he was an adept: indeed, many of these specimens afford ample proof that he was no mean hand in this branch of artisanship—one in particular, which struck me as being a beautiful piece of workmanship—a large ivory lustre, suspended from the centre of the room.

In the suburbs of the city, or that part of it which is on the right bank of the Neva, is still preserved, with great care, the small wooden house, or rather hut, which was inhabited by Peter during the progress of his grand undertaking. To the Russians it is, as it ought to be, an interesting relic of this great man; and, to do them justice, it has been most carefully preserved in the same state, as far as wood can preserve its state, as when he left it; and the more effectually to insure its preservation, and to protect it from the weather, it has been encased within a brick wall. Here, too, is kept—what must to the Russian be a still more precious relic—the original little boat which first gave him a taste for the sea, and which led to the formation of a navy: it is the Little Grandsire, which he himself consecrated as one of the last acts of his glorious reign.

The Taurida Palace, situated in the outskirts of the town, is a noble building: the hall is one of the largest I remember to have seen, being about 216 feet by 80. The garden attached to the palace is exceedingly pretty. It is of no great

extent, but so ingeniously planned as to appear twice the space it actually occupies; and there is a piece of water in it. The Conservatory is on a large scale, and well filled with the most valuable and interesting plants, many of which are exceedingly rare. This garden, as well as all the other Royal Gardens in Russia, was, I believe, planned by an Englishman. Of the different gardens we saw, I think that named the Summer Garden, situated on the Russian Quay, is one of the prettiest; it is kept in high order, and the walks are very pleasantly shaded.

During our short abode at St. Petersburg, the general topic of conversation appeared to be the annual fête, which was about to be held at Peterhof, and which, to our regret, it was not in our power to find time to attend, though, as things turned out, we consoled ourselves something in the manner of the fox with the grapes, with the reflection that we had lost nothing worth having, as it happened to be a dismal rainy night, which must have destroyed the effect of the whole affair; for I can imagine nothing more disagreeable than a wet night on such an occasion. This fête was held for the purpose of celebrating the birthday of the Empress. Though unable to attend, we were, however, determined not to leave Petersburg without at least seeing the preparations for it, which we learnt were now completed, as it wanted but a day or two of the appointed time; and we accord-

ingly took a carriage in the morning with four horses abreast, which it is customary to do for an excursion into the country from the city, though not so in the town.

Peterhof is a palace originally founded by Peter the Great; it is situated on the south shore of the Gulf of Cronstadt, about fifteen English miles from Petersburg. The situation is very delightful, somewhat elevated, and overlooks the Gulf of Finland. Cronstadt is situated a little lower down on the opposite shore, and has an imposing effect, all the shipping there, naval and commercial, being seen from this place.

The preparations for the intended fête were on a larger scale than we had formed any idea of. The grounds are extensive, and all the walks, which are very numerous, many of them not less than half a mile in length, were lined on either side with framework of considerable height, thickly hung with variegated lamps. From these we could collect some little idea of what the effect would be when lighted up; and we decided that it would very far exceed our Vauxhall in splendor as well as extent: but the chief attraction by lamp-light would, no doubt, be the fountains, cascades, and jets d'eau; these we were fortunate enough to see by daylight in full play, the water having been let on for the amusement of the Emperor, who happened to be on the grounds at the time we were there, attended by Prince Oscar, and a large party

of the royal family; but having seen *les grands eaux* of Versailles, we thought those of Peterhof inferior by many degrees. The Grand Duchess Michael was also driving about the place: she is a very agreeable-looking person, and we considered her decidedly the finest and most beautiful woman we had seen since we left England, where we flattered ourselves there would be no difficulty in finding every day and every where at least her equal.

Beneath the various overhanging ledges of the cascades were rows of lamps, which, when lighted, and seen glittering behind the sheet of water as it rolls over, could not fail to have a very singular and pleasing effect. In one part of the gardens there is a tree with a seat round it; and if any ignorant person should be beguiled to rest his weary limbs there, he stands a chance of being detained longer than he might probably wish, or of getting a good *ducking*,—as, at some little distance amongst the shrubbery, there is a cock, which, when turned, lets on the water into pipes that communicate very ingeniously with this tree, and that empty themselves from the spreading branches, very much in the fashion of a shower-bath, at the circumference of about two feet from the trunk of the tree, confining the simple victim within a watery cage, much to the amusement, no doubt, of his companions who had enticed him thither. This might be a good practical joke for the amusement of children in a suburban tea-gar-

den, but it seemed to us rather out of character in an imperial residence.

On our return to town we met with numerous carriages of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, hurrying to the spot destined to be the scene of so much gaiety on the following night, the greater part of which would probably serve also for the sleeping-places of their inmates, as the small wooden-built village at Peterhof could not possibly afford accommodation for one-tenth part of the people who were flocking thither.

However, there is a fine open common immediately in front of the principal entrance to the gardens, where tents might be pitched by those who were *old soldiers* enough so far to study their comforts as to convey them thither. Indeed, we observed a few erected with beds in them before we left, and they did not look by any means uncomfortable, though their occupants must, no doubt, have found themselves rather cool, as the nights here are exceedingly sharp, even at this season of the year.

Amongst the several excursions we made whilst at St. Petersburg, it would have been a dereliction of all pretence to taste not to have paid a visit to the far-famed palace of Tzarskoe-Selo. Many of the apartments are magnificent in the extreme, but the splendor of the chapel surpasses all that can possibly be imagined.

One of the smaller apartments is lined throughout with amber, which has a remarkably curious

appearance. The grounds are of considerable extent, and the gardens very tastefully laid out, as we were informed, by an Englishman.

The building itself is a vast pile. Not a vestige of the effects of the destructive fire, which happened in 1820, remains, although Captain Cochrane, who witnessed it, asserted "that years of time and millions of money must be expended to make it what it was but yesterday morning." The amber chamber, he says, but narrowly escaped the fire, by the doors being built up with bricks, by which means the devouring element was arrested in its progress. Another of this gentleman's statements affords a curious instance, by no means singular, how travellers sometimes forget themselves when writing from recollection. After describing the fatigues of that evening, of which he gives us to understand that he took a very active share, he says he threw himself on a bank, and contemplating the full moon, which shone in all its splendor, &c. &c. Now it does so happen, that on the day mentioned in his manuscript, the moon was nearer the new than the full, which was pointed out to him by a friend. How careful we ramblers who write ought to be!

Here we saw some soldiers belonging to a regiment of Hussars, evidently what is termed a '*crack*' regiment. The uniform is scarlet, and made to fit them well; but the finest-looking men I have seen are those of a regiment of horse-guards quartered at Peterhof, who certainly equal our life-

guards as far as concerns the appearance of the men; and the horses also were, if possible, finer animals than ours. The uniform of this regiment is white, and they wore leather breeches, and jack-boots similar to those worn by the life-guards. Captain Jones mentions having fallen in with some of the privates of this regiment on a narrow trottoir, and says "that, although his brother was six feet high, they were both like Gullivers amongst the Brobdignags, and came out like millers, smothered with pipeclay." This is of course a little exaggerated; but the men are certainly very tall.

At Cronstadt I remember seeing a small detachment of the Imperial guard, and a very smart-looking set of fellows they were, as, indeed, they well may be, having been selected from the whole of the Russian army. The uniform is very handsome. Observing some of the privates standing outside of the guard-house, we walked up to inspect them more closely, and they appeared to be much pleased at our notice of them. Their clothes were also beautifully made, and had they even been cut on "*scientific principles*" by Mr. Stultz, they could not have fitted them better, particularly their trowsers, which, contrary to ours, are made to fit close to the leg, and sit without a wrinkle; but, throughout the whole of the Russian army, it is the fashion for the dress to be drawn in at the waist to such a degree as to cause a sensation of

pain in looking at them. Our great grandmothers on the canvas of Kneller hardly exhibit a smaller waist than a Russian soldier—he looks as if he would break in two in the middle. There are few soldiers, perhaps, of any nation, that will undergo the same fatigue as the Russian. Inured from youth to all manner of hardships, his wants are few; and it is incredible, as Mr. Tooke remarks in his account of the Russian empire, “how the common soldier makes his small pay and provision suffice; nay, he even accumulates a little capital, or at least on holidays can afford to treat himself with strong liquors—not to mention that at times a commander deprives him of some under various pretexts. To satisfy all his wants, he has no more than a yearly pay of six or seven silver rubles, (in garrison it is still less,) with his allowance of flour and grits: he buys, in the mess, meat and grease, or oil; clubs with some others to purchase a horse to carry his little pack on long marches; must pay for every button, &c., which he happens to lose; and buy articles of clothes when those allowed him are not sufficient; for neither his two shirts, made of cheap linen, nor his boots, for which only forty-five kopecks are allowed him, (and therefore cheap leather is used,) with a pair of shoes, will last the year through with constant use.” These soldiers, however, seem to be well drilled, and stand remarkably upright.

We made an excursion to Cronstadt, which was

an interesting one. We embarked in one of the steam-boats which ply daily, but which, by the way, are the worst steamers that I have ever set foot on board—the more remarkable, as they are the property of an Englishman. A short time since, one of these boats was very nearly lost owing to a strong wind, which the engines were scarcely able to contend with, blowing her out to sea.

On our passage we saw a large ship placed on a kind of raft usually called a *camel*, ready to be taken down to Cronstadt, which ship we had seen launched a few days previous from one of the slips in the Admiralty dock-yard. These camels had very much the appearance of a large square box sunk beneath the ship, with the water pumped out of it. The draught of water thus is lessened to very nearly one-half, thereby enabling the ship to float down the Neva, which otherwise she could not do in consequence of the shallowness of the river. The channel is marked out by stakes the whole way down to Cronstadt. At Cronstadt there is not a single slip for building vessels; so that I imagine most of the ships for the Russian navy are built at Petersburg and Archangel; at the former, of oak; at the latter, mostly of larch. The oak timber is fashioned and brought from the southern and eastern parts of the empire, chiefly, I believe, from Casan; but the larch of Archangel is at least equal to the oak; neither are of long duration, seven to nine years being accounted a long period

before requiring large repairs. If this be true, the larch of Russia must be as much inferior to that of Scotland, as their oak seems to be to that of England, as we know that one of our King's ships, the *Athol*, built out of the woods of the noble proprietor of that name, has now run in all parts of the world, and in all climates, from the hottest to the coldest, thirteen years, and is still, I believe, a good sound ship, and likely to remain so for as many years more. The forest oak of Russia has long been known to be a sappy, weak wood, decaying in a few years after felling.

The island on which Cronstadt is built was the selection of Peter the Great in the year 1702, when he first entertained thoughts of founding a city which should give him a footing in the Baltic, and become the capital of the empire. He caused a fortress to be built, and made a harbour at this spot, the usual and best entrance of the river. It is now the port and grand arsenal of Petersburg, and ought to be the site of the dock-yard, instead of dragging up to the capital all the timber and building stores, and subjecting the ships that are there built to the risk of being strained, or otherwise injured, by floating them down the river on camels, or by grounding on the bar.

It is also to be regretted that the dock-yard in front of the Admiralty, with its half-dozen building-slips, which occupy the whole of its river face, should, by its intrusion, destroy in a great measure

the effect which otherwise would be displayed by laying open to full view one of the most splendid and extensive quays of granite in existence, stretching along a broad, clear, and beautiful river, overlooked by a continuous range of noble buildings of great architectural beauty—such as, collectively, are not to be found in all Europe—but the interruption of the dock-yard destroys the view of the whole. The Czar Peter may be forgiven for establishing his Admiralty and dock-yard on this spot, as his supremacy over the Gulf of Finland was not firmly fixed, and his town occupied the other bank; but his successors have no excuse for not having removed the whole to Cronstadt, where docks, storehouses, and plenty of room for every convenience may be found.

The Emperor, it appeared, was expected at Cronstadt the day that we were there, in consequence of which we had the good luck to see everything in the highest possible order. He came accordingly to visit his fleet, but, to our disappointment, did not land. On the arrival of the royal steam-boat, a fine-looking vessel, a salute was fired from every ship and battery in the place. The mole which contained the merchant shipping was literally crowded with vessels, all of which were dressed in their colours in honour of the Emperor's visit. It was a lovely day, and the sight was highly imposing, and rendered the more so, as it was quite unexpected by us, not being

aware of the Emperor's intention of visiting Cronstadt. We were told that he very frequently makes his appearance at places when he is perhaps least expected, so that it is always necessary for the officers to be upon the look out. This was very much the practice with his great ancestor Peter, whose example all the succeeding sovereigns of Russia have at least affected to follow; but none of them so avowedly as Catherine II., to whom, next to the extraordinary man she took for her example, Russia owes its political greatness. She now wants only a sovereign who has the fortitude to engraft on its present power, and encourage by example and precept, the influence of a moral and liberal magnanimity.

At Cronstadt there are three extensive and excellent moles for the use of shipping, one of which is exclusively set apart for mercantile vessels that trade to the port, and the two others are generally occupied by ships of war. The fortifications are of great interest, more particularly those on the land side, which are of recent structure, and of considerable strength. The workmanship is probably as good as ours, and better it could scarcely be.

On walking on the ramparts for the purpose of examining the fortifications, we observed several men busily employed in sweeping the gravel walks, and we were particularly requested by the officer who accompanied us not to walk over them, but to keep on the grass, as the Emperor was expected

to land—and no foot-marks must be seen by him. This is equal to the homage paid to the Emperor of China, with whom, in fact, the Russian has many affinities.

Under a small shed in the dock-yard of Cronstadt there is a model kept of the dock-yard and fortifications, which was constructed under the direction of Peter the Great, but planned by Menzikoff. It shows with great accuracy the works which were at that time executed, and which have since been carried into execution, and enlarged on the principles of that model, by his successors, with, however, very little variation.

We noticed here the model of a ship with all her rigging complete, embedded in the earth, instead of floating on the water; it had to us a very singular, and, I then thought, absurd appearance; but I have since seen the same thing at the Naval College at Portsmouth, and find it is considered an excellent way to teach young sailors all the mysteries of rigging. Here, indeed, as at Portsmouth, is a Naval School in the dock-yard, where young gentlemen are educated for the navy, and where they are to qualify as commission officers: there are other schools for the education of warrant officers. I was much struck with the great cleanliness and comfort of these establishments. One class of boys were engaged in mathematics, another in drawing, and a third in mechanics; and many of their productions evinced more than ordinary talent.

There is also at Cronstadt an English church, of which the Rev. Mr. Blackmore is chaplain ; it is a neat, well-constructed building, and appears to have only been finished recently. The chaplain has a good house on the island, but it is situated on a very sandy soil, of which, however, he is making the most, and it bids fair to become a very comfortable habitation, with a nice little garden attached to it. To Mr. Blackmore we were indebted for the great civility and attention we received from him during our short stay at Cronstadt, as also to the consul, Mr. Booker. We lodged at a house kept by an Englishwoman named Stewart, which is, as it professes to be in large letters on a sign-board, a tavern : there is but one other similar establishment in the place, called Wild's. Neither of them can boast much of comfort, or even cleanliness ; but as we slept there only one night, it mattered not much to us, and as little, it would seem, to the owners.

While living at Petersburg, we mixed as much as we could with the Russian gentry, that is to say, with the military and the employés ; we made a point of dining very frequently at the principal table d'hôte in the city, where in general between forty and fifty sat down every day to dinner. Many of these were officers fully accoutred in their regimentals, who added much to the effect of the dinner-table. The price of dinner was six paper rubles (or six francs) a-head, but this sum

included a bottle of excellent claret. The dinner hour was half-past four *to a moment*, the master proclaiming the time from a clock at one end of the room, upon the striking of which every one took his seat. On the side-tables were placed different kinds of spirits, with bread, butter, caviare, and cheese. It appeared to be the general custom, for each person observed it, to take a glass of the *liqueur* and a mouthful of bread and cheese before they sat down to their meal; and as example is catching, we thought it right to do the same. At table each dish was served up separately, beginning with soup, a plateful of which was brought to each person by one of the waiters; but all the other dishes were handed round by them, and everybody helped himself to that which he fancied most. The Russians, like the French and Germans, partook of every dish. A large supply of ice was placed on the table, and the general mode of using it was to put a lump of it into a tumbler of wine.

When the dinner was ended, a glass of spirits was again served out to every one, as well as a cup of coffee, and a cigar, all of which were included in the six rubles.

Now commenced the smoking. Most of the assembly had long pipes, which were placed under the table between their legs; but some few were contented with their cigar. In less than five minutes, the room, as may be supposed, became

one dense mass of smoke, and the fumes of the tobacco to one who, like myself, is not in the habit of smoking, were quite suffocating, and I always made my escape into the open air as soon as with decency I could. One particular smoker, with large mustachios, amused me exceedingly by a habit he had acquired of puffing a large volume of smoke through his nostrils, which occurred at such regular intervals, that at last I discovered that it came at every sixth puff. My utter inexperience in the art renders me incapable of conceiving what pleasurable sensation could be derived from this strange trick.

The best society at this season of the year, when all the noblesse were at their chateaus in the country, at least the best-accessible to humble travellers like us, was, no doubt, to be met with here. In appearance, those out of uniform bore such a resemblance to our own countrymen, that I was frequently mistaken in my conjectures. We found generally, that if they could not speak English, they all understood it pretty well, although I remember one gentleman, on our asking him the distance to some place, politely informed us that it was six rubles,—no doubt imagining that we were inquiring the price of the dinner.

Wherever we went we met with nothing but civility : the wish to oblige may often be discovered in little matters. My companion and myself were one day admiring a new silver coin, which we had

taken in exchange, and expressing a wish to get some more of the same kind, when a gentleman, in the kindest manner possible, offered to procure us as many as we pleased, and, on giving him our address, he sent them to us the following day.

What the Russian gentry do with themselves in the daytime I never could ascertain; they are rarely seen walking in the streets until the evening;—perhaps they adhere to the opinion of the Turks, that none but dogs and Christians walk abroad at noon-day; but the heat of the latitude of 60° is but rarely, though it is occasionally, felt to be intolerable. We certainly never found it so at Petersburg. The Newski Perspective, however, is kept in a state of constant bustle by the rattling of the numerous public and private droskies, which fly along with great rapidity, frequently racing with one another, resembling in this respect those useful nuisances recently introduced into our crowded streets under the ridiculous name of Omnibus. The Russian drosky is by no means a comfortable vehicle, though I have heard it spoken of as such; on the contrary, these vehicles appear to me both unpleasant and dangerous: the jolts they give the unhappy passenger, who for the first time enters them, are quite fearful, particularly in crossing over planks or logs of wood, which happen to be lying across the street wherever any buildings are carrying on; in such cases, if there should be two persons in the carriage, the one who is sitting sideways, as one of them

must do, runs a very great risk of being pitched out into the street, as he has nothing to hold himself by. The accommodation for two is bad enough in every respect; one of them is under the disagreeable necessity of sitting close up to the driver, who is constantly swaying back every time the vehicle passes over a stone or rut in the road. But this is not by any means the worst; the drosky-drivers are the most filthy set of people imaginable. On alighting, I always, as if by instinct, gave myself a hearty shake, much in the fashion of a dog who has been in the water, for fear of carrying away with me any of those living creatures with which these fellows abound.

The drosky is a very low four-wheeled carriage, the body of which is so near the ground, that the lower part of one's dress is either enveloped in dust or besmeared with mud. It is, in fact, nothing more than a narrow bench, at the hinder part of which is a small back, about as high as the middle of a man's body, and against which he leans, sitting straddling across the bench with his legs straight down on each side like a dragoon on his horse: if a second person, he sits on the same bench sideways, with nothing to rest his back against; and then, in front of all, comes the driver, with his legs also across it, and separated only from the person next to him by a small iron bar about six inches high, which, affording him no support, he must necessarily, should there be



A PRIVATE DROSKY.

two persons, jolt against the one sitting nearest to him.

I have endeavoured to convey an idea of the vehicle in the drawing annexed ; but as I do not pretend to be much of a draughtsman, I trust my readers will make allowances for the imperfections of the sketch.

The public drosky-drivers are all dressed alike : they wear an ill-shaped, low-crowned hat with a large buckle on it ; a blue coat, which folds over the breast and is tied round the waist by a sash, the skirts hanging a little below the knees ; and trowsers of great width tucked inside the boot, which comes rather more than half way up the calf of the leg. The colour of the trowsers is sometimes similar to that of the coat, or only a few shades lighter ; but frequently they are of a light pink, when new ; these, however, soon become dark enough from the filth that is accumulated on them. On their backs they carry a tin plate, on which is marked their number. They all wear long beards, and are, altogether, to an English eye, queer-looking charioteers.

Some of the droskies belonging to private gentlemen are neat and pretty-looking little carriages. They have what are called, I believe, splashing-leathers, to ward off the dirt, and are furnished with padded seats and backs ; but as they are on the same principle as the public drosky, they are, like them, very inconvenient for more than one

person. They are generally drawn by two horses, one of which does all the work, and the other is merely kept for show, being taught to bend its neck outwards, and toss the head up and down. This bearing of its head has a dashing and spirited effect at first sight, but when once accustomed to it, one is apt to pronounce it a foolish fashion, as it must certainly be a very painful action to the poor creature, who has no doubt learnt it to his cost. We were given to understand, that what is considered by the Russian gentry to be "the knowing thing" is, to bring the show-horse to such a pitch of agility that, while driving rapidly, he shall touch the ground with his nostrils, and toss the snow up in the air as he prances along. Some of those we observed could very nearly, as I thought, accomplish this feat. The horses in a gentleman's drosky were always well groomed, and the harness very prettily worked, and ornamented with small shells or beads, as I have sometimes seen military bridles at home.

The lower class of Russians are clothed, both winter and summer, in a sheep-skin coat, or shube, as it is called, which, we were told, is usually changed for a new one only about once a twelve-month, and frequently not even then; so that, towards the close of the period, its condition may be more readily conceived than described.

A large proportion of the lower orders, being still in a state of vassalage, are obliged to wear their

beards uncut: none but those who are free are allowed the luxury of shaving. This is contrary to what the Czar Peter intended, but he never could succeed in forcing his bearded subjects to use the razor, who submitted to pay a tax rather than be obliged to make themselves clean. The present Emperor began his reign by courting popularity, but, unfortunately, he has wholly mistaken the road to gain it. Had he, like Bernstorff, had the moral courage of emancipating all the crown serfs from their feudal bondage, and set this noble example to the great landed proprietors, he would have done an act which would have repaired an omission of his great ancestor, and would have carried the name of Nicholas down to posterity with that of Peter, as a regenerator of his country.

The hair on the head of the Russian male is very thick and coarse, generally parted in the centre, and invariably cut quite straight and even the whole way round the back of the head, the lower part immediately above the neck being shaved close; it has thus exactly the appearance of a basin having been clapt on his head by the barber, round which he has clipped with his scissors.

The women have their heads enveloped in handkerchiefs; but the only thing that struck me as remarkable in their appearance was the manner in which their breasts are forced down, by means of strapping them in as tightly as the soldiers do

their waists, which the women are in the habit of doing from their infancy. This unnatural custom so much disfigures them, that even a pretty girl—if such a one (which I have never seen among the lower orders of Russia) were to be met with—would appear misshapen and hideous. Judge how it sets off natural ugliness!

In the great oblong square, where the Admiralty is situated, there are two very excellent riding-houses; the one belonging to the regiments of horse-guards and the other to the Emperor: this latter is close to the Hermitage. They are both of large dimensions, and well adapted for the purpose they were intended. It was near to this spot that we noticed the principal improvements that were carrying on in this great city. Facing the upper end of the Admiralty, in this oblong, a new senate-house was erecting, in which they had proceeded, during our stay at Petersburg, with extraordinary rapidity. On our first arrival, not a brick was to be seen above the hurdles; in fact, I should imagine the foundation had but just been laid; but before we finally left Petersburg, the building had risen two, and very nearly three stories in height. In this respect they would appear to be fully as expeditious as our own builders. The number of hands employed was, no doubt, great, and labour is cheap enough in a country like Russia, where the greater part of the working population is composed of slaves. The Isaac

church, that had undergone so many transitions, was also rising rapidly; and, if once finished according to the plan now pursuing, will be one of the most splendid temples in Europe, with parts of it superior, but as a whole inferior, to either of the principal churches of London or of Rome.

The streets of Petersburg are never watered, at least were not while we were there; and the wind, which generally blew from the east, raised the dust so as to be almost insufferable; the eyes, nose, and mouth were literally filled with it, particularly in passing through the open squares where any buildings were in progress. In most of these squares may be noticed small octagonal buildings roofed over, but open at the sides, the lower part being like a well. In the centre of these, during the winter season, large fires are lit for the comfort of the inhabitants.

On driving through a part of the town, or, more properly speaking, the suburbs of the town, I passed a large open piece of ground, where I was informed that corporal punishment inflicted by the knout was usually performed—generally on the morning of the sabbath-day; and that, if I attended at a certain hour, I might see the whole process—and amongst the culprits, very probably, females undergoing this dreadful torture; but as there was something so disgusting to my English feelings in such treatment, particularly of a female, however depraved and infamous her character might

be, I could not bring myself to be a witness to this brutal exhibition. I had understood that this severe punishment had been abolished; but this is not the case. The sovereign does not now, perhaps, inflict it on his ministers with his own hand, as Peter was said to do on his favourite Menzikof, but it is very generally bestowed on culprits of various kinds, and sometimes even to the death.

The knout is generally supposed to be made of the dried skins of fish; and such is the severity of the stroke, that, in less than twenty lashes, it is said that a death-blow is capable of being inflicted by the executioner, who may, perhaps, upon occasion, receive his instructions for carrying the punishment to its extreme. The sentence of death is seldom passed upon criminals; but if it can be carried into execution by the knout whenever they think fit, nothing can be safely said in favour of the lenity of their criminal law. And though few are publicly condemned to die, banishment to the mines of Siberia is nearly tantamount to death; for the culprit may certainly consider himself lost to the world: but the severity of this sentence is somewhat less than formerly, by the improved condition of that eastern country and its increased population. The Russians are certainly not quite so barbarous a race as they have been, and are still represented, by some travellers; they are advancing, though by slow steps, towards civilization. Many of the punishments which were common in the time of

Peter the Great are not now heard of. The torture no longer exists. Confession is not extorted by such means as pouring boiling water by drops on the bare skull of a suspected person, by thumb-screws, or mutilation of any kind. This is one step in advance.

But the state of the law courts is admitted to be still so disgraceful, that practitioners and even judges are accused of taking bribes from both plaintiff and defendant in the same suit; the Czar and the supreme tribunals are said to be fully aware of this abuse, and think it prudent to wink at it, because they cannot afford to make the great number of their legal *employés* honest, by allowing them wherewithal to live decently. It is said, indeed, that this system is carried to such an extent, that whenever a public officer is supposed to have sufficiently filled his pockets, he is laid on the shelf, in order that another poor devil may also take a spell at helping himself. This, I believe, is by no means an unusual practice in despotic governments, and is of Eastern origin. I remember, however, to have heard of something of a similar kind having occurred in the last century in France. The king had dismissed some *Intendant of Finance* who had been but a year or two in office—"His majesty has committed a blunder," said the dismissed officer with admirable sang froid; "I had done *my own* business, and was about to do *his*."

The officers of the army are also accused of robbing the soldier of a part of his miserable pittance, barely amounting to about threepence a day; of keeping false musters, and drawing the pay and provisions of the nonentities; of cheating the public, by making fraudulent contracts and sharing profits with the contractor. But the most revolting of all is the alleged practice, which is stated to have been once common, and still partially to prevail, of the Russian surgeons neglecting their patients in the hospitals and putting the saving in their own pockets. The continuing to draw for their food and medicines, after they have ceased to exist, is a minor offence.

It is difficult to believe charges of such gross immorality: I, myself, cannot but conjecture that these are rather the traditions of old abuses, such as existed, I fear, near home, in not very distant times; but it cannot be denied that a despotic government, being vicious and corrupt itself, is generally disposed to encourage bribery and extortion through the whole mass of its subordinates.

But whatever grounds there may be, or may have been, for such stories, the Russian has many redeeming qualities. In point of quickness and intelligence, the Russian yields to none. I believe there is no people on earth who are such adepts at acquiring foreign languages. The lower orders, which constitute the great mass of the community, may be considered as a mild, patient, inoffensive,

and enduring people, extremely good-humoured and cheerful, always contented, and always ready to oblige, respectful to their superiors, and obedient to command ; and even those who are in a state of slavery—often nominal, it is true—are well treated by their masters, well fed, according to their tastes, with a due proportion of black bread, garlic, and quass, well clothed, and are, in fact, among the happiest people on earth.

It is true they are disgustingly filthy; but it is almost unavoidable in Northern Russia, where sheep-skin clothing, airless stoves, and close hovels, produce vermin of various kinds, from which, let me add, their superiors, clad in furs, are not always exempt.

One of the greatest annoyances that a traveller is subjected to, on visiting Petersburg, is the restriction under which he is placed with regard to leaving it ;—this he is not at liberty to do, until his name shall have appeared three times in the public gazette, which is published only twice a week, so that he is embargoed for ten days. The object of this regulation is supposed to be that of preventing foreigners from going away in debt to any of the tradespeople, who are, no doubt, closely enough on the look-out. After the name has appeared the third time, the person is at liberty, if he pleases, to make a further stay of twelve days; but should he not take his departure at the expiration of that period, the whole form must again be gone through.

To my fellow-traveller and myself this was no inconvenience, as we intended to proceed to Moscow, and from thence return again to Petersburg; and our landlord contrived that the names should appear during our absence, so that when we returned, there was nothing to detain us. This can always be managed, like most other things in Russia, with a little interest, that is to say, a small bribe.

Having made this convenient arrangement, and procured the necessary passport, we left Petersburg at nine o'clock on the morning of the 13th of July, in the diligence for Moscow. This coach is something similar to the diligences commonly used in France, but of a still more clumsy construction; but we discovered the necessity of its being very strongly built, long before we had reached the end of our journey. The body of the coach is very large and roomy, and is limited to carry four passengers. The *coupé* in front accommodates one, who sits next to the *conducteur*; and this, in summer, would be, except for the neighbour, by far the most pleasant seat. In the rear is another *coupé*, which I cannot too strongly advise all travellers most carefully to avoid, as from sad experience I have learnt the misery of it. This conveyance, the only one of the kind between the two capitals, starts but once in the week; and as every other place was engaged when we applied, save those in the said miserable postern *coupé*, my fel-

low-traveller and myself had no alternative but to become its unfortunate occupants; which we most certainly should have declined, had not the limited time we had at our command rendered it necessary for us to proceed at once, or to abandon this portion of our intended excursion; the delay of a whole week would indeed have been a serious inconvenience to us, situated as we were.

The price of a seat in the body of the coach is 125 paper rubles, or rather more than five guineas, English money, for a journey of about four hundred and sixty miles; and the *coupé* two guineas and a half. The after *coupé* is rendered excessively disagreeable and fatiguing from the circumstance of the back of it inclining outwards, or overhanging, which prevents the traveller from enjoying a semi-recumbent, or even upright, position. A seat against the wall of a shelving garret would convey a good idea of the comfort of a seat in the after *coupé* of a Russian diligence; and this was our happy position for four days and three nights in succession:—almost back-broken, suffocated with heat, smothered with dust, stung by mosquitos, and nearly jolted to death over the rough roads, constructed of logs of wood—all, added to the misery of the position of the body, made it utterly impossible to get sleep during the night, and equally so to prevent the attempt at it: for there was a large leather apron attached to a clumsy piece of wood, which fastened across the

coupé about the height of the breast, against which the head (naturally inclined to nod) would every now and then, by the assistance of a jolt, strike with such violence as to remind one that it was actually necessary he should be indulged in no such luxury as the shutting his eyes. We alighted only twice in the day for two hasty meals. The whole distance is about six hundred and ninety-eight versts, or, as I have said, about four hundred and sixty English miles; and the road, for nearly two-thirds of the way, is as excellent in some parts, as it is execrable in others.

On leaving Petersburg, the journey is pursued over a beautifully macadamized road, as level as a bowling green, and equal to some of our finest roads in England; and this continued until we reached a small village near Torjock; but from this spot to Tver, which occupied upwards of thirty hours, it was bad beyond all description: in many places, being literally impassable, the coach forsook the road, if so it could be called, and was dragged across the plain where no traces were to be seen. From Tver to Moscow the road is again macadamized and kept in the most perfect order, so that we may reckon that altogether about two-thirds of the whole distance is macadamized. I understand the whole has since been completed.

It was a dark night when we crossed the large waste, or sandy desert, for so it may most truly be termed, which lies between Torjock and Tver,

and we were in the constant anticipation of being upset, a circumstance we dreaded not so much from any fear of receiving injury, for we should have fallen softly enough in the sand, as from the certainty, in such a case, of our being obliged to remain in this dreary desert the whole night. As it was, the poor jaded horses could scarcely move a leg onwards, and frequently refused to move at all, which they were only induced to do by the frightful yells of the driver and postilions, who shouted forth their execrations so violently, that they must themselves have been pretty nearly exhausted before daylight.

A trip from Petersburg to Moscow, or *vice versâ*, is thought far more of by the inhabitants of the two capitals, than it is by English travellers, and is very rarely performed, except by the public conveyance I have been speaking of, and by traders, whose occupation may occasionally require their presence at one or other of these cities. I may safely say that not half a dozen gentlemen's carriages met us, and not one overtook us, on the road; the only travellers we saw were those connected with the innumerable caravans that met us at all hours of the day. Of the little carts, each drawn by a single horse, I have counted upwards of sixty in a group, following one another closely, and in the whole caravan probably not more than three men on the look-out, one of whom is always seated in the cart which takes

the lead: the rest, very probably, sprawling at full length fast asleep; and I conclude, therefore, that they take it in turn to drive and attend to the caravan. Even the man on duty was not always awake, in which case the horses had it all their own way. But so well did they appear to be trained, that, when they see any object likely to come in contact with them, they of themselves move out of the way; and at night, when their approach is known to others meeting them, by the tingling of the little bells which decorate their heads, they invariably go to the side of the road when called to, without disturbing their lazy drivers. These carts are very rudely put together, and frequently break down; but being so coarsely constructed, they required little labour to repair: the horses too appeared to break down as frequently as the carts, but no one seemed to pay the slightest attention whether, in their stumbling, they might have broken their knees or not; but they always contrived to get upon their legs again without much difficulty, and without any assistance: in fact, the cart-horses of Russia are but of little value. The post-houses were generally neat and well built, and tolerably clean within; but little variety is afforded to the traveller in the way of provisions. We, however, had no reason to complain, as we never failed to procure beef-steaks and potatoes throughout the journey, which appeared to be a standing dish, though not served

up quite in the English style ; but being the only dish that was free—and that not always—from grease, garlic and oil, it was more to our taste than those which contained ingredients so little agreeable to an English stomach. The only wine we could procure in the whole of this long journey was at one of the post-houses, where we were informed they could produce some excellent Champagne of Russian growth ; as this appeared to us a great curiosity, we determined to try a bottle of it ; but, alas ! it proved to be nothing better than—and resembled much—very acid cider in a state of effervescence.

At almost all of these post-houses, when we changed horses at night, I noticed a number of men stretched out at full length on the ground outside the house, with no other covering than their shubskin coats, sleeping like so many pigs, huddled together, head and tail, frequently as many as twenty of them in one group. These, I learnt, were farmers waiting very patiently with their horses to serve as relays. The nights were bitterly cold, and it was pitiable to see them so exposed to the weather, but they seemed to manage by their sheep-skin covering, and by lying close together, to keep themselves warm. I should add, that in addition to the caravan carts, it was not an uncommon thing to meet, every now and then, a set of unfortunate wretches on their road to Siberia, among whom were frequently women and children, marching under the charge of an escort of soldiers.

Most of the peasantry we saw on the road gave us an idea of their being in a very abject state. This was proved by the cruelty and insolence with which our drivers treated them. One instance will suffice. Whilst pursuing our journey, we noticed some trifling article—a piece of leather I think it was—fall from a cart at some little distance before us, the driver, as usual, being fast asleep; after the cart had passed on, and while the diligence was still some little way in the rear, a poor man stepped from the road-side, and appropriated to himself the article that had been left behind. Our *conducteur*, who, though active, was but a person of small stature, happened to see the transaction, and when he arrived at the spot, stopped the coach, and springing to the road-side, ran towards the culprit, who was in company with two other men, and seizing him by his beard gave him a most severe chastisement with a switch, which he received without offering the slightest resistance, whilst his two friends looked on, without attempting to rescue him. They were all tall athletic men, and any one of them might, with the greatest ease, have annihilated the *conducteur*; and would, no doubt, have done so, if he had been one of the bearded tribe. Now making all allowance for the *conducteur*'s being a kind of public servant, and the peasant clearly a pilferer, such an administration of summary justice a little startled us. But the Russians of the lower class are accustomed to be roughly handled; a

beating is thought nothing of, and frequently passes down from one to another, after the manner of Captain Absolute, Mr. Tagg, and the errand boy.

The first place of any importance that we arrived at on the road, after taking our leave of Petersburg, was Novgorod, which had evidently once been a fine and flourishing city, but, with the exception of a few handsome buildings, apparently of recent construction, the houses are generally in a dilapidated state. The coach merely stopped to change horses, and allow the passengers to partake of a hurried meal, so that we saw little of it. I managed, however, to pay a short visit to the very ancient cathedral of St. Sophia, which still rears its venerable head far above all other buildings. In this cathedral is preserved the body of Vladimir the Great, one of the founders of this empire, and from his having introduced Christianity is, I believe, canonized as one of the Saints of their church. He is styled in the patents of the order of knighthood, named after him, "The Holy Apostle-like Prince Vladimir." He lived upwards of eight hundred years ago.

Vishnei Volotchok was the next place of importance that we arrived at. This town was nearly all built by Catherine II., to the memory of whom, as is justly due, a fine monument is here erected. It is the central town between the two capitals, which are connected by means of a canal. A fine quay on the Volga, and a large basin, give every facility to the shipping.

I should have mentioned that, on our journey from Novgorod, we crossed the Valdai *Mountains*, as they are pleased, rather too magnificently, to call them—for Primrose Hill, in the outskirts of the Regent's Park, would, I believe, overtop the loftiest of those we crossed. They are the only hills that lie between the two last-mentioned cities, the country being otherwise a dead flat. Pursuing our route, we reached Torjock, where we remained upwards of an hour to dinner. The weather had become very cloudy just before we arrived, and there was every appearance of an approaching storm; this induced the postilions to hasten on to the end of their journey, which we had hardly reached, when we were visited by one of the most awful thunderstorms I have ever witnessed. A vivid flash of lightning burst into the room where we were sitting, which was instantly followed by a tremendous peal of thunder that shook the window-frames, and seemed to threaten to bring the whole building about our ears. What mischief it might have done I know not, as we left the town soon after the storm had passed over; but a poor painter, who was employed in painting an adjoining room, fell from his ladder to the floor, more frightened, however, than hurt, as was afterwards ascertained.

Torjock is famous for its leather, which is prepared in a peculiar manner, and is beautifully worked into boots, shoes, slippers, and other articles, in all the different colours of the rainbow:

some are embroidered with gold and silver wire, and are exceedingly pretty. We made several purchases here, not very cheap, although we bargained hard with the man, which it is always necessary to do, and got them for a much lower price than he first demanded.

The houses of all the villages through which we had hitherto passed are built of logs of wood, roughly put together, and, by the occasional glimpses we got of them, the interior appeared to be very squalid and miserable. The gable ends face the road, each house having a single hole, and the better sort a solitary window, which seems rather designed for a look out, than for the admission of light and air. Dr. Clarke has observed, what is perfectly true, that a head may generally be seen stuck out of these holes as if from a pillory. The inhabitants gave us the idea of indolence personified; they were a dirty looking set of people, and it was utterly disgusting to see them, as we did, at all hours of the day, seated at the door of their houses, relieving one another from the many troublesome guests that must necessarily be lodged in a head overgrown with coarse and rugged hair: but the same practice is equally common in the capital, where I have frequently seen as many as three or four at a time together performing this kind but disgusting office. However, in justice to the poor Russians, we should recollect that similar exhibitions are to be seen in more favoured climes,

and that they are not altogether obsolete nearer home.

The next large town we arrived at was Tver, so written, but pronounced *Tiver*. This town is beautifully situated on the Volga, at the junction of the Twerca with this noble river, over which is thrown a bridge of boats; this bridge, but a short time previous to our arrival, had been so materially damaged by a flood, as to render a ferry necessary until it should be repaired, and this had only just been completed when we crossed it. The same miserable-looking villages, which I have attempted to describe, continue for the remainder of the journey to Moscow, Klinn being the only one that presented the slightest appearance of anything like comfort or cleanliness, in which respect it was so totally different from all the others, that it was difficult to believe it to be a Russian town.

Some of the floating bridges, over which we crossed, are of an ingenious though simple contrivance, quite new to me. They are formed of logs of wood, which float upon the surface of the water, and are secured at each side of the river to prevent their drifting away. These bridges rise and fall with the flooding of rivers, and are very common throughout the country. From Klinn there is but little variety on the road; the country is flat, and mostly covered with forests: there is nothing, in fact, to interest the traveller till he arrives within four or five versts of Moscow, when

he passes the large and splendid, but cumbrous, palace of Petrovsky, created for the accommodation of the court when they visited Moscow. We did not see the interior, but we were consoled by being told there is little worthy of mention within its walls. It is built of red brick, and stands close to the roadside, forming a most conspicuous object, particularly after having passed through nothing but villages of wooden logs, which could rarely boast of a brick building: few of these, however, were without a church, but even that is generally built of logs of wood; and logs of wood invariably constitute the pavement of the streets as well as of part of the road.

CHAPTER III.

MOSCOW.

General Appearance of, from the Kremlin — Description of—
Churches—Superstition—Public Buildings—Bazaar—Beautiful
Square—Museum—Public Garden—Amusements—Gipsies—
Baths and River Bathing—Various Inhabitants—Burning of
Moscow.

ON the evening of the 16th we arrived at Moscow, almost without knowing it. We had, or some time, strained our eyes to little purpose, not to mention the danger of being jolted out when we stood up to peep across the overhanging hood of the cabriolet; nor to hint at the filthy state in which we made ourselves, by the dust and dirt that had accumulated upon it;—

“ He that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.”

But, at last, we reached a barrier, beyond which we found ourselves in the midst of a long row of straggling houses, interspersed with pig-styes, dung-hills, and splashes of water, and were informed by our conductor that we were now at the end of our journey. Can this be Moscow! I involuntarily ejaculated—Moscow! reiterated my companion—impossible! It was no little consolation, however, although the place we halted at wore no promising

aspect, to have ended, anywhere, a tedious and irksome journey like that we had undergone. It was late in the evening, and we looked forward with no little pleasure to find ourselves, ere long, at a house to which we had been recommended. We accordingly engaged two droskies to convey us to the place. A Russian gentleman, who had travelled with us from Petersburg, very kindly took the trouble to give every necessary direction to the drivers where to set us down; but to our indescribable misery and vexation, when—after being once more rattled and jolted over the rough stones for about an hour, first up one street, then down another, frequently arriving at the very point from whence we started—we at last came to a dead stand; then, without any reference to us, the drivers entered into a long, and seemingly angry, debate, to which we were doomed to listen without comprehending a word, and utterly unable to ascertain whether they were ignorant, or only pretended to be, of the place to which they had been directed to take us; or whether it was not a mere trick either to prolong the time, with a view to enhance their demand, or to oblige us to put up at some other hotel, in which they might, perhaps, be more immediately interested. Be this as it may, we were very well satisfied to find ourselves, at last, not at the right house, but at the door of one Mr. Copp, of whom we had frequently heard, and hoped to find as generous and jolly a fellow as his renowned namesake in the farce.

On alighting, we were at once taken up into the attics, and shown into a double-bedded room, all other parts of the house being full. Under our present circumstances, however, we were not fastidious, but thankful to get housed, upon any terms, not doubting, after our four days' and nights' jolting in the after *coupé* of a Russian diligence, we should not be long before sound sleep overtook us: and in this we were not disappointed.

Early the following morning we went in quest of the house, which had caused us so much trouble the preceding evening, but here, also, we found all the apartments occupied; however, the landlord, an Englishman, of the name of Howard, recommended us to the hotel of Mr. Crouse, a German, whose death I have since heard of with regret, for he was a civil and respectable man; and in such a strange place, and after so much fatigue and disappointment, one feels grateful even for the hospitality of a good-natured innkeeper. Here we found ourselves quite comfortable during our stay at Moscow, and we had reason to consider ourselves very fortunate to have got into these lodgings, as Mr. Copp's garret proved to be more than sufficiently expensive.

The first object of our attention in this city was the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars. Entering within the walls of this extraordinary place, and viewing the city from its terrace, it would be difficult to convey any adequate idea of the im-

pression which it cannot fail to make upon the mind of a stranger. The character is so totally different from that of any European city we had yet seen; there was so much of the fantastic architecture of oriental mosques and minarets blended with every various form of European edifices, that the eye became bewildered by the crowds of objects opposed to it. Viewed from this point, the city appeared one large cluster of churches, monasteries, and convents, surmounted by innumerable spires, domes, cupolas, and minarets, varying in height, bulk, and decoration, some painted red, some green, others blue; and those that were not gilt, were splendid in bright copper, but almost all of them tipped with gold. The pavilion at Brighton affords no bad specimen of some of the bulbous-domed churches of Moscow. On the domes and cupolas were poles erected generally bearing massive crosses, richly ornamented with glittering chains hanging gracefully from their summits. When it is stated that the number of churches, monasteries, chapels, convents, and other buildings appropriated to religious purposes, amount very nearly to a thousand—some say more—and all of them more or less decorated with gold or paint, some idea may be formed of the effect produced by the congregated mass. Some writer, in speaking of the vast number of places of religious worship, observes that they are only exceeded by the number of brandy-shops. Dr. Clarke has given a lively and charac-

teristic description, which every one who has seen Moscow must admit to be but little exaggerated. He says,—

“ Numerous spires, glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain, for several versts before you reach the gate. Having passed, you look about, and wonder what is become of the city, or where you are; and are ready to ask once more, How far is it to Moscow? They will tell you ‘ This is Moscow!’ You behold nothing but a wide and scattered suburb, huts, gardens, pigsties, brick walls, churches, dunghills, palaces, timber-yards, warehouses, and a refuse, as it were, of materials sufficient to stock an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages.”

This was precisely what we saw and felt from the moment we were set down in the suburbs from the diligence, till we reached our lodging. But the Doctor continues:—“ One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow; and, under this impression, the eye is presented with deputies from all countries, holding congress: timber huts from regions beyond the *Arctic*; plastered palaces from *Sweden* and *Denmark*, not whitewashed since their arrival; painted walls from the *Tyrol*; mosques from *Constantinople*; Tartar temples from *Bucharia*; pagodas, pavilions, and virandas from *China*; cabarets from *Spain*; dungeons, prisons,

and public offices from *France*; architectural ruins from *Rome*; terraces and trellisses from *Naples*; and warehouses from *Wapping*."

The river Moskva, flowing at the very foot of the Kremlin, and winding its serpentine course through the town, is a feature in the panorama, which, though not very conspicuous, cannot fail, by association, to excite an interest in the spectator; being that piece of water on which the Czar Peter first learnt the rudiments of navigation in a small boat, which was afterwards carried to Petersburg, and there, as I have already observed, consecrated as the first germ of the Russian navy, under the name of the Little Grandsire.

The open country towards the west, over which is scattered many a beautiful villa, and the dark range of the low hills which bound it, form the background of a very striking picture. It seemed a scene of romance and, surrounded as we were with the "thousand" towers and spires and domes, we almost fancied that we saw one of those ideal cities and palaces that we had read of in the *Thousand and One Nights*.

The Kremlin is a citadel and indeed almost a city in itself; it contains a great number and variety of buildings, many of them of a singular and whimsical construction—evidently, by their bulbous domes and minarets, of oriental fashion, and in all probability originally built by the Asiatic Tartars. It stands on a slight eminence, about

the centre of the town, from which it is inclosed by a lofty wall, kept exceedingly clean by a kind of whitewash; and the summit, at first sight, appears to be crenated, but is in fact decorated with a peculiar kind of open fretwork. The principal buildings contained within it are as follow, viz. :—

The Palace, the Treasury, the Senate House, the Arsenal, three Cathedrals, St. Nicholas Church, the Ascension Nunnery, the Choodoff Monastery, the Grand Duke Nicholas's Palace, and Ivan Veliki (St. John's Belfry), besides several other smaller churches and buildings, the latter of which are chiefly the public offices of government. The tower of Ivan Veliki commands an extensive prospect from its great height, which is said to be about 260 feet: it is ascended by a winding staircase. Within the tower are several sets of bells, all of considerable size; but in the body of the building to which the tower is attached, is suspended a bell of enormous magnitude. But the Great Bell, of which so much has been said and written, lies embedded in the earth at the foot of the tower of Ivan Veliki, from whence it is generally supposed to have fallen in the fire of 1701, though the fact is much doubted, and not without reason; for, by an inscription on the bell, it appears to be more than 300,000 pounds English in weight, or 150 tons. It is not likely that such a mass of metal was ever suspended, whatever the Russians may say to the contrary. It is far more probable

that it was cast in the pit where it now lies, and having failed in the casting at the rim of the mouth, where there is a large chasm, said to be broken in the fall, the Russians were unwilling to record the failure of this prince of bells, which, as appears by the inscription, was cast by order of the most pious, most potent, and most great *Gosudaringa*, the Empress Anna Ioannovna, Autocratess of all Russia, "in honour of the Most Holy Mother of God." It has a tongue proportioned to its size, lying on the ground not far from it.

Immediately over the bell, the pit or cavern is covered with a platform of planks, level with the ground, through which is a trap-door, always kept padlocked; but the person who has charge of the key is generally at hand to open it for visitors, and receive a small contribution. We descended by means of a rough wooden staircase or ladder, to a second stage erected round the bell about the midst of its height. I had scarcely set foot upon it, before I found the air of the pit exceedingly foul, oppressive, and damp, by being so closely confined; but on stepping down by a ladder still lower, in order to see the lower part of the bell, the atmosphere became so foul as to cause the greatest difficulty in breathing. I was beckoned to by the man who showed the bell, who made signs for me to come up, and who was wise enough to remain on the stage himself. I hurried up again as expeditiously as possible, which

had I delayed doing but a few seconds, I felt that I should have been deprived of the power to ascend. While at Moscow, we heard that a young countryman of ours, who had descended the pit, remained rather too long below, and the consequence was his confinement to his bed (where he still was), in a dangerous state, and remained so at our departure from Moscow.

There are several very large pieces of cannon placed round and about the Arsenal, the most remarkable of which is the great gun, *par excellence*, in a country where everything is great. It is, however, no match for the great bell, though it deserves to be set down as a curiosity. We were not quite easy in looking too nearly at this large piece of ordnance, recollecting that Dr. Clarke was not allowed to measure it, and had a bayonet pointed at him for even attempting to do so: since his day, however, the Russians would seem to be a little less suspicious of strangers, as we found there was no obstruction to our examining it as closely as we pleased, without any interference on the part of the sentinel who stood looking at us; and Captain Cochrane tells us that he sat upright in the muzzle of it.

The entrance into the Kremlin is from an open space, through a handsome gateway, surmounted with a tower and spire, called the "Sacred Gate," or the Gate of "Our Saviour," under which a lamp, like the vestal fire, is perpetually kept burning, and

through which every person passing, not even the Emperor excepted, is obliged to uncover his head,—a punishment in the hard winter season to those who must, from duty or necessity, pass to and fro, which might, without any great offence to superstition, be remitted. This, in fact, has been conceded to the soldiers on duty, who are permitted to go through the gate without taking the slightest notice of the sanctity of the spot, a circumstance which might not have struck us as anything remarkable, had we not observed, on the occasion of some grand fast-day, when the numberless long-bearded priests entered one of the cathedrals in the Kremlin in grand procession, displaying their numberless banners, crosses, &c., that the horse-guards, who were drawn up in front of the church, remained for a long time with their helmets off, their heads broiling in the sun, the heat of which, in an unclouded sky, was at the time intense. The whole assembled multitude were also bare-headed; and, disagreeable as it was, we thought it right as spectators to do as they did, till, at length, the heat became so insufferable, that we could no longer hold out, and determined, at all hazards, to put on our hats, an act which nobody thought proper to take the slightest notice of.

On the occasion in question, every cathedral and church, nunnery, and monastery, within the walls of the Kremlin, was thrown open. In all of them were vast numbers of people going through the forms of worship usual in the Greek Catholic

churches, more minute in, and attentive to, the many ceremonies which their ritual prescribes than the Roman Catholics; such as frequently crossing themselves, bowing at the same time, and occasionally kneeling on the floor, which they touch with their heads, and rise again, with as much rapidity as their limbs will allow. There are no seats in any of the churches, nor would it appear allowable to carry chairs into them, as is the custom in many places of the continent; indeed, they are in the act of bowing the head during the whole time they are at prayers, and while the priest is reading; at particular passages, they bow incessantly for three or four minutes together, the effect of which, to us heretics, appeared to be somewhat absurd, and almost ludicrous. The nuns of Russia are, like the nuns everywhere else, old, or ugly, or both. Here they were, all that we saw, frightfully hideous, and reminded me of the witches in *Macbeth*;—many were so bearded and wrinkled, that I was inclined to doubt to which sex they belonged, and ready to exclaim with the Thane—

————— “ You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.”

The relics in the cathedrals and in all the churches are innumerable, and seemed to be highly valued by the people, which is not generally the case in *Roman Catholic* countries. In a snug little corner of one of the churches in the Kremlin, I observed many crowding round the body apparently of one of

their saints, which having kissed, they paid their money to the priest, and retired. On pushing forward, I found that my suppositions were correct. The only part of the body visible was the head, but from appearances there could be but little doubt that the whole of it was there, as I could observe something in the shape of an entire figure of a man beneath the clothes. The face, if it really was not a wax face, appeared in good preservation, but there are so many tricks and impostures in these holy places, that it might be one or the other.

The Patriarchal Treasury, which is in one of the numerous churches, I believe that of St. Philip, is deserving of attention, as it contains several very old and curious manuscripts, sacerdotal dresses, and relics of all sorts, besides the vessels for making the holy oil, which, it seems, is prepared once every year, with great ceremonies. But the Cathedral of the Assumption is by far the most extraordinary, as well as the most interesting, of all the numerous churches we had visited. The walls of its interior are completely covered from top to bottom, as is also the ceiling, and the pillars that support it, with full-length portraits of all the saints that were ever heard of, and probably of some that never were. The figures are as large as life, and are mostly covered with gold leaf, the expense of which must alone have been considerable. Amongst these portraits are to be seen that of the Almighty, of Jesus Christ, and of the Virgin.

I have mentioned the churches, with their domes and spires, of the Kremlin; but there is one outside, and situated at the upper end of "Beautiful Square," (called *Place Rouge* by the French,) and not far from the Sacred Gate, more fantastical and Mahometan-like than any other in Moscow. It would be impossible, from description, to convey anything like a correct idea of this whimsical structure, more whimsical, because more irregular than, though much in the same style as, the Pavilion at Brighton. It is dedicated to St. Basil, and is said to have been erected about the middle of the sixteenth century, by the Tzar Ivan Basilovich II. It is surmounted by a multitude of cupolas of the bulbous kind, all painted in various colours, some being of azure blue, others emerald green, and many of a deep vermilion colour; each of them decorated with gilded crucifixes, and pendent chains. Three or four of the cupolas or domes are worked out in such a manner as to present the external coating of a pine-apple, each projecting knob or point of which is painted in different colours.

The Imperial Treasury is well worthy to be seen. It is a handsome building, about 560 feet long, and 150 wide. We considered ourselves fortunate in having gained admission, which we were told would be a matter of some difficulty; we had heard that it required an order from some of the commissioners or directors, and that there would be some trouble in obtaining one; however, we con-

trived to manage it without making any interest, except that which generally succeeds. That this was a matter of some favour, after all, appeared by the rejection of a Russian gentleman, who, seeing our party go in, endeavoured also to obtain admission, but was positively refused, on which he threw himself into a most violent passion, stamping with his foot, and putting his whole frame into motion ; being evidently the more irritated that strangers should be allowed a privilege that was denied to a native. The only excuse that the porter made for refusing him was, that it was past the regulated hour ; but this did not by any means pacify him, as we had only just been admitted ourselves. What became of him I know not, but he failed to gain his point.

An examination of the Treasury pleased me more than anything we had yet seen in Moscow. The collection of jewels and precious stones of every description is very extensive, and said to be more valuable than those in the palaces at Petersburg. The crowns worn by the Tzars and Tzarins are tastily arranged upon stands around the large room, affording a great treat to the lapidary, and interesting also to the antiquary. They commence from the time of Vladimir, in the year 1116, and are brought down in regular succession to that of Peter the Great. The wardrobes of the respective sovereigns are kept in this room, and some of the dresses are, as may be supposed, exceedingly rich, as well

as curious. A large pair of jack-boots, with huge spurs attached to them, which belonged to Peter the Great, have been carefully preserved, and next to them, by way of contrast, stands a pair that were worn by Paul I., and another by Alexander, and also a pair of the present emperor Nicholas, whose smart-looking Wellington boots do indeed form a singular contrast with those of his great ancestor Peter.

Many of the coronation chairs, on which the sovereigns of Russia sat, are also preserved, and afford a curious collection of specimens of workmanship, particularly that of Ivan Vasilievitch, which is of ivory, richly carved and ornamented. This extensive building is apparently of recent construction; the apartments are all spacious, lofty, and elegant. In a room on the ground-floor is exhibited a large model of the Kremlin neatly and curiously executed, which gives a very perfect idea of it. This model was made to illustrate a plan which had been proposed of erecting a skreen or narrow building several stories high, the whole way round the Kremlin, in place of the present wall, which was at one time intended to have been carried into execution; but in consideration of the enormous expense that would be required to complete it, the idea has, very wisely, been altogether abandoned. In the same room is also kept a model of the roof of the military exercise house, an immense building, remarkable for its flat ceiling, being said to be, and perhaps is, the largest

of the kind known: it rests entirely on the four walls, without any other support; but though, at first sight, it appeared to be perfectly straight or horizontal, yet, on a closer inspection, it was obviously in a small degree curved or arched. This room is considerably more than 500 feet long, about 160 wide, and 50 high.

Immediately without the sacred gate of the Kremlin is the "Beautiful Place," or square, as already noticed. Most of the buildings that inclose it are modern, and some of them recent. It contains the best shops in Moscow. An arcade extends the whole distance along one side of the square, under which is a bazaar, consisting of one continued line of shops, or rather stalls, for they are deserving of no better name, where jewellery, books, wearing apparel, and every article that can be thought of, may be purchased just as in the Palais Royal of Paris, but in a much humbler style. We were here assailed on all sides by a crowd of long-bearded, dirty-looking persons, who pressed round us anxiously endeavouring to induce us to purchase their goods,—so urgent that we found it difficult to shake them off. One has heard of bowing a person out of a room, but here the danger was to be bowed in, for in going along we were frequently either actually pushed into their shops with all possible civility, or obliged to walk into them in order to avoid coming in too close contact with their beards, of which I felt a kind of horror, for they were very much akin to a

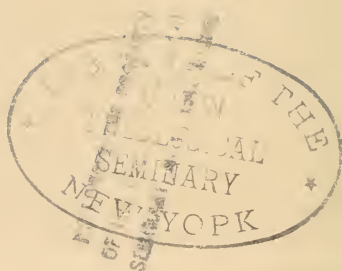
Jew's beard. But the greatest difficulty we had was to get past one of the shops in which *quass* was sold.

At the outside of each of these *gin-shops* are invariably stationed two or three young men or big boys, drest up in a pink-coloured coat which folds over the breast, and is tied in with a sash at the waist; and loose blue trowsers, which are tucked into a clumsy pair of boots. They wear their hair very long, reaching on each side more than half-way down the arm, and divided in the centre. When any one passes near one of these shops, these decoy-ducks plant themselves directly in his way, and commence a series of salutations, bowing almost to the ground,—their hair falling down like a horse's tail each time, and entirely covering the face. The appearance and the manner of these youths were truly ludicrous. The annexed sketch will perhaps serve to convey an idea of them.

The quass, which is carried about in glass decanters and sold in the streets, is a very different liquor to that which is sold in the shops I am speaking of, which, so far from being unpleasant like the common quass, is really a most delicious beverage, especially on a hot summer's day, when brought up iced from the cellars. It appeared, as far as we could judge from the colour and taste, to be a weak spirit rectified with raspberries; whenever we suffered ourselves to be bowed in, we always found company regaling themselves with a glass of quass, just as at Tortoni's with a glass of ice.



INVITATION TO A QUASS-SHOP.

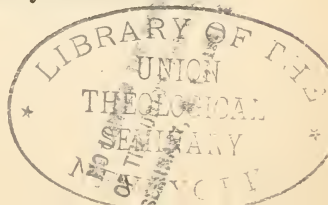


The property of the shopkeepers in the bazaar is protected at night by dogs, who are chained to the doors, and who, from their savage appearance, would probably not scruple in laying hold of a person by the leg, if he attempted to go near them. Under the arcade, a certain number of dogs are affixed to a long rope, which is placed from one end to the other, passing the doors of all the shops, which are locked up, and left solely under the charge of these animals.

In the centre of “ Beautiful Square,” and in front of the arcade stands a handsome monument erected to commemorate the gallant exploits and valuable services of Minin, and Pojarskii, who distinguished themselves by their conquests over the Poles in several engagements, and finally by driving them out of Moscow. The figures, which are of colossal size, are of bronze, supported on a pedestal of reddish granite, consisting, like that of Peter the Great in Petersburg, of one block, but highly polished. The inscription is as follows :—

TO CITIZEN MININ
AND PRINCE POJARSKII :
GRATEFUL RUSSIA.
1818.

Immediately beneath the walls of a part of the Kremlin are some gardens which are much frequented in the cool of the evening: though small, they are laid out with considerable taste, and the well-rolled gravel walks, shaded by the trees, and



the lofty wall of the Kremlin, form a most delightful promenade on the warm summer evenings. These gardens are surrounded by an elegant iron railing, and are entered by two or three equally elegant gates.

We were much pleased with a visit to the Museum attached to the University, which is both extensive and well arranged. It is a new building erected since the year 1812, when the old one, and its fine collection of subjects of natural history, library, and philosophical instruments, became a prey to the flames which destroyed so great a portion of Moscow in that year. By special favour we were allowed to see the anatomical apartment of the Museum, by which we were very much interested and gratified. At the farther end of the room, in a recess, stood half a dozen entire human skeletons behind a curtain, which was drawn aside to enable us to see them. One of them is the skeleton of a professor of the university, who was thrown from his horse and died in consequence of the severe contusions he had received in the fall. It was at his own particular desire that the skeleton was placed there. The preparations were all carefully arranged in glass cases around the room, each with its appropriate label. There were also several skulls which had been fractured in various ways, some evidently by sharp instruments, which had made a clear cut, others by contusions, and many of them had been severe ones; but amongst them

was one very remarkable, which, from its extraordinary thickness,—being nearly half an inch,—I should have supposed was perfectly secure from any *impression* being made on it in any way.

The Petrovskoi Theatre may be fairly reckoned one of the handsomest buildings in Moscow; it is not only much larger than, but far surpasses in architectural design, the great theatre at St. Petersburg. That of Moscow was built by an Englishman, and is still in the possession, as lessee, of one of our countrymen. It was open only one night while we were there, for which Mademoiselle Sontag, who had just arrived at Moscow, had been engaged to perform. The price demanded for seats to hear this syren was something so extravagant, that, having frequently heard her sing in England, we did not deem it worth while to submit to pay for being squeezed to atoms on a hot summer night. We might, however, have gone on the latter score, as it turned out that the house was nearly empty.

The Foundling Hospital is a superb edifice, and of enormous extent. It is a plain, solid, handsome-looking building, and forms a very conspicuous and interesting object as seen from the Kremlin. I regret that time would not allow of our visiting this admirable institution, to which, we were told, were admitted in the course of a year not fewer than 4000 infants.

With the exception of those already mentioned, there are but few other remarkable public buildings

in Moscow; but there are many very splendid private-houses, some of them, however, apparently deserted by their owners.

A short distance from the town is situated a garden, which is much frequented in the evenings, and where a great deal of frolic and gaiety may be witnessed. The company is select, no strangers being admitted without tickets from some of the gentry who are proprietors or subscribers, but the bearers on presenting them are required to pay a few rubles. It put us in mind of our Vauxhall in some respects, though it was different in others. The illuminations were good, and the lamps were displayed with much taste on either side of the different walks. In the early part of the evening, some of the visiters amused themselves with cross-bows,—shooting in turns at a wooden eagle which was perched at the top of a long pole fixed on the lawn. Some were such good shots that they rarely missed hitting the bird, either in the wing, leg, or head, &c., which parts, when struck, fell to the ground, so that, before long, the body was the only part left, and to hit that showed the great skill of the archer. This is a very common amusement amongst the Dutch and Belgians, from whom the idea has probably passed into Russia. The wooden bullet or peg goes with immense force, and it required a considerable degree of strength to string the bow, which was no sinecure office.

When the evening became somewhat dark, the

company retired to the farthest end of the grounds, where there was a tolerably large sheet of water; and here fireworks were exhibited for their amusement, which were nearly, if not altogether, equal to those to be seen at Vauxhall: the reflection in the water added greatly to the brilliant effect. In the course of the evening, there was a sham fight on this piece of water between two small vessels, which soon became enveloped in fire and smoke, squibs, crackers, and rockets, some of which, taking a wrong direction, fell amongst the ladies, who were arranged on chairs by the side of the water. The fair dames behaved uncommonly well on the occasion, and showed great nerve—not a single shriek was to be heard—which I think would not have been the case, had any of our own countrywomen been present, as the danger of their dresses catching fire appeared to us really alarming: but they probably knew, from experience, that there was not much to fear from the sparks of fireworks. Some of the prettiest-looking females we had set eyes on, always excepting the Grand Duchess Michael, since we left England, were this evening present in these gardens; but they mostly disfigured themselves by their manner of dressing, particularly by a common custom of inclosing their faces close round in plaited frills, which entirely conceal the hair, and have all the appearance of nightcaps. They were generally of a sallow complexion, as if some of the Tartar blood still flowed in their veins, and most of them wore a sickly look.

As soon as the fireworks had ceased, a large and well-lighted ball-room was opened in the house which stands on the grounds, and dancing commenced with great spirit; but so dense was the crowd, and the heat so overpowering, that I was glad to make my escape at an early period. An excellent military band was in attendance the whole evening, and played delightfully—nothing, in short, could exceed the gaiety of the scene, and every one seemed to enjoy themselves. The evening is, for the most part, the time that the upper and middle classes of society stir out of their houses, so intense is frequently the heat of the sun during the day. The thermometer, during our stay, was rarely below 83° in the shade—a great contrast to the state of the weather on the evening we first set foot on shore at Petersburg, when the mercury then stood at 47° .

One of our rambles was to the Sparrow Hills, from whence we had been told the view of the city was grand and beautiful, and so we found it. Indeed, it far surpassed the expectations we had formed of it. The river Moskva flows at the foot of these hills, bending its course in a serpentine direction through a valley of green meadows, at the extremity of which is seen the city of Moscow in all its splendour. The sun was just sinking towards the horizon, and its parting rays tipped the gilded spires of the Kremlin with crimson light, exhibiting this central and elevated part of the city as in a blaze of fire.

On one occasion, we drove a few miles from the town to a spot which was frequented by gipsies—a singular race, who, like the Jews, appear to be scattered over the whole face of the globe. They were evidently a homogeneous race, and quite distinct from those who are to be seen in their covered carts loitering in the neighbourhood of almost every village in England, robbing the industrious farmer of his potatoes, turnips, and other vegetables, and not unfrequently walking off with some of his live stock. These are a heterogeneous race, who assume a name to which they have no claim; but those we here met with are evidently of Hindoo origin, who have fixed residences, and are a decent, well-behaved people. They are also represented as gaining their livelihood in an honest way, chiefly by keeping open houses of entertainment, where all manner of refreshments are sold; and they dance and sing in a very peculiar style to amuse their visitors, who on fine summer evenings are frequently very numerous. They also have a small band of music in attendance, but I cannot speak much in favour of their performance, resembling some of our worst street music.

From all the excursions we made into the neighbouring country, we always returned much pleased with our rides,—the scenery in many places being exceedingly soft and beautiful, and, in some places, might be called picturesque. It is studded with

neat and tasteful villas, richly ornamented by woods, particularly where the Moskva winds its course. This river, during the summer months at least, is navigable only by flat-bottomed boats or rafts, on account of the shallowness of the water. It is also narrow—the broadest part of it, which flows through the city, not being wider than the Thames at Eton. There are three bridges across it within the walls, one called the Kammennoi Móst, or Bridge of Stone, which, though plain, may be considered handsome, and is a substantial piece of architecture; another is called the Moskvaretskoi Móst, which is a flat wooden bridge, possessing but little beauty; and the third, thrown across at the farthest extremity of the town, is merely a floating bridge of planks, resting on the trunks of trees fastened together, and secured at each side of the river by posts. This bridge, like those I have mentioned on the road from St. Petersburg, rises and falls with every flood. Nothing can be more disagreeable for foot-passengers than crossing this bridge; they are frequently liable to get up to their ancles in water, should any heavy vehicle pass over at the time, the weight of which presses the bridge completely under; and if it happens to pass rather on one side, instead of keeping in the centre, the bridge sinks considerably under the water on that side.

At a little distance down the Moskva, and at a part of it hidden from the sight of the town in con-

sequence of a considerable turn in the river, is a spot to which the gentry resort for the purpose of bathing, and where there are stationed regular bathing-machines. I have frequently seen several carriages waiting on the bank whilst their owners were enjoying themselves in bathing. The river, at a little distance from this spot, becomes very shallow, and is full of sandbanks, which appear above the water, the depth of which in any one part cannot be above four feet, as I observed a man wade across it on foot, leading a donkey, and in the deepest part he was barely up to his middle.

I had heard and read so much of the indecencies of the Russian baths, and of the officiousness of those who attend them, that I never entered within the walls of one of these establishments for the purpose of enjoying the luxury of a warm bath, without dreading that I should be handled in the same rough and unpleasant manner that others have been, who have voluntarily allowed themselves to be rubbed and scrubbed with birch boughs dipped in hot water and soap, until they have very nearly been suffocated by the operation—an experiment which I never felt the slightest desire or curiosity should be made upon me; and, fortunately, I always succeeded altogether in escaping it, having, with some little trouble, made the long-bearded attendants understand that I could dispense with their services. Of the promiscuous bathing in the river, of which so much

has been said, I have only to remark, that I never saw an instance of any impropriety or indecency, and do not give any credit to the relations which I have met with. My companion and myself have frequently strolled along the banks of the river and, on one occasion, extended our walk by its side, far beyond the suburbs of the city, and the only persons that we saw bathing were a parcel of boys; and if this be the cause of so much fastidiousness in the accounts of some of our travellers, I should only recommend them to look at home, and particularly on the banks of the Thames, where there is not a day passes during the summer months, in which not only boys, but men, will be found in swarms between Westminster and Vauxhall Bridges, at almost every hour of the day, annoying the passengers in the wherries which ply upon the river with their insolent language and behaviour,—a nuisance which does not exist at or near Moscow, and which ought to be remedied at home by compelling these bathers to go to the farther side of Vauxhall Bridge, where they would be quite out of the way, and out of sight of the town.

On the banks of the Moskva, beneath the Kremlin, there is a small pavilion, within which is a flight of steps descending to the river. This, I was informed, is the spot where the annual consecration of the waters takes place—a foolish ceremony, performed in the middle of winter. The procession of priests march in great state, and, according to the

account I heard, sing hymns the whole way, carrying banners with crosses on them, pictures of our Saviour and of the Virgin Mary, besides those of many of their Saints. The same absurd practice of consecration takes place also at St. Petersburg, and it is said that women are silly enough to carry their infants down to be immersed,—if such be the case, it must frequently be attended with loss of life to the poor children. A story is told—for the truth of which I cannot vouch—of a child having been unluckily dropped from the hands of a clumsy priest, and immediately carried under the ice by the stream, upon which he very coolly remarked that “God had taken the infant to himself,” and of course the mother walked off well satisfied. Such are the effects of a foolish and superstitious rite.

There was a marked difference in the streets of Moscow and Petersburg; the latter were laid out in regular order, straight, broad, well paved, with trottoirs on each side, while those of Moscow were in general narrow, irregular, dirty, without side pavements, in which the foot-passengers are in danger of being run over by the droskies and carriages that are passing through them. In those only, therefore, near the Kremlin and the Beautiful Square, and on the Boulevards, are fashionable people seen; yet in general the streets of the city present a more animated appearance than those of Petersburg, being usually thronged with people,

buying, selling, and transacting business, of nearly every nation in the world, each distinguished from the other by his own native costume, the great variety of which, though at first it attracted our attention, became ere long so familiar, that, before the end of a week, we passed Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Circassians, Cossacks, Poles, and Tartars, with as little notice as those one daily meets in the streets of London,—so soon is novelty worn off. Indeed, we soon discovered that we ourselves, or our dresses, were the greatest curiosities in the place. Among the crowd we observed but few equipages that could be called handsome; a coach with four horses, which was so common at Petersburg, was rarely to be seen in the streets of Moscow. This, we were told, was not owing to the want of means in the gentry of Moscow, where many wealthy families reside, but to their absence at this season of the year at their country seats. The private droskies, however, were very far superior to the generality of those at Petersburg, and many of the horses, mostly stallions, were beautiful animals, very much resembling Arabians both in appearance and action, but larger and stronger. The Russian gentry appear to ride but little; in fact, a gentleman on horseback is very seldom seen, unless some young diplomatist, who may have passed a little time in London or Paris.

Though Moscow occupies a much larger space of ground than Petersburg, its population is con-

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siderably less, the former not exceeding 250,000, while the latter is said to contain 449,000 inhabitants. They both can boast of every species of institutions and societies, with museums and collections, that can gratify the curiosity or administer to the knowledge, of the man of science, literature, or the arts, but hitherto Russia has not produced many distinguished natives in any of them.

In the streets of the two capitals, beggars are rarely met with; the police would soon dispose of them; but in every town and village on the road through which we passed, they were swarming, consisting chiefly of old women and children. When alms are given, they immediately commence crossing themselves, and continue to do so a dozen times at least, mumbling something to themselves, which, from the tone of delivering it, one may conclude to be either a prayer to some saint for their good fortune, or an expression of thanks to the donor. The description of persons most frequently met with in the streets and squares, and most frequented parts of the city, are the priests and monks, who are moving about in swarms. The Greek church has unquestionably found a fertile soil for the propagation of priests, monks, and nuns in Russia; they are, in fact, the precise sort of instruments that despotism can best work with; and notwithstanding all we hear of the progressive civilization of Russia, it may be suspected, that the priests endeavour to keep the people

pretty nearly in the same state in which they were in the sixteenth century, when Master George Tuberville thus wrote, as we find it in Hackluyt :—

“The cold is rare, the people rude, the prince so full of pride,
The realm so stor’d with monks and nunnies, and priests on every
side;
The manners are so Turkie-like, the men so full of guile,
The women wanton, temples stuff’d with idols that defile
The seats that sacred ought to be; the customs are so quaint,
As if I could describe the whole, I fear my pen would faint.”

It did not appear to us that drunkenness is a national vice; we noticed but few instances of it among the lower orders during the whole of our wanderings in that country. I should rather say, the peasantry are a quiet, orderly, decent, and well behaved people; and, in corroboration of this opinion, Dr. Lyall, who had many opportunities of knowing them, says that, amongst the peasantry, he has frequently had occasion to notice their temperance, and that he has even found some in every village who could not be induced, on any account, to taste spirits.

The Russians, who have never been out of their own country, be their rank what it may, cannot, or, what is more probable, will not, understand what is meant by an *English Gentleman*. They immediately set him down for a merchant, and as such he is thought but little of; so that travellers, when they get their passports made out at Petersburg, will do well to rank themselves as *noblemen*, or naval or military officers, under any one

of which characters they are sure to meet with attention.

Of the last conflagration of Moscow, few traces now remained. The houses were mostly rebuilt, and the general appearance of the town has no doubt been very materially improved, in consequence of that deplorable event. The inhabitants will not, on any account, acknowledge that they themselves had any hand in setting fire to the city, alleging it to be a scandalous report of the French, on whom the whole odium ought to rest. The French, on the contrary, assert, that they had but a small share in this disastrous event, and that the Russians were the first to set fire to the city. Count Rostopchin, however, who was governor of Moscow at the time of the conflagration, lays the whole of the unfortunate occurrence to the Emperor Napoleon ; and, in alluding to an appeal made by him from the island of St. Helena to the British nation, in which it is stated that “ the Emperor personally exposed himself, in order to extinguish the fire of Moscow,” the Count expresses his surprise at seeing it so stated ; and “ that he (Napoleon) had incurred no danger in wishing to save Moscow from the conflagration in the year 1812. His amazing efforts,” he says, “ and greatness of mind were, however, limited to mounting his horse, as soon as the fire appeared, and galloping to the distance of two English miles from the town, in order to place himself in safety. He passed three days and three nights in a palace,

in the midst of a corps of troops, who bivouacked and only returned to Moscow on the fourth day, when the conflagration had ceased, after having consumed 7632 houses. I was well informed," he continues, "of all that was passing in the town, by means of six officers disguised, who remained undiscovered during the whole of Bonaparte's stay at Moscow; but on his quitting it, he set fire to the Palace of the Kremlin among others, and to the Castle of Petrovski, which had served him as an asylum during the great conflagration. Perhaps this was done by him as an act of kindness, with the intention of purifying them by fire from the evils he had been the source of."

It never can be ascertained, with any degree of certainty, who it was that caused this sad destruction of property; one party as stoutly denies, as the other asserts, the fact. The most probable conjecture is, that it began by accident, and was continued and spread by both parties. Rostopchin has even been accused of having himself caused the Kremlin to be set fire to. This man, at least, performed one magnanimous act. He set fire to his own house at Vorónovo. The address he placed on the church-door of the village assigns his motive:—"Eight years I embellished this country residence; eight years I lived happily here in the bosom of my family, and under the protection of the paternal government of the Emperor Alexander. The peasants of this village fly from you, and I

burn my house that it may not be defiled by French robbers.”

Having satisfied our curiosity in Moscow, we left that city on the 23d, and returned in the diligence, the same way we came, to Petersburg, and arrived there on the evening of the 26th. We were fortunate on this occasion to secure inside berths, and, by a curious chance, had for our fellow-travellers two of our countrymen, which made the return journey much more agreeable than that which brought us to Moscow.

CHAPTER IV.

PETERSBURG TO STOCKHOLM.

Preparations for the Journey—Rules for Posting—Finnish Paper Money—Appearance of the Country—Boulders of Granite—Ardent Spirit named Votki — Wyborg — Fredericksham — Louisa—Helsingfors—Abo—Navigation among the Islands in the Gulf of Bothnia—Arrival at Stockholm.

ON Friday, the 31st of August, we took our final departure from Petersburg for Stockholm, in a small carriage which we had purchased for the journey at the trifling cost of 140 rubles,—about 6*l.* English money. It was a sort of waggon without springs, but this did not prevent it from turning out a far more comfortable vehicle than we had at first anticipated. It possessed the advantage of being exceedingly light, the body being constructed of basket-work; and it was long enough to admit of our lying at full length; but in consequence of the space necessarily occupied by our luggage, which was stowed at the foot of the carriage, we were unable to indulge in this luxurious mode of travelling, which is quite common throughout Russia.

To prevent jolting, a mattress of straw was procured, and placed the whole length along the bottom; and this, with the assistance of a couple of pillows of soft down, neatly cased in leather,

had the desired effect, and caused the journey as far as Abo to be performed with every possible degree of ease and comfort. The mattresses generally used for this purpose are filled with feathers, which soon work their way through the casing; and I have often been amused to see a traveller alight from his carriage literally covered with flue!

Our carriage, light as it was—for I could easily draw it along on level ground with one hand—was invariably drawn, throughout the journey, by no fewer than three horses. The reason of this apparent extravagance, in having so many horses to draw a carriage which was of so light a construction, is, that the regulations for posting, which are strictly adhered to by the postmasters, require that one horse shall be taken for every person in the carriage; and having engaged a servant at Petersburg to accompany us on the journey as an interpreter, our party consisted of that number. To this man, on our arrival at Abo, we paid one hundred rubles for his services. In a written agreement which had been drawn up and signed by him to prevent misunderstanding, a plan I cannot too strongly recommend, it was mentioned that he was to provide his own food, which was found to be a very necessary precaution, as every traveller on this road is obliged to carry his own provisions with him. As far as we were enabled, however, to do so, we allowed him to partake of our fare; but this

was, of course, meant and received as an indulgence. We had every reason to be perfectly satisfied with his conduct on all occasions; and though we travelled three nights out of the four that were spent on the road, he never made the slightest complaint, nor appeared to be in the least displeased or out of humour, which he certainly had good reason to be, had he thought fit to show it. I often pitied the poor fellow, as I watched him at night, perched on the narrow box-seat of our carriage, with little or no support for his back, in constant expectation of seeing him rolling on the ground, being frequently unable to keep his eyes open. The fatigue to him must necessarily have been great, but it was some satisfaction to see him amply making up for it when we arrived at the end of our journey, which he did by remaining, though not actually *in* bed, yet *on* his bed for two successive days and nights, at the end of which period he was perfectly restored to his former activity. As a proof that he was so, he took his departure again for Petersburg on the third day in one of the common carts of the country, which are also without springs, being nothing more than a square box with a seat in it, in which the couriers travel with their dispatches.

A great part of the road to Abo was kept in beautiful order: not a hollow nor rut of any description occurring until near the close of the journey, when it became a little heavy owing to the

sandy soil in the neighbourhood ; but even here we were able to travel at a pretty quick pace.

The posting is remarkably cheap, averaging from about three halfpence to twopence a mile for each horse. Our light waggon hurried along at a great rate, sometimes with a rapidity that rendered it, as we thought, dangerous : on one occasion, in particular, we were driven by a little boy not more than eleven or twelve years old, who drove the poor horses at a full gallop for a whole stage over a road which twisted and turned among rocks in every possible direction. We had to pass several small wooden bridges, over brooks rippling down the valleys, and here our young driver appeared to take great delight in galloping at a tremendous rate down the hill and across these bridges, by which such an impetus was given to the vehicle, that we were at the top of the next on the other side in a moment.

The three horses were always harnessed abreast, and the third was of no use whatever, being merely loosely tied to the carriage by a slight rope. The driver had no control over this horse : he ran with the others as a matter of course, but would now and then take it into his head to stop short, or turn round, and bring his nose right into the carriage ; there was nothing to prevent his doing so whenever he pleased, and the driver was invariably obliged to dismount from his seat to replace him in his proper position. Upon these occasions, it was natural to expect that we should be over-

turned; but fortunately our expectations were not realized.

We were only once delayed for horses, and that was on a Sunday, when we waited at a small village for about three hours, for the return of a man who had been dispatched by the postmaster to the next village to procure them. With this one exception, the horses appeared to be plentiful, and I have no doubt we might have been accommodated with double the number we required at every other station. The expedition with which they change horses is surprising, fully equalling that of our mail coaches; but we invariably experienced a sad delay in settling the pay of the different drivers, who, strange to say, were generally unwilling to be paid in silver, and near the end of the journey, positively refused to accept it, and insisted upon receiving paper-money; they would squabble for half an hour about a single *kopek*, when the notes we gave might perhaps have required that sum to make up the amount of the postage, and they had no change. The paper notes run as low as twenty kopecks, which is, I think, somewhere about 8*d.* English money; each of them bear two signatures: and the manner in which they are executed is admirable. At the top stands the number, and beneath is engraved the spread eagle with his two necks branching out, and over them a crown; then comes a fine flourish in German text, showing the value of the note then a long, and

to us quite unintelligible, account in Finnish, written on a part richly ornamented with a semicircular zigzag sort of engraving to prevent fraud; and lastly, in the left hand corner, is another specimen of engraving, in which, in large characters, may be seen “20 kop,” and all this for 8*d.*!

There is much sameness in the appearance of the face of the country the whole way from Petersburg to Abo, but nevertheless it is of a pleasing character. The road lies chiefly through forests of firs and birch, which in many places overhang it, sometimes spreading their branches quite across it, entwining with each other from the opposite sides, and forming an agreeable shade. The immense masses of granite blocks or boulders scattered over the whole face of the country, give to it a peculiar character; some of them are of a size far surpassing that, even in its original state, which supports the statue of the Czar Peter. All these enormous isolated masses of granite must have been torn off from their parent and primitive mountains, and carried to the plain over which they now lie scattered, by some overwhelming force, whose action, so far from stopping here, has rolled away similar boulders across the Gulf of Finland into the plains of Russia, and probably across the German Ocean, and strewed them on the plains of Norfolk. Professor Buckland observes, that in the inland districts of England are found “large blocks and pebbles of many varieties of primitive and transition rocks, which do not occur

in England, and which can only be accounted for by supposing them to have been drifted from the nearest continental strata of Norway, by a force of water analogous to, and contemporaneous with, that which drifted the blocks of Finland granite over the plains of Russia and the north of Germany. A diluvial current from the north," he continues, "is the only adequate cause that can be proposed, and it is one that seems to satisfy all the conditions of the problem."

This road winds among, and around, these huge and innumerable masses in a very singular manner, not unfrequently taking quite a contrary direction in order to avoid them. So thick are they strewed in some spots,—tossed one upon another in the greatest possible confusion,—that seen from a short distance they might be set down, with a little assistance of the imagination, as the ruins of some ancient city.

As we proceeded, the surface became undulated by hill and dale, both clothed with forests of pine trees, but the eye was occasionally greeted by the sight of a beautiful lake, which would now and then agreeably burst upon the view; but there did not appear to be much ground under tillage. That this part of Finland was but little cultivated was too evident, from the scanty and bad quality of the subsistence to be met with in all the villages through which we passed, and in which we were rarely able to procure any other species of provisions

than the coarsest brown bread, baked as hard as a sailor's biscuit, or burnt rather to a cinder, which in appearance it pretty much resembled. Add to this a little fish, dried or salted, sour cream, and sometimes, though not always, salted butter—and you have the sum total of what may be expected in a Finnish village. Fortunately we had been informed of this scarcity before starting, and had laid in a tolerably good stock of tongues, chickens, and other good things, together with a small supply of eau de vie, which we thought would have been sufficient, with the addition of any other beverage we might chance to meet with; but in this we were disappointed; we found nothing whatever but the ardent spirit called *Votki*: so that when our little stock of brandy was exhausted, we had no alternative but to resort to this native liquor, which we had heard much abused and execrated as a most villainous beverage, but which we did not find to deserve such a character. The flavour is more that of whiskey than any other spirit, is exceedingly fiery, but, when mixed with hot water and sugar, is by no means unpleasant.

The Finns, as is well known, are quite a distinct race from the Russians, and also from their former masters, the Swedes. They are altogether different in their features, their manners, and their language. Their complexions are mostly fair, and they do not, as far as I observed, allow their beards to grow. Their hair is generally much lighter in colour and

not so coarse as that of the Russians. It is allowed to hang down the neck, but not low, and is divided in the centre. Their language appears to be harsh and guttural, and they talk so fast as to render it difficult, even for one who has made some proficiency in it, to understand them. In their manner of speaking they very much resemble the Irish. Drunkenness appears to be an habitual vice among them. They drink the votki raw, and in large quantities, and are therefore not long in arriving at a state of intoxication when they set about it in earnest. I had occasion to remark this in one of our drivers, who had been paid for the stage he had driven us on the moment of our arrival, and who, during the quarter of an hour—for it was certainly not longer—that elapsed whilst we were taking our refreshments, before we started on the next stage, had managed to get perfectly drunk with this most pernicious, as it is said to be, of all ardent spirits.

The first town of any note that we arrived at, after leaving Petersburg, was Wyborg, through which we passed at an early hour on the morning following that of our departure. We were agreeably surprised to find ourselves in a fine town wearing all the marks of prosperity; many of the houses are large, mostly built of brick, and whitewashed. The roofs are painted green, and so are the domes of the churches and chapels, which give a character to this town. Its general appearance was neat-

ness, and the streets were clean, but notwithstanding the presence of some soldiers, who generally add to the liveliness of a town, there was nothing like the bustle of business, even though it is a garrison sea-port town, and a place of some commercial importance. The conquest of Wyborg by Peter the Great was the first blow he struck against the power of Sweden on this side the Gulf of Finland, while Charles XII. was quarrelling with the Turks at Bender.

Fredericksham, where we arrived on the evening of the same day, was the next large town we came to. It presented a far more animated and cheerful appearance than Wyborg. The houses are mostly stuccoed, and we passed along a street that might be called handsome in any country. On entering the gates, our passport was taken away, but in a short time brought back again to the post-house by a soldier, who marched into the room with his firelock shouldered, and delivered it to us, marching out again without uttering a single word, and looking as stiff as buckram.

Between Wyborg and Fredericksham is situated the quarry of Peterlax, from whence were cut out those enormous columns of granite, which are erecting at the new Isaac Church at Petersburg, but as these quarries are at some little distance off the road, we did not think it worth the delay that would have been occasioned by a visit to them.

The towns of Louisa and Helsingfors are the

only ones that I have now to mention which lie on this road between Fredericksham and Abo; the former is a pretty little town enough, and the latter the largest and handsomest of any that we passed; in fact it has usurped the place of Abo, and may now be considered as the capital of Finland. Many of its buildings are of stone, and those of brick are, generally speaking, stuccoed. It is a strong military post, well fortified, is situated at the bottom of a noble bay, and likely to become a place of great commercial importance. There is an excellent quay for the benefit of shipping that resort to it. The water is sufficiently deep for the largest ships of war, and the great arsenal of Sweaborg protects them and the town from any attacks by sea.

This was the first place on this line of coast attacked by Peter the Great in person, when in the year 1713 he hoisted his flag as rear-admiral for the first time in a ship of 50 guns, followed by about 90 galleys and 50 flat-bottomed boats, with 16,000 land forces. The dangers were great from rocks and shoals, but the Czar overcame them all; and the bold enterprise was crowned with complete success, not only here, but along the whole coast as far as Abo on the Gulf of Bothnia.

The post stations at the villages, without one exception, are miserable hovels, and totally unfit for any traveller to think of sleeping in. Nothing could exceed the wretched and filthy state of the interior of some of these houses, which are only

entered for the purpose of writing one's names in the book kept at each station, a task by the way which proved exceedingly troublesome. On these occasions I have noticed the whole family, apparently servants and all, sleeping in the same apartment,—men, women, and children stowed away in the several wooden chests or cribs, not unlike corn-bins, that surrounded the room.

The distance from St. Petersburg to Abo is 626 versts, or about 418 English miles, reckoning two-thirds of a mile to one verst, a journey which we accomplished by travelling four days and three nights on the road, having arrived at Abo on the morning of Wednesday, the 4th of August. It was a severe trial for our light carriage, which now began to show symptoms of weakness, and to require some repairs. We had very nearly lost one of the wheels on the road, an accident which might have proved rather serious, had it “parted company” (as a sailor would say) at a time when we were galloping at the furious rate that we generally did, up hill and down hill all the same. But though we escaped being left on the road, we were put for once to some little inconvenience, by having to wait a couple of hours, or so, on the outside of a post-house, at three o'clock on a raw morning, shivering with cold, whilst our servant was gone to the neighbouring village to knock up a blacksmith, which he was fortunate enough to succeed in doing, when this son of Vulcan put our wheel once more into a state of repair.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when we drove into the large court-yard of the inn at Abo, and all was still and silent as the grave. In vain did we knock at every door, and tap at every window within our reach: not a soul appeared to be in existence. Fatigued with a long journey, and sadly disappointed with the prospect of sleeping in the open air, for I had long set my mind on a comfortable rest, I sauntered up and down the yard in a fit of melancholy, and heartily wished myself either at home, or again at Petersburg. I was, however, suddenly aroused from my despondency by our courier, who had spied out a couple of legs dangling from a hay-loft, and with the utmost difficulty succeeded in waking the owner of them, and in the course of an hour or more we were accommodated with a room, having a couple of sofas, on which we slept soundly.

Early the following morning, we walked down to the quay to make inquiries respecting the packet-boat for Stockholm, and found that she was all ready to start but was waiting for a fair wind, which the captain told us he did not expect for a few days to come, and unfortunately he proved to be right in his conjectures. This detention at Abo was a serious inconvenience to us who were pressed for time, so that we more than once thought of making the best of our way round the Gulf of Bothnia, by Tornea, a journey which would, under any other circumstances, have been most interesting. Fortu-

nately, however, we did not undertake it, for I am informed that the difficulty of procuring horses is great, and that, in spite of every effort, the chances are, that we should have been a far longer period in making the tour round the gulf, than we were by waiting for a fair wind, which, by the way, after all, we never got.

On our arrival at Abo, we sold our vehicle to the landlord for somewhat less than a third of its original cost, but as it had sustained considerable damage, and required new wheels, two of which were only held together by ropes, we were not sorry to get rid of it for that or any other sum, as it would have cost more to convey it across to Stockholm than it was worth, and when there, it must have undergone a thorough repair ere it would have been fit for another journey. Before we left Abo, however, the carriage had been brushed up, and with the aid of a little paint, looked quite smart again, and ready for sale to any person who might be on his way to Petersburg, and from whom our honest host would probably contrive to get a great deal more for it than its original cost.

We found ourselves comfortably enough lodged at the inn. Part of its establishment was a small theatre, the only one, I believe, at Abo, which occupied the upper story of the building. One performance took place during our residence at the inn at which we, as a matter of course, did not fail to be present. The audience were seated on benches

arranged in a similar manner to those in the pit of any other theatre, and the space for these benches was divided into three parts; the first, and that nearest the stage, being the most select, and consequently of the highest price, answered to the boxes in our own theatres,—the second division to the pit, and the third to the gallery. The theatre was well attended; that is to say, being calculated to hold about 200 persons, there could not have been less than 150 present. The performance was carried on with great spirit, and appeared to give much satisfaction to those of the audience who understood it, which did not include ourselves. As far as I could make out the play, it appeared to me that all the jokes turned upon our own countrymen. The principal character was an Englishman, but his representative was as unlike one as it is possible to conceive; he was supposed to be in love with some fair damsel who rejected his addresses. He was on his knees repeatedly before her, which greatly amused the company; but at last finding that he was unable to make any impression on the cruel lady, and despairing of ever gaining her affections, he threatened to destroy himself, and made preparations accordingly, which set the whole audience in a roar of laughter. Several eyes were turned towards us during the performance, and we made a point of laughing at every joke, though it was no difficult matter to do so at such an absurd representation of John Bull. This

theatre proved a great source of amusement to us during our detention by a foul wind, for having seen all that was worth seeing, we were much at a loss to pass the four days we were detained at Abo, one of which was amply sufficient to satisfy curiosity. The stage-manager, or the superintendent of the *corps dramatique*, was one of the most lively, good natured men I have ever met with, and spoke French fluently. He resided in the hotel, and we soon became excellent friends, so much so, that he allowed us to attend the rehearsals in the mornings whenever we pleased. By candle-light the heroes and heroines looked tolerably decent and respectable, but when we saw them by day-light it would be impossible to imagine a more ill-favoured set, not even in the booths of a country fair in England, or at St. Bartholomew.

On the night of the representation, there were many well-dressed ladies present, and amongst them a very tolerable share of beauty. Indeed, the audience was chiefly composed of females. There were two very smart-looking young ladies who particularly caught our attention, and whom we considered as the prettiest girls present. These we afterwards discovered were the daughters of our landlord, but they kept themselves so closely shut up that we were not fortunate enough to get one glimpse of them again during our stay in the same house.

The observatory at Abo is situated on an emi-

nence on the side of the water, opposite to, and facing, the town, and is approached by a long and steep flight of wooden steps. There is also yet remaining a public library at Abo; but when Peter the Great made his conquest of this ancient capital of Finland, he took possession of the university library, and sent it to Petersburg, where a building was prepared for its reception: and this, in fact, was the foundation of the present library in that capital. What Peter, however, destroyed, has been restored by Alexander. The university is a plain building of rose-coloured granite.

Abo appeared to be by far the most busy place we had touched at since leaving Petersburg—all was life and animation. In the upper part of the town, workmen were busily employed in blasting the rocks to obtain building materials and for forming a new road, and houses were to be seen in progress in every direction. The blows of the hammers, which commenced at a very early hour of the day and lasted till dusk, reminded me of the noise in a dock-yard, when the men are employed on ships on the stocks.

The wind still continuing to blow directly against us, without the slightest prospect of its veering round, the captain of the vessel, in which we had engaged our passage, determined to get under weigh, which was accordingly done to our great joy on the evening of the 7th. The vessel was towed out of the harbour to some little distance by the crew

who sung loudly some curious notes of music as they walked along the bank. Night coming on, and having got a little "sea room," the towing party returned on board, the mainsail was hoisted, and we commenced our voyage across the Gulf of Bothnia by tacking among the innumerable rocks and islands which lie between Abo and Aland.

The passengers on board were numerous, but they were for the most part fore-cabin passengers. We, however, had the good fortune to be in company with an English lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Lushington, who, like ourselves, had been waiting at Abo for a fair wind. From these agreeable travellers we received the greatest possible kindness and attention. Mrs. Lushington is well known to the public from her unpretending but interesting little account of a journey she performed overland from India in the years 1827 and 1828, at which period she was, I believe, and perhaps still is, the only lady who has ever crossed the deserts. To them we were also indebted for our not having been put upon short allowance of provisions, of which we found there was but a small stock on board—the passengers, as we found out too late, being expected to bring their own with them.

Our fellow-voyagers at the fore part of the vessel were a merry set of people, and seemed to be at no loss in finding amusement among themselves. One evening, while becalmed among the islands, the female part of these joyous passengers took it into

their heads to act a play—something, probably, of their own extemporaneous invention ; but whatever it was, it had the effect of making both themselves and their audience laugh immoderately; and though we, in the after part of the vessel, understood nothing of the matter, we found their merriment was catching, and were obliged to join in the laugh. The passengers, also, from their different dresses and manners, afforded us a source of amusement in our tardy progress. One of the smartest-looking was a gentleman dressed in a light blue frock-coat, buttoned closely up to the throat, whom I conjectured, from his appearance, to be a Prussian officer of some distinction, but he turned out to be a printer at Stockholm. An old woman, who could not have been far short of seventy, particularly attracted our notice in the course of the voyage from her extraordinary activity : indeed, she seemed nearly as much at home, with regard to her knowledge of the ropes, as any of the sailors, and constantly lent a hand in tacking the vessel.

We were informed, that at one time a steam-boat used to run between Abo and Stockholm, but that, unfortunately, they contrived to get her on shore last year among some of the numberless rocks or shoals, when she received so much damage as to be rendered totally unfit for further service without a very expensive repair ; and as we heard nothing of her either at Abo or Stockholm, I conclude the proprietors thought it the most prudent step to break

her up : it was said, however, that preparations were making to replace her by another, intended to start on fixed days, which, across this gulf in particular, must prove of the greatest convenience to travellers.

To add to our annoyance while on this passage, the accommodation on board the cutter was very bad ; there were berths but no bedding, and I was therefore, for four nights, obliged to wrap myself up in my cloak. The weather, however, was delightful though the wind was hard-hearted, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the scene, as we were perpetually tacking through the numberless islands—an operation, however, which is not the most agreeable in a small vessel to those who have nothing to do but look about them, which was our case. The necessity of stooping, at least every five minutes and frequently oftener, to allow the boom to pass over our heads, was, however, in some degree compensated by the change of scene that it occasioned, giving each time a new appearance to the surrounding islands.

After the first night, as soon as it became dusk, we always anchored, the navigation among the islets and rocks, many of which are scarcely visible above the surface of the water, being rendered extremely dangerous. For this necessary precaution we were indebted to a Swedish gentleman, a professor, who was a passenger on board, and who prevailed upon the captain to adopt this precautionary measure.

Of the great cluster of islands, which almost choak up this lower part of the gulf of Bothnia, and which, with the islets and rocks above water, amount to not less than three thousand, those next to the coast of Sweden are more picturesque than those on the opposite coast of Finland, which, although very beautiful and well-clothed, are not of so bold a character. Few of them on either side presented any signs of habitation, but those which were inhabited were occupied only by a few fishermen, and those employed in cutting deal planks by means of small saw-mills, turned by the wind, the sails made of deal. They live in log-houses, and the little trade they have is in wood and fish. This multitude of primitive rocks may perhaps be supposed to have their origin by resisting that tremendous rush of waters from the north, which Professor Buckland has employed for the conveyance of his boulders; scooping out at the same time the Gulf of Bothnia, and sweeping away the looser materials near its mouth, and leaving the enormous multitude of the firm rocks, which now choak it up, undisturbed.

On reaching the island of Aland, the largest and most important in the group, some Russian custom-house officers came on board the cutter, and examined the luggage of the passengers, but they were not very particular in making their search, and did not detain us for any length of time.

It was here that the conquest of Finland from

the Swedes, by the Czar Peter, was completed by the capture of Admiral Ehrenschild's frigate, a number of large galleys and ^fprames, and of the Swedish Admiral himself, who endeavoured to escape in a boat. The island fell into the hands of the Russians; and such was the consternation of Sweden, that Stockholm even was alarmed for its safety.

At this place our sailors managed, clumsily enough, to ground the vessel, but got her off again without much difficulty, and some little delay. However, we completed the voyage to Stockholm, which is about one hundred and eighty miles, in four days, delighted when the ship's head looked up the bay and advanced towards that city; and still more so, when we came to anchor at an early hour on the morning of the 12th of August, though in the midst of a heavy fall of rain, which had set in during the night, and which, much to our annoyance, prevented us from remaining on deck to enjoy the approach by water to Stockholm, which travellers generally describe as highly picturesque and beautiful.

CHAPTER V.

STOCKHOLM TO HELSINGBORG.

The Quay and Shipping—Royal Palace—Picture Gallery—Streets, Squares, and Statues—The Society, or Nobles' Club—Churches—Palace of Drottingholm—Military—Dalecarlians—Mælär Lake—Westeras—Orebro—The Forebud—Wenern Lake—Falls of Trolhätten and Gotha—Gottenberg—Helsingborg.

ON landing at Stockholm we experienced the same difficulty in finding accommodation as at Petersburg and Moscow. There is at present but one hotel, kept by a Frenchman, which has the reputation of being dirty and disagreeable, as well as extravagant. The London Hotel, to which we had been recommended, was shut up. After much trouble we succeeded in obtaining some tolerably comfortable apartments in a lodging-house, situated in a good part of the town; but as the inmates were Swedes, and could speak no other language but their own, my fellow traveller and myself were driven to the necessity of procuring everything we wanted by signs, which often afforded much amusement to our hostess and her servants, as well as to ourselves. We seldom, however, experienced any difficulty in making ourselves understood, a circumstance which I am inclined to attribute more to their good nature and anxiety to please, than to our own

skill, though it will readily be allowed that the latter must have been frequently put to the test.

Stockholm, when viewed from a distance, and at particular spots, has the appearance of a splendid city, but a closer inspection will be apt to disappoint a stranger. There are but few buildings of any importance, and not much to interest the traveller. It possesses, however, an excellent harbour, of sufficient depth of water to admit of vessels of considerable burthen close alongside of its quay. It was now crowded with merchant shipping, with a few gun-boats and galleys. The numerous ferry boats which ply to and fro are pulled mostly by women, pretty well advanced in years, who yet performed their arduous task with great skill.

The quay, at all times, presented a lively scene, and was kept in a constant state of noise and bustle by the shipping of iron, which is exported from this country in very large quantities. Nor was this noise confined alone to the quay. Carts were constantly passing through the streets at all hours of the day, loaded with bars of iron, the jarring of which was a perpetual nuisance to the passenger. Copper from the Dalecarlian mines, timber, hemp and flax, are also articles of export; manufactures of glass, pottery, and woollens, are chiefly employed for home consumption.

That part of the town, which is situated at the bottom of the harbour, is built on an eminence so

very steep, that the houses rise one above another like so many steps, and, like those of Aix-la-Chapelle, produce an imposing and pleasing effect. The view from the summit of this hill, on which stands the church of St. Catharine, is strikingly picturesque. Of the buildings, the royal palace is the most conspicuous, as it certainly is the most extensive edifice, in the place. It stands upon a slight eminence, overlooking the harbour, which gives it a most imposing appearance. It is a square building, with wings on each side, the whole of brick, stuccoed white, and the façade is richly ornamented with Grecian pilasters.

The interior contains but little worthy of remark, after visiting the gorgeous palaces of Russia. The picture gallery is extensive, and possesses a few good paintings amidst many bad. Several pictures were pointed out as originals of Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Wouverman, and Teniers, but, like those in the palace of Petersburg, it may be suspected there were many copies amongst them. In this gallery are also some apparently good statues in marble, but not being a connoisseur in statuary, nor provided with a catalogue, I was unable to ascertain any particulars relating to them. Some of the apartments in the palace are very large, but the state apartments consist of a long suite of chambers, remarkable neither for their grandeur nor elegance. The entrance by which we were conducted to these apartments is through a dirty hall, which looks like

a kitchen, and is covered with cobwebs and filth. Some three or four streets in this capital are of considerable length and width, and the houses in them are all stuccoed. There are also about the same number of squares, in the centre of each of which stands a statue. That of Gustavus Adolphus faces the palace, the approach to which leads over a granite bridge. The square in which it stands has several handsome edifices, among which is the Italian opera house.

I had heard much of the Nobles' Club, generally called *the Society*, and to which strangers can be introduced by any one of the members, upon paying a few dollars for a ticket, which admits them for the space of a month, and which may be renewed for the same period, but not longer at once. Being anxious to look at some English newspapers, not having seen any since leaving England, we contrived to get an introduction to the Society, and found it a most agreeable lounge, particularly in the evening. This club is frequented by all the nobility and gentry of Stockholm, and appears to be in every respect as comfortable and well managed as the first of the club houses in London. It consists of a suite of elegant apartments, which are furnished in the best style. The reading room is well stocked with newspapers, periodical journals, magazines, and reviews. I found it generally well attended, and perfect silence was maintained throughout the apartments; in fact, rather too much so, as one

cannot help feeling as if under a restraint, which is by no means agreeable.

The churches, of which there are several, may be considered, as they generally are, among the principal features of the city. None of them are very remarkable in point of architectural beauty, though they are all neat and apparently solid edifices. The Ridderholm church is interesting from the circumstance of its being the cemetery of the kings of Sweden, and also because it contains the body of Charles XII., as well as all the knights of the order of Seraphim. The body of Charles is deposited in an elegant sarcophagus of black marble, at the foot of which is suspended the sword which he was in the habit of wearing in battle, and bears very evident marks of having seen some service. On the lid of the sarcophagus is represented a club and lion's skin in gilt bronze. The tomb of Gustavus II., who was killed in the battle of Lutzen, is carefully pointed out to strangers. Divine service is seldom, if ever, performed in this church, though I have heard that a sacred oratorio has occasionally taken place within its walls.

The church of St. Catharine is a plain, handsome edifice, but, like all other Protestant churches, there is little to be seen to attract notice within. To the wall of one of the side aisles is attached a large picture of the "Day of Judgment:"—I could not learn by whom painted; but the subject, bad in itself, and unfit for a picture, was badly handled, and the

execution did not in any way make amends. In this, as well as in almost every church throughout Sweden, is the model of a ship, suspended from the ceiling.

The king's stables attracted my attention whenever I passed them, owing to the incessant noise occasioned by the horses striking the boards of the floor with their hoofs. The number of stalls are not fewer than one hundred and twenty, nearly the whole of which were occupied. Some of the horses were unquestionably fine animals, and appeared to me to be of great value; but there were many others of a very moderate stamp. The Royal livery, though not so splendid, perhaps, as our own, appears to the eye as more substantial, from being made of blue, instead of scarlet cloth.

The king takes his daily drive; and, though it was once supposed he was forced upon the Swedes by Buonaparte against their will, he does not appear to be in the least afraid of showing himself amongst his subjects; nor, indeed, has he the slightest cause to be so, for he is extremely popular, and whenever he makes his appearance in public is always well received.

Although revolutions have of late been so much the fashion in other countries, Sweden may probably consider herself safe from one, and continue an independent state, so long as Bernadotte remains upon the throne: unless, indeed, the grasping ambition of the Autocrat of all the Russias should take a fancy to add this poor country to the

eighth part of the globe, which is about the share he already is in the possession of. What this insatiable despot means by the fortified encampment it is understood he is now making on the island of Aland for 40,000 men, a short time may show. One of two things only would seem to supply an intelligible conjecture—either to overawe and secure the neutrality of Sweden, while prosecuting his views in another quarter, or to annex Sweden and Norway to his already overgrown empire, and thus round it by the Baltic, the North Sea, the Frozen Ocean, and the Sea of Kamschatka. But a population of 3,802,900 * hardy freemen, if determined to resist, will not easily be conquered. Let the Russian who enters Norway with a hostile intent beware the fate of Sinclair and his unfortunate countrymen! Of this population Stockholm contains only about 77,000 souls.

A drive to the Palace of Drottningholm, which is situated about seven or eight miles from the city, will well repay the traveller. We were particularly unlucky in finding on our arrival that the royal inmates were at dinner, as early as two o'clock, which prevented our seeing the interior of this palace. They had evidently observed our party loitering about the place, and with much civility sent out a message, that if we could wait for an

* Sweden 2,751,582

Norway 1,051,318

Total 3,802,900

Collected from the latest and best authorities by *Forsell*.

hour we should be admitted; but we were so situated that we could not avail ourselves of this indulgence. The palace and grounds, with the gardens, promenades, and fountains, were intended to be on the model of Versailles; but the gardens were neglected, the ponds nearly dried up, the pipes broken, and the pleasing sound of the gurgling jets of water, supplanted by the harsh croaking of the frogs, which leaped about in vast numbers among the mud. We will suppose them not to be toads, for the Swedes, like the Irish, boast that venomous reptiles will not live in their country.

Having passed a Sunday at Stockholm, we were desirous of attending divine service, and were directed to a chapel, which we found to be a Wesleyan Methodist chapel,—the only church, as we afterwards learned, in which the English residents at Stockholm have the choice of attending service. Among the congregation we observed our ambassador and his family. The English residents, it may be presumed, are too few or too poor to support a clergyman of the established church.

After church, I walked to the large square, in which stands the Arsenal, and found a regiment of grenadiers parading: the band was playing, and a great concourse of people had collected, but, unfortunately, it came on to rain rather heavily, which hurried the soldiers off the ground. They were a fine-looking body of men, many of them six feet high, and few, as I understood, less than five feet

ten; they were well drilled, and marched with a firm and steady step. The officers were mostly very young. This was the only Swedish regiment I had any opportunity of seeing under arms; but I was much pleased with an occasional sight of a troop of light cavalry (hussars), who paraded through the streets in the most splendid uniform of blue and white. They were all young, smart-looking fellows, and maintained an excellent soldierlike seat on horseback; so much so, that I could have imagined they had gone through the cavalry drill in one of our own schools, their position being strictly according to our regulation. In appearance, they very far surpass the Russian cavalry, who lean much too forward on the saddle, which gives them the appearance of being so insecure in their seats, that an unexpected kick or start of their horse must inevitably dismount them. The dress of the regiment alluded to reminded me of that of one of our own hussar regiments, before the recent alteration of their uniform: but it was, I think, if possible, still more rich and elegant, being literally covered with silver lace.

The Swedish gentry, as far as I saw of them, very much resembled our own countrymen in appearance and dress, to which they seem to pay much attention; and I was as frequently mistaken in supposing some of them to be Englishmen as I was at Petersburg with regard to the Russians.

The police are very numerous, and march about

the streets in large bodies. They carry a drawn cutlass with them when on duty. They are mostly small, thickset men, and have a clumsy appearance, their dress not being calculated to show them off. It is a little like that of our own police, who, if they marched about the streets with cutlasses, would look as awkward as the Swedish police appeared with their round hats.

In the streets, we occasionally fell in with parties of Dalecarlians, but they are rarely seen in the town, generally remaining in the suburbs, and holding little or no communication with the inhabitants of the city. They appeared to me to be a surly and haughty race, true republicans, and very repulsive in their manners; living mostly in the caverns of the earth, they may have contracted a dislike for any other society but their own. The women are dressed not unlike the Dutch broom-girls that one sees in the streets of London: their petticoats are equally short, and made of the same coarse material, but generally with different coloured stripes. Instead of shoes, they wear heavy clumsy sabots, which must be very uncomfortable to the feet, the heel, which is rather high, being placed in the hollow of the foot. The men's dress a little resembles that of the Dutchmen.

In Sweden, as well as in Russia, the nobility and gentry invariably speak the French language, and are seldom heard to converse in their native tongue. From the little opportunity we had of

mixing in society, owing to our short stay at Stockholm, I am unable to venture any remarks upon the national character of the Swede; but we fully concurred in the general opinion of travellers, that there does not exist a more friendly, polite, and gentlemanly character in any part of Europe than that of a well-educated Swede.

Having made every necessary preparation for a departure, we took our leave of Stockholm on the morning of the 16th of August in a steam-boat which navigates the beautiful lake Mœlar as far as Westeras. In this boat we embarked our carriage, if such I may be permitted to call it: it consisted merely of a long basket-worked cart, on which were two seats (on springs), the body of it being without any springs. We had engaged a Swedish servant to accompany us, who, though he had never visited England, spoke our language most fluently. He proved to be a very useful and trustworthy man, as well as a “good whip,”—a very necessary qualification in the hiring of a servant to travel through this country; and I think it but justice to Andrew Berglund to mention his name, in the hope that it may be the means of getting him employed by future travellers: he generally resides, and may always be heard of, at Stockholm.

The steam-boat, as I have said, runs to a village called Westeras, where we landed in the evening, the distance being a little more than seventy miles.

The day was beautiful, and we enjoyed this luxurious mode of travelling more than we could possibly have done on the hot dusty road. The scenery, besides, on the banks of this beautiful sheet of water, was, in many places, bold and picturesque, in some parts putting me strongly in mind of the rocky defiles and the lake-like reaches of the Rhine. In one respect it might be considered more beautiful, on account of the fine forests which here and there feathered their branches down to the water's edge. On certain days, this same boat prolongs her journey into the interior of Sweden as far as Arboga, a small town situated about three stages beyond Westeras, and on the direct road to Götheborg (or Gothenburg), through which we proposed to pass on our way to Helsingborg, and should have continued our journey to Arboga by water, but, unfortunately, it was not the day on which the steamer prosecuted her voyage thither. The traveller certainly cannot do better than contrive to go in this boat as far as Arboga, by which means he is conveyed some distance on his journey with expedition, economy, and without the slightest fatigue, having at the same time the advantage of enjoying some of the most pleasing scenery that can be imagined, and which he would not, we were informed, meet with on the road.

Westeras is a small village: the only remarkable object is the church, which is apparently a very ancient structure. Here we landed our carriage, pro-

cured horses, and, having stowed away some trifling articles in the wicker-work cart, left Westeras; from hence pursuing our route, chiefly through forests of firs, we arrived at *Orebro*, a small, neat town, where we merely stopped to change horses. The houses in this as well as in all the other towns and villages, throughout our journey, are built chiefly of wood, not merely of logs clumsily put together, as is the case in Russia, but of logs covered with boards neatly finished, the workmanship of which would not disgrace the tools of any of our English carpenters. This exterior planking is invariably painted a deep red colour, with white doors and window-frames, the contrast of which is peculiar, and not unpleasing. The roofs are generally covered with turf, out of which long grass and weeds are growing; but in the town of *Orebro*, as well as in many of the other towns through which we passed, are also several well-built brick houses stuccoed white. I was also much struck with the general cleanliness of *Orebro*, which was apparently as characteristic of a Swedish as it is of a Dutch town.

The cheerful and polite behaviour of the inhabitants towards strangers was too marked to be overlooked. Men, women, and children, never failed to throw themselves in the way to salute us when passing. The children are, generally speaking, very pretty, and healthy in their appearance, but as they ripen in years their features gradually

become coarse, which was the more remarkable in most of the young women we met with. On the first evening of our journey we slept at a village called Wresterp, after travelling upwards of ninety miles, a distance we found to be the extent we could hope daily to accomplish in the course of our journey.

The following was our mode of travelling in Sweden. The servant whom we had hired at Stockholm was to act as our coachman the whole way to Helsingborg, and consequently could not be expected to travel at night, which, independent of all other circumstances, is not considered to be safe; he was always indeed very careful to reach the spot we were to sleep at, before the night set in, having once, as he told me, been attacked by three men, by whom he would have been murdered, had he not most fortunately been provided with a pistol.

At the commencement of our journey from Westeras, we sent on a *förebud*, as he is termed, and continued to do so the whole distance, to secure horses to be in readiness at the different stages by the time that we might arrive, which it is necessary should be calculated and specified in making out the list of places in the route; this list is shown to the different postmasters, each of whom attends to it, and forwards it by another *förebud* to the next station, and from thence to the following, and so on; so that by starting him the preceding night, and calculating the distance correctly between the stages,—the time

it will take to perform them, reckoning at the rate of seven miles an hour,—and making ample allowance for the time we might stop on the road for meals,—we were rarely, if ever, delayed for horses, but found them generally waiting our arrival in the stable yards.

If, however, the horses at any place were kept waiting for us beyond two hours, the postmaster was at liberty to charge a regulated sum,—something very trifling,—for every subsequent hour that we might have detained them; but on no occasion did this happen, so well had each stage been timed by our servant. A boy (and not unfrequently a girl) is sent from each post-house to bring the horses back; fortunately we had plenty of room on the box seat of the carriage, and could always accommodate them, but when this is not the case, they must either follow the carriage on horseback, or run alongside the whole way.

The regulations for posting are very strict, each postmaster being furnished with a book from the Government, in which the traveller is called upon to write his name in one column, the place he comes from in another, and, in the third, the place he is going to; the fourth column is kept open for the purpose of entering any complaints that the traveller may have to make. At the end of each month this book is looked over by the proper authorities, and those complained of are, I should suspect from the following circumstance, very severely handled.

At one of the stages where we changed, we were detained a considerable time in consequence of the horses not having made their appearance, although the *förebud* had left the necessary directions the preceding night. Upon their arrival we desired the servant to inform the man, who brought the horses, that we should complain of him in the book, upon which he looked very downcast, and on being shown the book with the complaint noted in it, he burst into tears, and begged that it might be taken out, making all sorts of excuses for having neglected his duty.

In despatching a *förebud*, it is necessary the traveller should give him some part of his luggage to convey with him, as a token to the postmasters that he is coming on after it. Accordingly our portmanteaus were made over to him, well wrapped with matting, a very necessary precaution, to avoid their getting knocked to pieces in the carts they are carried in, which are without springs. As it was, they suffered materially; and should I again travel through Sweden, I should be disposed to follow the excellent example of those, who have made-up boxes of stones, or such like rubbish, to be entrusted to the care of the *förebud*. It is necessary that the luggage, be what it may, should be too heavy for a man to carry, as it is known to be a common practice amongst them, when they have but a trifling weight, to walk over the ground and pocket the money which they would otherwise have paid for

the hire of a cart and horse; consequently the traveller overtakes them after a few stages, and is put to great inconvenience. The post-horses are the property of the farmers, and are often brought from the plough, so that it is absolutely necessary, to prevent delay to the traveller, to despatch the *förebud* to secure them.

We travelled with two horses the whole journey, and found them quite sufficient to drag our light vehicle with three people in it, and no other luggage than a carpet bag. The horses were generally fine animals, and mostly young; some had scarcely been in harness before, and one was driven for the first time, and proved rather troublesome, nearly upsetting us on more than one occasion. Horses sell very cheap in Sweden, and were it not for the difficulty and expense of bringing them over to England, it would be worth the while of our dealers to import them. I have seen some very excellent horses which might have been purchased from ten to fifteen pounds,—a price which one of our countrymen would laugh at, and very naturally conclude that the animal must be unsound.

The roads in Sweden are good, and, like those in Finland, are kept in the highest possible order. The expense of posting is very trifling compared with that of most countries in Europe, excepting Finland, and, as we have since found it, in Norway.

Leaving Wresterp at an early hour on the following morning, we passed through Mariestad, and

in the evening arrived at *Lüdköping*, pronounced Lidchipping, a small town situated on the magnificent Wenern Lake, which, when seen from this spot, resembles a boundless ocean, no land being visible towards the north. Its extent in a north-east and south-west direction is upwards of 90 English miles, and breadth more than 40 miles, making an area nearly of 4000 square miles. It is fed by several smaller lakes and rivers from the northward, and empties itself by the Gotha into the gulf of Christiania in Norway. On a stormy day this lake has all the appearance of the sea, the waves running equally high, and I suspect occasioning at times some little damage to the town of Lüd köping, which is washed by its waters.

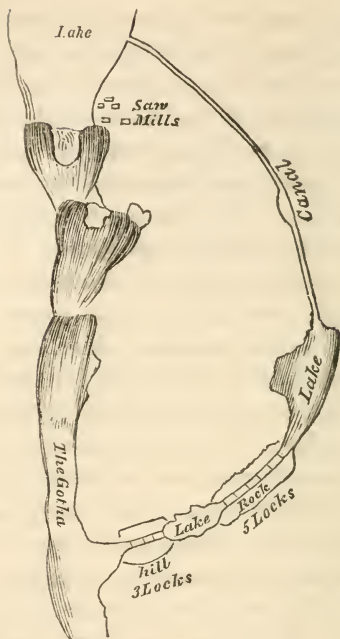
On the morning of the 19th, we started, as usual, at an early hour, and towards mid-day arrived at the celebrated Falls of Trolhätten, which are situated at the western extremity of the Wenern Lake, a few miles off the main road, and can only be approached by a very indifferent sort of a cross-path. Of all the waterfalls that I had yet seen, even those of Switzerland, that of Trolhätten is in my opinion the most transcendently grand and sublime. It forms the only outlet of the waters of the great Wenern Lake, as the Falls of Niagara do that of the four great North American lakes, and I should suppose that, in regard to the mass of water discharged, they are inferior only to these celebrated transatlantic falls. The accompanying scenery of

wood and mountain is wild and romantic, and the effect was considerably heightened on this day, by the tempestuous state of the weather, which was so stormy as to amount almost to what seamen call a gale of wind; the clouds at the same time, presenting a dark and wild aspect, gave additional effect to the foaming torrent as it rushed from rock to rock.

We could perceive no less than five distinct falls, across the second of which is thrown a narrow wooden bridge, leading to a small rocky island, which breaks the fall. We crossed this bridge not without some difficulty, and not without danger, owing to the slippery state it was in from the spray continually breaking over it, which it did with sufficient violence to carry a person off his legs, even had it not been slippery; this, in fact, did happen to my fellow traveller, who was very nearly swept away by the foaming waters, his foot having slipped whilst crossing the bridge. The only mode of escaping was to watch the spray, by which it was no easy matter to avoid being caught. It is not easy to conjecture how this bridge could have been constructed across the roaring torrent which rolls with such headlong impetuosity. It is at best but an insecure structure, and seems momentarily liable to be carried away. The sides are entirely open, there being merely a hand rail at the top, about the height of the middle of a man's body, to steady the passenger, so that the danger of being washed through was not altogether ideal, and I was

by no means sorry to find myself once more safe upon *terra firma*. This bridge has only, I should imagine, been erected of late years, as Captain Jones, in speaking of the Falls, mentions that "the descent of the great Fall is twenty-six feet, round an island, with trees most romantically growing on it, secure from the touch of man; to attempt to reach which would be certain destruction."

At the head of the first fall of water, and close to it on the right on looking up, are erected a number of saw-mills all in constant operation; the machinery is worked by water, led to them from the point where the great body of it is precipitated over the rocky ledge. The timber is floated down the Wenern Lake, which is contracted as it approaches the Falls of Trollhätten. After undergoing the process of cutting into planks and deals at these mills, they are floated down into the river Gotha, and carried by it to Gothenborg, being diverted from the Falls into a canal, which, being cut through a huge rock, unites two small lakes at a little distance inland from the left bank of the Falls; it is thence carried through another rock or hill to the level of the Gotha, and, winding in a circular sweep, is received into that river. This canal is a grand undertaking, the descent from the falls to the Gotha being upwards of 100 feet, and the length above a mile, in which distance there are eight locks, five being in the rock between the lakes, and three in the hill, each lock having a descent of about fourteen feet.



The idea of opening a direct communication between Stockholm and the Baltic, to avoid passing the Sound, and of forming the canal at Trollhättan in order to render that part of the river Gotha navigable, by avoiding the Falls, originated with Gustavus Vasa, in whose reign it was first attempted; but not being then found practicable was abandoned—again renewed several times, and after an enormous expense had been incurred in blasting

and cutting down rocks of prodigious magnitude to an enormous depth, it was wholly given up; the present canal was then projected, which takes a different and more distant line from the Falls but it is an imperfect and a mere local means of transport from the lake Wenern down to Gothenborg. The grand design, if carried into execution, would proceed from Stockholm by the lakes Mælar, Hielmaren, and Wenern, thence by the present canal to Gothenborg, and from this port across the Skager-rack to the North Sea.

In a rock which overlooks the Falls on the left bank is a sort of alcove, formed by nature, which is called the Giant's Seat, and which the guide was careful in pointing out to us, as containing the names of several of the royal family and others, cut in the rock at different periods when they visited these stupendous works of nature and art. There is a small inn at Trollhätten where travellers may find a tolerably comfortable night's lodging.

After remaining two or three hours at Trollhätten, we proceeded on our journey to Lilla Edet, where we spent the night. At Lilla Edet, a village which stands in the centre of a beautiful valley, there is another fall of the waters of the Gotha, also some mills, and a canal with locks. The inn is delightfully situated facing the river, immediately in front of the fall. A great quantity of salmon is here caught, at a certain time of the

year, when they make their leaps. Perch, pike, and trout are also very commonly caught at this spot. Indeed, provisions in general, as well as fish in particular, and all kinds of game, are plentiful and cheap in Sweden. At one station, we purchased a brace of beautiful grouse for something less than a shilling.

From Trollhätten to Gothenborg was one continued series of the most picturesque valleys, surrounded on both sides by rugged rocks, which presented themselves to our view at every turn the road took among the mountains. Through most of these valleys the river Gotha is seen to wind its course. We left Lilla Edet early the following morning, and reached Gothenborg about mid-day, where we remained for a couple of hours—a period sufficiently long to enable us to see all that deserves to be seen in this town, which, from many points of resemblance, reminded me of Rotterdam. A branch of the river runs through the main street, and other branches or streams flow through each of the cross streets, over which are several drawbridges. In all these canals, some of whose banks are planted with rows of trees, were shipping of various kinds, giving an animated appearance to the town. The houses are generally well built, some of stone and others of brick stuccoed, and many of them are on a large scale. A considerable degree of bustle and activity was visible, and the town wore every appearance of commercial prosperity.

On our first arrival at the gates, we were stopped, and our passport demanded; but had we given it up, we should have been obliged to wait a day before we could obtain a fresh one to carry us on to Helsingborg. In order to prevent this inconvenience, our servant took good care to impress upon the minds of the sentinels that we were persons of some consequence, and that they ought not to trouble us by asking for our passport, which was locked up in a writing-desk, and could not be obtained without much inconvenience. Fortunately, his argument, with the aid of a little silver, had the desired effect, and we were allowed to pass through the gate and back again without any further questioning.

The herring fishery, which was formerly carried on to a considerable extent at Gothenborg, has now very nearly failed, the herrings having for some time past left the coast. The English have the credit of causing this defection by their ships of war firing salutes when the fleet was in the Baltic. The same thing happened with regard to the pilchards on the coast of Cornwall, when the Experimental Squadron was exercising; the fishermen presented a petition to the Admiralty to pray that saluting might be discontinued, as all the fish had been frightened away. Even the lobster is said to be so sensitive on any sudden concussion of the air, that the firing of cannon or a clap of thunder will cause it to throw off one or both of its large claws.

The men-of-war sailors used to hail the lobster-boats in passing up the Thames with "Hand here a few of your lobsters, or you know what will happen!"

From Gothenborg we proceeded to Warberg, a neat-looking town, as far as I could judge of it in the middle of the night, the time when we arrived. A long delay took place before we could get housed, the post-house having been changed, and not a soul to be found in the streets of whom we could ascertain to what part of the town it had been removed: and even after we had found it, we experienced some little difficulty in gaining admittance. Our late arrival and detention in the streets at Warberg became the more annoying, as we were anxious to start the next morning soon after daylight for Helsingborg, which we hoped to reach that evening; but finding that we were unable to accomplish it, we slept at a small post-house on the road—as wretched a looking place as, I trust, I shall ever again put my head in: so bad, indeed, was it that, notwithstanding our having travelled on the road for some days, and being somewhat fatigued, I could not make up my mind to take off my clothes and get into bed, dreading that I should be nearly devoured before the morning. Gnats fluttered through the wick of the candle by wholesale, as well as myriads of an insect which is pretty well known to boys under the name of "daddy longlegs." All these, however, were trifles;

but there was a something in the general appearance of the apartment that indicated other living creatures lurking about, but not then visible. We found a dog and a cat also in the room, but soon got rid of them. After meditating a considerable period whether or not I should venture into bed, and being quite overcome with fatigue, I undressed myself and made the plunge at all hazards; and, considering all things, found in the morning that I had escaped better than anticipated. These are little annoyances which the traveller is now and then called upon to suffer, as a tax upon the pleasure he derives from change of scene and locomotion.

The Swedes are, in general, remarkable for their excessive cleanliness, in which they may be said to resemble the Dutch; and it is but fair to remark that this was the only *pigsty* we had fallen in with on our journey; but though in general cleanly, there was a total disregard to every thing like comfort at all the different post stations. The floors were always kept clean by washing, and looked white, but they were invariably sprinkled with sand, and strewn over with the twigs of fir-trees, or juniper bushes, minced up into numberless pieces, which, however healthy from the smell, as is asserted, was particularly disagreeable in a bed-room.

Leaving this last miserable hovel the following morning at an early hour, we arrived at Helsingborg in the forenoon, without having met

with a single accident throughout the whole distance from Stockholm, which is upwards of five hundred miles. In such a country, and with such means of conveyance, this we may consider as a piece of good fortune, which has not fallen to the lot of every traveller.

The glimpses of the coast of Zealand, which occasionally presented themselves on this morning's route, were very bold and interesting, and the view of Elsinour from the town of Helsingborg was a prominent feature.

Of this latter town there is little to be said: it is small and, as far as I remarked, contains not a single building of the slightest importance. We remained here two or three hours only, and dined at the hotel; and in the mean time procured our passport, and made arrangements with a boatman to carry us across to the Danish island. Having walked down to the pier and embarked our luggage, we took our departure from Sweden—a country I shall always remember with feelings of pleasure, both as regards the inhabitants, who appeared to be a friendly, cheerful, and contented race of beings, and the surface of the country, which abounds in the most interesting and romantic scenery.

CHAPTER VI.

ELSINEUR TO COPENHAGEN.

The Town of Elsineur—Hamlet's Garden—The Road—Danish Postilions—Copenhagen—Streets, Squares, Palaces, and Public Buildings—Observatory—King's Stables—Royal Library—Academy—Cemetery—Island of Amack—Military—Departure—Arrival in London.

ON the afternoon of the 22nd of August we arrived at Elsineur. The passage across the sound, with a side wind, occupied little more than half an hour, the distance being about three miles. Elsineur, from the water, has an imposing appearance, and the formidable old castle of Cronenburg, commenced by Frederick II., in the year 1574, and finished during the reign of Christian IV., forms an interesting and striking object; but the town itself, immediately on landing, forfeits every supposed claim to admiration. It is, in fact, a little sea-port of the lowest class, with one tolerable street in it, such as one may see in the neighbourhood of Wapping, or it might be compared with that which leads to the Point at Portsmouth; full of gin-shops from one end to the other, with signs of painted ships swinging over the door-ways. From the situation of Elsineur on the borders of the Sound,

one would naturally conclude it to be a place of great trade and consequence, as the number of shipping of all nations that annually pass through this strait to and from the Baltic is reckoned to be from ten to twelve thousand, about one half of which are British.

The moment we landed on the pier, the sentinels, who were on the look out, demanded our passports in a courteous manner, accompanied us to the office where they were to be examined, and caused our baggage also to be conveyed thither. Here we were not detained for any length of time, being informed that, on applying as early as eight o'clock the following morning, we might then receive our passports again, which we accordingly did, and found them, or rather fresh ones, ready for us at the appointed hour. We passed the night at a very clean and comfortable inn, kept by an Englishman, who was civil and attentive.

The Danes have an undoubted right to all that belongs to the history of Hamlet, as Saxo Grammaticus, their own historian, (if he *was* a Dane, which is not quite certain,) has narrated it; but the connexion of Elsinour with the name of Hamlet would probably long ago have ceased, had not our Shakspeare embellished and immortalized the story. Scarcely had we seated ourselves when we were reminded of Prince Hamlet's Garden, which of course we visited, and regretted to find in a neglected and ruinous state. The pond, or rather

that which had once been a pond, and in which they tell you the fair Ophelia—who, by the way, was no Ophelia of theirs, but the sole creation of “fancy’s child,”—was drowned, is completely dried up, and choked with weeds. Having appropriated the garden and the pond, they might as well have kept up that illusion by planting the fatal “willow,” which we are told—

—————“grows ascaunt the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.”

An Englishman could not fail to be delighted with the bare imagination that he was regarding some relic or scion of that treacherous tree, from which poor Ophelia met her death.

“There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook.”

But though this garden exhibits no brook, nor willow, nor other traces of Hamlet or of Ophelia, and though as a garden it hardly deserves the name, it serves as a promenade for the inhabitants of the town—is delightfully situated—and some of its walks are well shaded with trees.

Having hired a clumsy-looking carriage, which is usually called a *stool-waggon*, the only description of vehicle to be obtained, and large enough to convey a whole family, we started at ten o’clock, on the morning of the 23rd, for Copenhagen, a distance of about twenty-six miles. The road (horribly

bad) being nearly as heavy as that between Hamburg and Lubeck; so that we were full seven hours in performing the journey. The heavy waggon too was without springs, and consequently we were not a little jolted. On stopping at a place about half way on the road, where we changed horses, we were requested by a well-dressed young lady to allow her to take a seat with us as far as the town, a request with which it is needless to say we were too happy to comply, feeling ourselves of course much honoured with her company; but we were not aware of the inconvenience this piece of civility was likely to entail upon us, for, in a few moments afterwards, we were asked to accommodate another passenger; and soon found that it was no uncommon practice to tax travellers in this manner. We were under the necessity, therefore, however unkind, of refusing all others.

On approaching the city, our postilion stopped to change his dress for a smart uniform, and strapped a horn across his shoulders, which he sounded somewhat lustily on our entry into the town. The road from Elsinour to Copenhagen, besides being execrable, does not lead through an interesting country, which is, however, in many places well wooded on both sides. It was, besides, sufficiently dull, for we met with no description of carriages, save one, containing a large family party on their way into the country from the city; neither were there many people moving about; the most we saw

were in a large open piece of ground on the right of the road, about half a mile from Copenhagen, looking at some militia regiments that were under arms.

Copenhagen is properly written *Kiöbenhavn*, the haven or harbour of merchants, from its having been from time immemorial a place of considerable traffic. Although its situation is low, yet, viewed from the water, it has an imposing appearance. The palace of Christiansborg, which is an enormous square mass of building, forms a very conspicuous object; but on passing through the spacious courtyard it did not at all appear to be in accordance with the exterior grandeur of the edifice, but seemed to be much neglected.

The city of Stockholm cannot for one moment be compared with Copenhagen. The splendid buildings, the spacious squares, and the fine broad streets, more especially the *Amalie-gade*, render this Danish capital equal, if not superior, to any of the second-rate cities of Europe. The palaces and châteaux of Christiansborg, Amalienborg, Rosenborg, and Charlottenborg, are all magnificent structures. The other principal public buildings are the Hotel de Ville, the Mint, the Post-office, the Exchange, the Theatre; the military and other hospitals, and a splendid range of barracks, said to afford accommodation for 6000 troops. There are several churches; that of Notre-Dame but just finished,—rebuilt on the site of the old one which

was destroyed by fire in 1807;—the church of our Saviour; and the church of Trinity, in the dome of which is the university library, and the great globe of Tycho-Brahe.

Literature, the sciences, and the arts were at an early period encouraged in the Danish capital; and few cities can boast of a greater number, or more respectable societies for the encouragement of arts, sciences, and various branches of literature and the fine arts, than Copenhagen.

The buildings in general are striking, and the streets are clean, regular, and handsome, particularly the *Amalie-gade* above-mentioned, which cannot be less than a mile in length, and runs nearly in a straight line. In a large open space, about half way of its length, are situated four elegant and well-built palaces, forming, with their several offices, a regular octagonal building. In the middle of this octagon stands a colossal equestrian statue in bronze of Frederick V. The head of the horse is considered to be very fine, but it struck me as a heavy and clumsy piece of statuary; but perhaps the beautiful statue at Charing Cross, which I am daily in the habit of passing, and, I may add, daily admiring, has made me too fastidious. The statue in question was cast by Monsieur Gorr, a French artist, and erected at the expense of the Danish East India Company.

There are several large open squares in Copenhagen; in one of which is situated the hotel where

we had taken up our quarters. It is an enormous establishment, and goes by the name of the Hotel d'Angleterre, a name that the English traveller has generally but too much reason to dread when the day of reckoning arrives; here, however, it is but justice to say, this was not found to be the case; everything was very good and very reasonable, and there was little English about it, but its name.

In the centre of this square stands another colossal equestrian statue of Christian V., which appears to be as little worthy of admiration as the former; void in my opinion of taste or symmetry, and remarkable only for its size: being partly allegorical, it wants simplicity. The horse is in the act of trampling on a figure which is supposed to represent discord. Around the pedestal are several other figures, one of which is Minerva, with a prodigious arm that might better suit a Hercules.

The round tower of the Trinity Church is the Observatory, an object that merits attention. It was built by Christian IV., who, in the year 1637, laid the first stone, and completed, as appears by an inscription, in the year 1642. It may be considered as the first established observatory in Europe, being built under the immediate direction of the celebrated Longomontanus, the favourite disciple of Tycho Brahe, the son of a peasant of Longomontum, of the name of Severinus, as appears from the signature at the end of his works, *C. Longomontanus Severini filius*. It was a fashion among

these northern philosophers of their time to affect these *patrianymic* names; we have an instance in Muller, who called himself *Regiomontanus*, the Royal Mountain, from his native place Königsberg.

Peter the Great is said to have driven a carriage and four up to the top of this tower, which certainly might be done, as it is ascended by an inclined plane winding spirally round to the summit; but however skilful the Czar might have been with his whip, it may be a question how he contrived to reach the bottom again with his carriage and horses, unless he backed down, as there certainly is not sufficient room for a vehicle of any description to turn, not even for one of his own droskies. The tower is about 115 feet high. Within the tower of the same church, as has been observed, is the University Library, which is said to contain about 100,000 volumes; this is also approached by the inclined plane of the tower, in the ascent of which are several ancient fragments of stones lying in recesses, containing curious hieroglyphics very much defaced, so as with difficulty to be traced;—we could gain no information respecting them.

Copenhagen, with all its splendid buildings, and its dock-yard, and its quays and canals, appeared to me to be a very dull place, and seemed to be thinly peopled. The shops, which make but a poor show, were not much frequented; and yet it ought not to be so, for we are told that the number of artists, mechanics, and shopkeepers, amount to

upwards of 10,000 persons, out of a population of 110,000, of which the Jews are about 3000. The chief articles of manufacture are cloth, silk, porcelain, leather, and snuff; they have a considerable trade with the ports on the Baltic, with Holland, Belgium, and England; but their navy has not recovered itself since we possessed ourselves of their fleet. They have not at this time more than four sail of the line.

One of the finest edifices in the city is the palace, which, as I have said, is a building of great magnitude. It was commenced by Christian VII., and finished during the present reign of Frederick VI.: attached to it is an excellent riding-school. I went there one morning, and found some officers in an undress military uniform exercising the horses. Some of the animals were as beautiful as any I have ever seen; but the mode of treating them seemed to me to be calculated, in a very short space of time, to ruin the temper of any young horse. The stables are contiguous to the riding-house, and are in the form of a crescent, with stalls on either side. There are sixty or seventy stalls in each, which were nearly all occupied: those on one side were all for carriage-horses, and those on the other kept for the saddle. Among the former I remarked eight of the most beautiful cream-colour, and eight iron-greys, neither of them surpassed by those of the same colours belonging to the king of England. The saddle-horses are led out from the stables by grooms, attired in

splendid liveries, who walk them round the school once or twice, holding them in tight with their reins in the left hand, and with the right switching them repeatedly with a whip. They are then severally mounted by one of the officers, with his long and sharp-rowelled spurs, which he sticks into the sides of the poor animal in the most unmerciful manner, holding him in at the same time with a sharp curb. This constant urging and reining-in frets the horse to such a degree that in less than ten minutes the sweat is actually running down his sides. Another is then brought in, and treated in the same cruel manner, and so they go on, until they have all had their turn. When they are again taken into the stables, they are fastened in the stalls by a strap on each side of the bit, and stand with their tails to the manger. I took particular notice of some of them after they had been ridden, and found their sides and mouths bleeding profusely, which, indeed, I conjectured could not well have been otherwise. They all had fine long tails, reaching to the ground, and exceedingly full. Great attention appeared to be paid to them, and it is a curious fact that, as far back as the year 1702, and probably much farther, the same care was paid to the dressing of the tails of the horses, as appears by the following extract from an old book, written in that year:—

“ Nothing” says the author, “ can be more common at Copenhagen than good horses; they

have, especially, the finest tails that can be, which hang down to the ground. To produce such tails, they never comb them, but frequently, and even every day, clean them, hair by hair, with a piece of stuff, which makes them hang even and swell, and there is not as much as a broken hair in them, which could not be the case if you should comb them."

The Exchange, which was built by Christian IV., who appears to have been the founder of the noblest edifices in Copenhagen, may be reckoned among the finest buildings. It is surmounted by a very remarkable spire, composed of three dragons, as they are called, but intended, I believe, for crocodiles, with their noses pointing downwards, and their bodies entwining round each other, till the tails come to a point at the top. It is of considerable height. The building was completed in the year 1624; is upwards of 400 feet in length, and 60 in breadth. The interior is partly appropriated to shops, but there is a large space, in which the merchants transact their business.

Another remarkable steeple is the one attached to the church of our Saviour. It is ascended by an external spiral staircase, which winds round the tower similar to a staircase leading to a pulpit, gradually lessening towards the top. It is said to be an exact imitation of a tower attached to one of the churches at Rome. The effect is very good, and the ascent of this steeple is easy, and the

staircase kept in good order. The panorama seen from hence is very fine, the height being nearly 300 feet; the coast of Sweden is distinctly visible as far as the eye can trace. As we mounted upwards, we passed through the watch-tower, where there is a man stationed day and night to give the alarm, in case of a fire happening in any part of the city. In the event of one occurring in the church itself, there is here a large cistern full of water, and several fire-buckets at hand. This cistern is supplied by the rain, which trickles down the steps of the spiral staircase, and finds its way through a drain leading into the cistern in question.

The organ in this church is a beautiful instrument: it is ornamented with a great quantity of richly-carved wood, putting one in mind of those beautiful pulpits in many of the churches of Belgium. The altar is also handsome, the lower part being composed of Italian marble; and the font will not fail to attract attention, being of pure white marble, and very chaste. The carving on it represents the baptism of our Saviour by St. John. The seats in the gallery were divided off into boxes, which made the church look more like a theatre than a place of worship. The Royal Library, which was founded in the year 1663 by Frederick III., will be visited by the stranger with great interest. They pretend that it contains more volumes than any other library in the world, and

the collection of manuscripts is both extensive and valuable. The statements made by various travellers of the number of books in the library vary considerably. Professor Feldborg mentions that Professor Molbech, who was under-librarian for upwards of twenty years, stated, and it may be presumed with accuracy, that the library contained considerably more than 300,000 volumes in the year 1816; since this period the number must have greatly increased, as the professor mentions that the library, besides being entitled to two copies of every work printed in the Danish dominions, receives an annual allowance of 1000*l.* sterling from government for the supply of works published abroad. The collection of engravings is also very extensive.

In the royal Gallery of Painting may be seen the works of Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Wouvermans, Titian, Salvator Rosa, Leonardo da Vinci, Gerard Dow, Vandyck, Poussin, Cuyper, Rembrandt, and of many other of the most celebrated artists of the different schools. The collection is not very large, amounting, probably, to about 400 or 500 pictures. Like all other cities, Copenhagen has not escaped its calamities, having suffered greatly from fire and sword, as well as from plague. We read that, in the years 1658 and 1660, the Swedes attacked the city; that in 1711, 30,000 inhabitants were carried off by the plague; and that, in 1728 and 1795, it suffered consider-

ably from fire. The battle of 1801 is fresh in the recollection of all, as is also the subsequent bombardment, the effects of which are still visible in different parts of the town.

There are a great many schools in Copenhagen, besides the Academy of Arts and the Naval Academy, of which Lord Nelson spokē in the highest terms when he visited it after the battle, and particularly noticed the conduct of a young officer, Lieutenant Villemoes, who had but recently left the establishment to take the command of a small vessel, which, he said, had greatly annoyed his own ship during the action. The encouragement that Nelson, the kindest of the kind, gave to this young man to devote himself to the service of his country, as the right road to honours and rewards, was never forgotten; but his prospects were soon blasted by being killed when serving in the Prince Christian Frederick, in an action with the Stately and Nassau, by whom she was captured.

As we approached Copenhagen from Elsinour, we passed the burial-ground, which is situated in the northern outskirts of the town, and upon a subsequent occasion, took an opportunity of visiting it. It is a large piece of ground, about a mile in extent, and full of graves, each surrounded by railings, and very similar to those in the ground of Père la Chaise at Paris; they were all kept in the most perfect order, and planted with flowers, chiefly roses. This native simplicity and feeling pleased

us much: one tombstone, in particular, struck us as being a novel and beautiful design: it was in imitation of a small scroll, partially unrolled, and the name only of the deceased was engraved at the head of it. It was placed, as the generality of them are, in a slanting position.

Derwent Conway, a fictitious name, in his travels through Norway, expresses his feelings on visiting a burial-ground, in so simple and beautiful a manner, that I cannot deprive myself of the pleasure of quoting the passage.

“ There is something,” he says, “ consolatory in a visit to a cemetery, where we find at every step the existing ties between the living and the dead.

“ In England, when we enter a churchyard and see the moss-green tombs and the long grass that almost conceals them, nor perceive any trace of a living footstep near the grave of the departed, we are apt to say to ourselves, ‘ So shall it be with us: death brings oblivion to the living as well as to the dead.’ But when we see the graves of those who have been for many years separated from the living, strewn with the flowers of yesterday, we have evidence that death has not altogether dissolved the ties of affection, and find a melancholy consolation in hoping that we too may not sleep unremembered.”

The city is very strongly fortified by ramparts, which surround it, and form a most agreeable promenade during the summer months, being well

shaded with trees. From hence one may enjoy the pure breezes of the sea, a beautiful view of which opens itself towards the east of the ramparts. The inland views are also striking, and the palace of Fredericksberg, standing on a well-wooded hill, adds much to the beauty of the scenery. In the evening, the band of one of the regiments plays within the citadel, and vast numbers of well-dressed people assemble on the ramparts; but it is necessary to procure a ticket to pass the sentry at the gates of the citadel, in order to reach that part of them.

Beggars are rarely seen in the streets of Copenhagen; the hospitals and other charitable institutions, such as those for the deaf and dumb and the blind, being very numerous. Street-sweepers would gain but a poor livelihood, as the prisoners are made to perform that degrading duty at an early hour in the morning. They may be seen at work in different parts of the town at all hours of the day, each party under the guard of a single soldier, some chained very heavily by their legs, and all more or less so. I observed some working in a dredging-machine in the harbour, walking inside an enormous wheel, and turning it like the treadmill as they stepped,—a sort of machine which is commonly and advantageously employed in many of our harbours, to keep them clear of mud.

Many of the houses at Copenhagen have got reflecting-glasses, similar to those in Holland.

Some of the small signs outside these shops are unusually well painted. I remarked one, in particular, before that of a tobacconist, which was excellent; it consisted of several faces clustered together in the act of taking snuff, the features of some of which were very ludicrous. One man was on the point of sneezing, and I never saw anything more admirably portrayed: I could almost fancy I *heard* him.

During our stay at Copenhagen, we paid a visit to the Isle of Amaak (or Amager), which amply repaid us for the walk. It is situated but a short distance from the city, and the people in this little colony are as singular in their manner and dress, and keep themselves as distinct from the inhabitants, as the Dalecarlians do from those of Stockholm. The isle of Amaak has very frequently been called the "kitchen garden of Copenhagen." It supplies the markets with milk, butter, and cheese, as well as fruits and vegetables of every kind, in great abundance. The following interesting account of the inhabitants of the island is extracted from a little volume published many years ago:—

"This," the author says, "is a Dutch colony. Christian II., otherwise called the Northern Monster and Nero, having married Isabel, sister to the Emperor Charles V., wrote to the Archduchess Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, the queen, his wife's aunt, and governess of the Low Countries, desiring

her to send him some people out of those parts that understood gardening, so that the queen his wife might have pulse and other fruits at hand that pleased her. The governess sent him several families, to whom he assigned Amaak to be cultivated by them, in the year 1516. Their descendants at this day are called Hollanders, and dwell within large boroughs; they still retain the Dutch fashion: their clothes are also singular to themselves, and much like those of the North Holland boors: they supply Copenhagen with milk, butter, &c.”

Time has effected no change in this extraordinary race of people, nor is it likely to do so, as they hold but very little intercourse with the Danes, and never intermarry. The only part of the city, where I ever met with the inhabitants of this island, was in the large market-place where they sold their vegetables, &c.; they are rarely to be met with in the streets.

The fine old palace at Fredericksburg will be visited with interest. It was purchased by Frederick II. from a private gentleman who possessed a small country-house upon the spot. He commenced the building of the palace, which was finished by his son, Christian IV. The situation is enchanting, and the gardens are laid out with great taste. It is surrounded with wood and water, and during the summer months is much resorted to. The palace is built in the Gothic style of architecture.

I had no opportunity of seeing any of the Danish regiments under arms, but the few companies that I occasionally met were any thing but smart-looking; their uniform is particularly unbecoming, and their appointments altogether bad. When walking on the ramparts, I approached one of the sentries to examine his firelock, which was of a clumsy construction, and the barrel, instead of being brightly polished or browned, was covered with rust. Remarking this to my friend, and pointing to it, the sentry, with much politeness, was about to hand his musket over to me, when I walked away. The men are generally short, and badly drilled, with the exception of a few heavy dragoons whom we saw, and who were a fine set of men. They wore a uniform of pale yellow, and had on leather breeches and jack-boots, like those of our Horse Guards.

Having secured our passage in the steam-boat for Travemunde, we took our leave of Copenhagen on Thursday the 26th, at four o'clock in the afternoon; the wind blowing rather freshly against us, which retarded our progress, and prevented us from reaching our port of destination till the afternoon, or rather evening of the following day; this was the more annoying as the passage is usually made in seventeen hours, the distance being about 140 miles, and we were much pressed for time. There was only one boat from Hamburgh to London, which left every Saturday morning, sometimes as

early as two o'clock, but very rarely later than seven, varying according to the tides, and we were fearful that we should miss the London boat, and have the pleasure of waiting at Hamburgh for seven days, or of jolting over some miserable roads, and returning by way of Holland.

We reached Travemunde at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately started for Lubeck ; here we arrived in a few hours, and lost no time in despatching an estafette to order horses to be in readiness for us about half way, being very anxious to reach Hamburgh, if possible, before the steam-vessel departed for England. After a dismal journey in a rainy night, over the worst road in Christendom, on approaching Hamburgh we had the pleasure of seeing the smoke issuing from the funnel of the English steam-boat, which was still lying off Altona, and soon found ourselves on board the William Jolliffe, the same boat in which we had left England. It was a nice point : we were only just in time, and, had we been a few minutes later, should have lost our passage, and had to wait at Hamburgh for another week.

In a few hours we reached the mouth of the Elbe, but the wind blowing strong and directly against us, with every appearance of an approaching storm, the captain thought it more prudent to anchor off Cuxhaven, which we accordingly did, and the steam was let down. Here we remained the whole of this and the following day, during

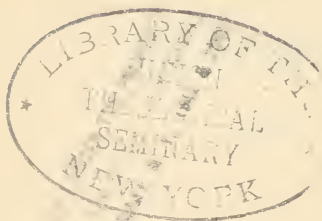
which period it blew very hard; but on Monday, the 30th, the wind having moderated and veered round, we took our leave of Cuxhaven, and, after an excellent run across, landed at the Tower on Wednesday morning, the 1st of September, having performed our Excursions in a period of sixty-eight days, and passed over a space, by sea and by land, of more than 4000 miles.

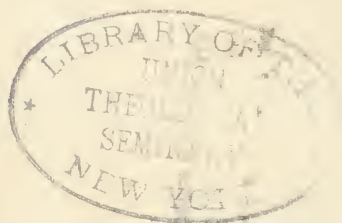
EXCURSIONS

IN

NORWAY,

1833.





RECEIVED
JUL 10
1887

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NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM CHRISTIANIA TO BERGEN.

Passage to Copenhagen—To Christiania—City of, and Environs—The Castle—The Storthing—Carrioles—Mode and Expense of Travelling—Tyra Lake—Rand's Lake—Fine Scenery—Provisions—Hospitality—Fare of the Swedish and Norse Peasantry—Waterfall—Views of the Rand's Lake—Grand Scenery of Mountain Cascades and Rocky Defiles—Heights of the Mountains—Peasants' Cottages—Corn-brandy—Gammel ost—Forests of Firs—Frowning Precipices—Continued Ascent of the Road—Point of Perpetual Congelation—Elevation of the Mountains—Cascades, Cataracts, and Waterfalls—Ingenuity of the Peasantry—Separation of the Waters—Leerdal's River, flowing to the Westward—Embark on the First *Fiord*—Boatmen—Difference of Temperature—Dances of the Peasantry—A Christening—Curious Mode of serving up Butter—Glacier of Folge-fond—Clearness of the Fiords—Arrival at Bergen.

THREE years after the Excursions were made which furnished the preceding chapters, I embarked with the same *compagnon de voyage*—my friend Mr. Rouse—on board the same Hamburgh steamer, commanded by the same master, passed over the same miserable and still neglected road to Lubeck, and there embarked a second time on the same steam-boat, under the same commander as before, for Copenhagen. Preparatory to our departure from

this capital of Denmark, it was necessary to procure passports to secure us admittance into Norway, as we were told that the one we possessed, although obtained from the Foreign Office, and properly *viséd* in London, would not be considered as sufficient. We were also obliged to appear at an office in order to obtain a bill of health, which purported that we were not from an infected place, and—what was bold enough—that we were free from cholera and every other infectious disease. We were next required to go to another part of the town to secure places in the steam-vessel for Christiania, a precaution which we were assured was absolutely necessary, as we might otherwise be refused a reception on board. The person we applied to was far from being so civil or obliging as might have been expected, particularly by strangers; on the contrary, he was almost rude in his manner,—the only instance we met with on this or the former occasion of a Dane showing the least appearance of unkind feeling towards us. These preliminaries being settled, we were then desired to send our luggage to be weighed previous to its being put on board the vessel; and this was no small inconvenience, as the weighing-office was situated in a remote part of the town, and in a different direction from the harbour where the vessel was lying.

Having gone through all these little teasing formalities, we embarked late in the afternoon of the

5th of July on board the steam-vessel which was to convey us to *Fredericksværn*, from whence we were informed another boat would carry us up the gulf or sound to Christiania. The "*Prindts Carl*" was the name of the first steamer; she was a small, but very fast-going boat, drawing little water, built at Dover, and fitted with two powerful engines by Maudsley. She had now run seven years. Her master, who brought her over from England, is a captain in the naval service of Norway; and the mate holds the rank of lieutenant in the same service. They both spoke our language fluently, conversed freely in it, and were remarkably civil and attentive to their passengers. The engineer was an Englishman, as we usually found to be the case in foreign steam-boats.

Nothing could be more beautiful than this passage from Copenhagen to Christiania. The sea was literally crowded with vessels, as far as the eye could reach, and the coasts of Sweden and Denmark were visible on the two sides of the Sound. On leaving Copenhagen we kept close to the Danish coast, but at the same time were sufficiently near to that of Sweden to enable us to see distinctly its villages and green fields; the former coast was richly wooded, and remarkable for its beautiful scenery, the hills being varied in their shape, and highly picturesque; but the latter wore, generally, rather a barren appearance. The sea, on the approach to Elsinour, and at a little distance from it, resembled an extensive lake. There was, to all appearance,

land on every side, and the magnificent castle of Cronenburgh stood forth in all its grandeur, and formed a striking object as we sailed towards it. It stands on the nearest point of land projecting towards the Swedish coast. This noble edifice was built by Frederick II. Professor Feldborg, in his concise and accurate account of Denmark, mentions a curious tradition connected with it:—

“On descending,” he says, “into the casemates, the story of Holger Danske (or Ogier the Dane, as he is called in the romances) will amuse the mind in these damp and dismal vaults. It is thus,” he continues, “related by Mr. Thielé in his collection of popular Danish traditions:—‘For many ages the din of arms was now and then heard in the vaults beneath the castle of Cronenburgh. No man knew the cause, and there was not in all the land a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. At last a slave, who had forfeited his life, was told, that his crime should be forgiven if he could bring intelligence of what he found in the vaults. He went down and came to a large iron door, which opened itself when he knocked. He found himself in a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp, which was nearly burnt out; and, below, stood a huge stone table, round which some steel-clad warriors sat, resting their heads on their arms, which they had laid crossways. He who sat at the head of the table then rose up. It was Holger the Dane. But when he raised his

head from the arms, the stone table burst right in twain, for his beard had grown through it. 'Give me thy hand!' said he to the slave. The slave durst not give him the hand, but put forth an iron bar, which Holger indented with his fingers. At last he let go his hold, muttering, 'It is well! I am glad that there are yet *men* in Denmark.' "

Our little vessel was crowded with passengers, the greater proportion of whom were ladies, who, of course, were allowed to occupy all the sleeping-berths, while, in the same apartment, the gentlemen wrapped themselves up in their cloaks, and lay down on the cabin floor. On the following morning, after our departure from Copenhagen, we arrived at Gothenburg, where we landed some passengers. The approach by sea to this port is through narrow channels formed by numberless rocks, which rise above the surface of the water. The vessel was moored to a wharf about three miles from the town. We proceeded thither in a boat, having ascertained from the captain that he should remain for a few hours, which would just allow us time to stroll about a little, and take once more a cursory view of the place.

On the second night that we passed on board the steamer we were less incommoded than we were on the first, as we were then able each to have his berth.

Arriving at Fredericksvoern between three and four in the morning, we were transferred into

the "Constitutionen," another vessel belonging to government, and also under the command of a naval officer, Captain Booder, who was one of the most good humoured and agreeable men I have ever met with. He showed us great kindness both in going to, and subsequently on our return from, Christiania, and did his utmost to make every body happy and comfortable. A thick fog detained us at Fredericksvoern for an hour or two, when we got under weigh for Christiania. Being Sunday, our boat was as full of passengers as a Margate steam-vessel. Among those who joined our party here were three English gentlemen, with whom we soon became acquainted, and from whom we received much attention at Christiania: they had with them their guns and fishing tackle, and a fine pointer.

The scenery in proceeding up the Gulf of Christiania is very beautiful. The bays and islands in the gulf—the vessels, though not very numerous, some at anchor, others under sail—the cultivated patches among the trees, with the neat wooden farm-houses, backed on both sides by mountains at a distance clothed with forests up to the very top,—presented to us a scene as interesting as it was novel. A fine stream joined the gulf from the town of Moss, well known to traders for its deals and its iron *.

* "We soon arrived at Moss, where a considerable river runs foaming over rocks in the middle of the town, dashing down from one wheel (of the saw-mills) to another, till at last, at the edge of

The beauties of the gulf increased as we advanced, and they became peculiarly striking after passing *Soon*, opposite to which the Drammen's fiord * falls into the gulf. Here the Christiania fiord narrows to about two miles in width, which it continues to hold up to the city, more than twenty miles. The mountains on both sides, but more particularly on the left, rise in the distance to a considerable height, and are clothed with fir-trees and birches in dense forests up to their very summit. We observed some oaks, ash, elder, and elm-trees in the lower grounds, which, however, were chiefly under cultivation, and neat farm-houses were plentifully scattered over this part of the country.

The weather was beautiful, but being intensely hot, we all dined under an awning on deck, and

the Bay of Christiania, it drives the bellows of a great iron-work; stunned with the noise of the saws, the falling water, and the large iron hammers, we proceeded through the works to a high fir-wood on the other side of the town."—*Von Buch's Travels in Norway*, p. 25.

* A *Fiord* is a deep inlet of the sea, and corresponds with the *Firth* of Scotland, (not *Frith*, from *fretum*, as Johnson would have it,) the two words having the same Islandic derivation, *fiordun*. From *fiord*, by changing the final *d* into *th*, we have *fiord*, *fiorth*, *firth*. It is not likely, as Jamieson observes, that the Latin word *fretum* should have penetrated into the recesses of the North. As well, indeed, might we suppose that the word *Elv*, a river, is from *fluvius*, by inverting the letters of the first syllable—*ulf*. A lake is sometimes called *Søe*, frequently *Vand*, and, when very large, is also, but improperly, called *fiord*. The distinction between *Søe* and *Vand* is not so clear, except that *Vand* is the mountain feeder of a river, while *Søe* is fed by it. *Foss* is a cascade or waterfall.

could not have sat down fewer than sixty or seventy, and several were obliged to wait till the others had made room for them.

There were two women on board who played the harp and timbrel, the greater part of the day, and collected a little money from the passengers. Some of the airs they played were very pleasing, and quite novel to most of us. Among the ladies were some who might be reckoned beautiful, most of them having very clear and delicate complexions, blue eyes, and light hair, the characteristics of Norwegian females.

Passing near the bold and rocky shore, a fine eagle was seen perched upon one of the loftiest peaks. He did not appear to be in the least disturbed at the approach of the steam-vessel, but sat perfectly composed; but one is apt to be deceived in estimating distances when on the water, and we were probably, in point of fact, too far off to cause alarm to this noble bird. He became, however, an object of interest, from the recollection of some of Pontoppidon's stories of the prowess of the sea-eagle, which have received, in some degree, a confirmation from a writer of more deserved authority*.

* " We learned with astonishment that eagles were very much dreaded on these islands (Skey, &c.), for they are not contented with lambs and smaller animals, but even attack oxen, and not unfrequently master them. The manner of their attack is so singular, that we should have doubted the truth of the account, if we had not heard it so circumstantially and distinctly confirmed to us in the same terms at places a great distance from one another.

After a beautiful navigation up the fiord, we arrived, a little before eleven o'clock P.M., at Christiania; it was broad day-light. The harbour is so well shut in, as to be completely land-locked; but few vessels were lying in it, and those few were taking in cargoes of timber. On landing, we proceeded to the *Hotel du Nord*, where we were provided with excellent accommodation: our luggage was left to be taken to the Custom-house, where it was to be examined the following morning. The hotel is large, and contains some handsome apartments; but the table d'hôte we found to be but indifferently served as to the cookery; the article we most relished while there was wild strawberries and milk, or cream, all excellent. The table was laid for thirty or forty persons, but not more than fifteen or sixteen sat down to it. The arrangement and apparatus were handsome enough, the napkins ingeniously folded in endless variety, and a great profusion of flowers were placed in vases down the centre of the

The eagle plunges itself into the waves, and after being completely drenched, rolls itself among the sand on the shore, till its wings are quite covered with sand. It then rises into the air, and hovers over its unfortunate victim. When it is close to it, it shakes its wings, and throws stones and sand into the eyes of the ox, and completes the terror of the animal by blows with its powerful wings. The blinded oxen run about quite raving, and at length fall down completely exhausted, or dash themselves to death from some cliff. The eagle then mangles, undisturbed, the fruits of his victory. In this way the nearest neighbour of Skey lost an ox a short time ago."—This story is certainly deserving a place by the side of the *kraken*, but that such a man as Von Buch should give credit to it, could hardly have been expected.—*Von Buch's Travels in Norway*, p. 13.

table, upon which there was also a great display of glass ware.

Christiania gave us the idea of being a quiet, dull town. The most frequented part towards the evening was the ramparts, which surround a point of land projecting into the bay, and form a delightful promenade. The houses in the suburbs or outskirts are generally of wood, but there are also within the town several of brick, covered with plaster or stucco. The view of the town and its beautiful bay, when seen from the surrounding hills, is highly picturesque, and will amply repay the traveller for the trouble of ascending them. These are all skirted with villas and grounds in cultivation, which contribute much to the cheerful appearance of Christiania. These little villas, belonging to the merchants and traders, are called *Leckken**; they are surrounded with meadows, to give pasture to a cow or two for their milk, and orchards, producing apples, cherries, and gooseberries; even pears and apricots are said to grow in the open air, but we saw none. Though the Scotch and the spruce firs and birch chiefly compose the forests that climb up the Scandinavian mountains, the ash, the lime-tree, the elm, the alder, the sycamore and the hazel, grow in great vigour and beauty in all the valleys, even to the sixty-third degree of latitude, and indeed many

* "Why they are so called," says Von Buch, "I could never learn; and, what is singular, this appellation is exclusively peculiar to this town."—*Von Buch's Travels*, p. 39.

degrees higher. Oaks are common in the southern districts, but there are no beeches in any part of Norway.

The castle, situated on the point of land before mentioned, is a commanding object. We visited it partly for the sake of the extensive panorama which it affords, and also for the promenade on the ramparts. It is approached by a draw-bridge. One of the soldiers took us round, and made no difficulty in showing us the whole arcana of this fortress and prison-house. Seventeen large pieces of ordnance, apparently in good order, were pointed towards the town; several other pieces of cannon were within the walls of the castle, but they were so clumsily mounted, and the carriages in such bad condition, that it is more than probable they would be shattered in pieces after firing a few shots.

Within the walls of the castle is a prison, into which the light is only admitted through a small grated window over the entrance-door, which was now open, for the purpose of allowing a little fresh air into the cell; but large iron bars rendered it impassable; there were, besides, two soldiers on guard, one of whom was stationed close to the door. We could distinctly hear the voices of the poor men who were under confinement in this miserable place, but it was so dark within, that we were unable to discern anything, and the prisoners either did not, or could not, come to the barred window. We understood that flogging in the little army of Norway has been abolished for many years,

and that this mode of close confinement is now substituted for it. The men offending are kept in this "black-hole" for twelve, twenty-four, or thirty-six hours, according to their misdemeanours, but never longer, during which time they are fed upon sour black rye-bread and water. In addition to this, there is another prison, in which ordinary criminals are confined.

We were amused with the droll manner in which notice was given for turning out the guard on the approach of any officer. The sentinel on the ramparts first inhaled a long breath, and then exploded it by bawling out, as loud as it was possible to do, till the sound gradually died away as the man's breath was exhausted. The regiments which I saw at Christiania were not remarkable for the order they were in. The dress of the infantry consists of a green coat and white trousers, and the cap handsomely ornamented with white cord. It looked neat; but the men were not very smart in their general appearance. The finest looking men by far were those of the band: we were fortunate enough to hear them play several beautiful pieces of music, some of which were said to be national airs, and some better music perhaps, but of less interest to us, from Mozart's and other operas.

The malefactors, who are sent into confinement in the castle, are made to work very hard from morning till night, and "Sunday shines no holiday to them." When employed on the streets or about

the ramparts, they are well guarded. Many of them were heavily chained, and some had a ring of iron round their necks. One side of their clothes was black, and the other white, so that they were always conspicuous—our convicts are clothed in grey. At Copenhagen the prisoners were similarly distinguished; in fact this was a remnant of the Danish discipline.

Among the best buildings in Christiania may be reckoned the Cathedral, the Palace, the Hotel de Ville, the Bank, the depôt of arms, and the riding-house, the greater number of which are stuccoed white, and are mostly situated near to the castle. The roof of the riding-house is vaulted, and there are, consequently, no beams to disfigure this spacious room. Christiania has also its university, with a library, a museum, and botanical garden: there is also a house of industry, and a foundling hospital.

The streets of Christiania are wide and straight, but the houses are straggling and irregular; at every cross street, or nearly so, there is a large cistern or well, cased with wood, into which a constant stream of water is made to flow, so that the inhabitants can supply themselves with this necessary article whenever it may suit their convenience. In some of the back streets the houses are almost entirely of wood, very low, but neatly and curiously carved. The pavement of all the streets is wretched.

The house in which the *Storthing*, or Norwegian

parliament, meet for conducting the business of the State, is amongst the best in the city, and has a very handsome portico of wood. Through the kindness of Mr. Broder Knudtson, to whom we had the pleasure of being introduced, and who is known to be unremitting in his attention to our countrymen who may be travelling in Norway, we obtained admittance to the sitting of the Storthing. This meeting is held only once in every three years, unless anything of great importance should require its assembling. They commence their sittings in the month of February, and continue till the end of August; and the hours of attendance are from nine in the morning till nine in the evening, with an interval in the middle of the day of an hour or so, when they retire to dinner.

The gallery into which we were admitted was crowded with people, and the heat was very oppressive. The room is in the form of a semi-circle, the gallery being immediately above the benches, and there were no seats under it, so that strangers can both hear and see well. I never saw an assemblage of men wearing the appearance of sages so strongly as these members of the Storthing. They were mostly of a certain age; clad generally in coarse grey woollen coats, their hair long, and flowing over their shoulders, and their whole deportment grave, sober, and intent on the business before them. The president was reading a paper, which lasted the whole time we were there, and of

which each member appeared to have a printed copy. What the subject was I know not, but it seemed to occupy their whole attention : there was no moving about, but all kept their seats, with their hats off, and observed the greatest silence and decorum.

Christiania is not without its theatre, which, however, we did not attend, as we were informed by a Norwegian gentleman that it was not worth the trouble of a visit. The only attraction at this time was an actor from Copenhagen, who, I understood, had been for many years practising there as a physician, but took it into his head to abandon Esculapius and take to Thespis.

Christiania is a place of considerable trade, its exports being chiefly timber, such as baulks, spars, deals, and planks, with tar, hemp, and iron ; also some copper from the mines of Roraas. The great convenience of floating down timber to and from Drammen is said to have injured the trade of Christiania in that article ; yet, judging from the immense timber-yards, occupying in space a third part of the city, crowded with stacks of logs and deals, one would conclude it to be in a prosperous state. There is nothing particular in the dress or appearance of the inhabitants in general. The higher classes, both ladies and gentlemen, were scarcely to be distinguished from those of our own country ; the common people were slovenly dressed, and seemed to be mostly in a state of poverty. They wear their hair long behind, hanging over the

collars of their coats, which adds to their slovenly appearance, and has the air of great discomfort. We found the English language very generally spoken among the better class, much more than the French.

We were amused at nights by listening to the singing or chaunting of the watchmen, in a curious drawling manner, putting us in mind of our old departed watchmen. They carry about with them a long staff, at the end of which is a round knob stuck full of little spikes, resembling the rays of a star, from which the staff is called the morning-star. Their song differs in different parts of Norway. In Drontheim, (pronounced Tronyem,) according to the translation given in De Capel Brooke's Travels, it is as follows :—

Ho! the watchman, ho!
The clock has struck ten,
Praised be God, our Lord!
Now is it time to go to bed;
The housewife and her maid,
The master as well as his lad.
The wind is south-east,
Hallelujah! praised be God, our Lord!

Preparatory to our leaving Christiania we were advised to purchase two small, light carriages, called here *carrioles*, in which we were to be our own drivers over that part of the country we intended to traverse. We were assured that this would be the most comfortable and convenient, as well as independent, and, at the same time, economical, mode of travelling, and one that was

generally adopted by travellers who could singly manage to drive a horse in harness. The cost of each carriole was about five pounds, and for this trifling sum we purchased what would in any country, by their appearance, be called elegant little carriages. The annexed sketch will perhaps serve to convey an idea of what they were: the body rests entirely upon the shafts, to which it is secured by means of two cross pieces of wood. It has no springs, but the shafts, being generally of tough ash, are exceedingly pliant, and the motion perfectly easy, unless the horse should strike into a canter, and then it bounds like a boat tossed by the waves, and becomes very rough and unsteady. The two wheels upon which it runs are placed considerably aft, so that the whole weight is thrown between them and the horse. A leather apron comes up to the seat to be used in the event of wet weather, for the protection of the legs up to the waist, but the upper part of the body is of course exposed.

We found this little vehicle well adapted for the nature of the country; indeed, I verily believe no other carriage of any description could have gone over such places as ours was destined to do, with the same ease and security. It is so simply constructed that, in the event of its being broken or damaged, any of the peasants, who, we are told, are all carpenters, would readily repair it. The harness did not appear to be of the best; and we were fur-

nished with rope reins, which are not at all pleasant to drive with, but they stood the wear and tear well.

Having engaged a Norwegian servant, who produced good certificates, to accompany us on our journey, and having despatched a förebud the preceding night, we were all ready for starting on the following morning on our route to Bergen. On this occasion, I confess I felt myself rather awkward, it being, strange to say, almost the first time I had held the reins in my hand! And I was now on the point of setting out on a long and perilous journey, and to drive myself over the worst of all possible roads, and along some of the most frightful precipices, that are probably to be found in any part of the civilized world. Of this we were fully apprized; and I had collected from De Capel Brooke's travels, that he considered four things were essentially necessary for such an undertaking in Norway—a skilful driver, a strong vehicle, good nerves, and harness in perfect order; and that on these the safety of the traveller in a great measure depends. Add to all which, it was stated, that a great degree of expertness in driving was absolutely necessary, particularly in guiding the chariot down the side of a mountain nearly perpendicular, over a road barely the width of the carriage, and the sides opening upon a yawning precipice. All this had made a strong impression on my mind, as I was contemplating to make the same kind of journey,

and now that I was actually on the eve of mounting, I began to hesitate. I was conscious that I was not a skilful driver, distrusted the strength of my vehicle, and thought that the harness was just as likely to break, on descending the first hill, as not. I had, therefore, nothing but my "good nerves" to trust to, and happily they carried me through.

The difficulty of procuring a servant at Christiania, likely to be really useful, was very great. It seems there were but three or four who were in the habit of accompanying travellers; and as we understood that they were all at this time employed, we were likely enough to have been under the necessity of taking a very stupid man that offered himself, who would have been of little or no use to us, beyond acting as an interpreter. Indeed, he appeared to be perfectly ignorant of every thing connected with the mode of travelling in his own country; he assured us, for instance, that it was not in the least degree necessary to send on a förebud, as horses were plentiful at all the post stations between Christiania and Bergen; this we knew to be utterly impossible, from the very few travellers who go from the one place to the other. Fortunately, however, another servant offered himself just before starting, whom we engaged, and with whom we had every reason to be satisfied.

On leaving the town, we were required to pay

double fare for the first stage, which was a long one of fourteen miles; and this we afterwards found to be an established rule, on quitting any of the three large towns, Christiania, Bergen, and Drontheim. As it may be of use to future travellers, I shall be somewhat minute in my account of our Excursions through this interesting country, and state a few particulars, which, however, they will soon acquire. The expense of travelling is of serious importance in most countries; but in Norway, where a little money goes a great way, it is very trifling. As, however, it is an article more or less interesting to all travellers, I may as well give some notion of it at starting.

An *Ort*, or Mark, the value of which is about 8*d.* in English money, was paid by us for each horse for a Norwegian mile, being, as nearly as possible, seven English miles. As we invariably despatched a *förebud* the night before, we had to pay for four horses at every station;—our own two, one for our servant and one for the *förebud*, making up the number four. Four *skillings* (three of which make an English penny) are allowed to each of the men who accompany the horses, and are termed “drink-money:” we generally gave them a little over. The *förebud* is also entitled to the same allowance; and sixteen skillings are given to the man who has provided the horses, so that the total expense incurred for every Norwegian mile (or, as I have before said, for every *seven* English miles)

may be reckoned, as nearly as possible, as follows, namely :—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
4 horses 4 Orts or Marks	2	8
Drink-money to the three men who accompany the carriages, and to the forebud, at 4 skillings per man 16 Skillings	0	5½
To the man who has provided the horses 16 Skillings	0	5½
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	3	7

which is a fraction more than sixpence for every English mile for four horses, including every other expense.

The Norwegian currency is not very complex: the following is the relative value of it.

	<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
6 paper Dollars are about equal to	1	0	0
1 Dollar is	0	3	4
½ Dollar	0	1	8
An Ort or Mark, which is 24 Skillings	0	0	8
3 Skillings	0	0	1

Blue-coloured notes are made use of when the value of each is equal to 5 dollars, and yellow when they are each 10 dollars. The notes are small in size, which is one advantage over those of Sweden, but they are in general equally dirty and ragged, (which could not well be otherwise, considering the many hands they pass through,) and are often torn into two or three pieces. It is no uncommon thing in handling them to find a pin (by which the fragments are united) running into the palm of one's hand.

On Tuesday morning, the 9th of July, we mounted

our carriages in the large court-yard at the back of our hotel, and having got my reins fairly adjusted, and my horse led along a narrow passage, through which, as a novice, it was utterly hopeless for me to attempt to drive, more especially as, the floor of it being boarded, I was pretty sure the animal would be half-frightened, and reluctant to pass ;— just so it happened; for as soon as the hollow sound of his hoofs assailed his ears, he became unruly ; but having bolted over, we sallied forth on our perilous journey towards Bergen. The map by which we travelled was a small one, purchased at Christiania, and drawn up by Lieutenant Lund, an officer in the Norwegian army, who appears to have surveyed the whole country, and whose name is repeatedly seen in the books at the different stations, which are kept there for travellers to insert their names, and to enter any complaint they may have to make against the postmasters, or attendants on the horses, or to record their satisfaction. The map which I have given to show our track has been partly drawn up from the one in question.

The carriages were generally accompanied either by men or boys, who ran alongside with extraordinary activity, jumping up occasionally behind to rest themselves, as well as to keep the carriage back, when we were descending any long steep hills. They ran with little apparent exertion to themselves, whenever the road was tolerably level; but as the country on the first part of our journey

was ascending, sometimes up the steep sides of a mountain, they often had to walk the greater part of the stage. We had generally one man to each carriage, and another who accompanied our servant's cart—a rude kind of vehicle,—which we had to procure at the several post stations, and which is, in fact, the machine that is commonly used by the *förebuds*, whose name it bears. Sometimes, but seldom, one man alone accompanied us to take back the three horses.

These *attachés* are often a great annoyance to the traveller, especially when they happen to be the owners of the horses, as, naturally enough, they are unwilling to allow him to drive as rapidly as he might otherwise be disposed to do. The Norse peasantry, to do them justice, appear to be much attached to their animals, and are always ready to assist them in their labour in every possible way. In ascending a hill, for instance, they will often walk behind the carriage, and push it on with all their strength, in order to relieve the horse: in descending one, they will walk by his side, and hold up the shaft to ease him of the weight. Nothing annoys them so much as to see their horses sweat; and I have known a poor boy to cry because I drove his horse too quick as he thought, which I would certainly not have done, had I known that it distressed him, which I was not aware of until afterwards told so by our servant.

Women and young girls occasionally, but not

frequently, accompanied us. I once had the misfortune to have a fair damsel seated behind my carriage, who was in the greatest possible fidget, during the whole of the stage, about her horse, which was one of the most miserable creatures I ever saw, being what is usually known in jockey phraseology by the name of a *star-gazer*. Whenever I touched the reins, however delicately, up went his nose perpendicularly into the air, which was so perfectly ridiculous, that it was impossible to forbear smiling: it also afforded much amusement to the men who were running with the vehicles in front of me. The poor girl, I believe, set me down as a very hard-hearted person, and seemed to think that we were laughing at her anxiety about the animal. On our arrival at the next post, the horse was rather warm, and I received some very angry looks in consequence. The horses, however, were generally good; they were sure-footed, and trotted remarkably well, and without making any false steps; yet some of the hills we had to drive down were exceedingly steep. The traveller is soon taught to place confidence in them, and to let them go down, as we used to do, the steep side of a mountain at a quick trot or a canter—to suffer which, in England, except, perhaps, in Devonshire, a man would be considered half-crazy.

The first stage from Christiania was tolerably level, until we reached *Sundvolden*, situated at the eastern angle of the *Tyra* lake, (usually but impro-

perly called *fjord*,) but the second stage became very heavy and hilly, for which we were required to pay a double fare for the horses, as well as for the first.

The scenery, which had been beautiful as the road winded along a well-cultivated valley, began now to assume the character of grandeur. From the summit of a steep hill, which in England we should call a mountain, we had an enchanting view of the lake we had passed, whose surface appeared from this elevation as smooth as a mirror, its waters being undisturbed by the smallest ripple.

From the post station at a place called *Klækken*, there is also a lovely prospect of mountain, wood, and water; and at the *præstgaard*, or parsonage of *Haug*, we came upon the *Viuls Elv*, which flows out of the *Rands Söe* (pronounced *Sooé*), and into the *Tyra Söe*. Along this picturesque river, and its high and wooded banks, we proceeded until we reached the village of *Vang*, situated on the borders of the *Rands Söe*, a sheet of water of great extent, winding many miles among the defiles of the mountains. The water of this great lake, after falling into the *Tyra*, flows past *Drammen*, and from thence into the great Gulf of *Christiania*. We drove along the shore of this lovely lake, and kept in sight of it, for upwards of fifty miles, occasionally losing it, and then coming upon it suddenly again. The whole valley through which it flows, along its margins, and on the sloping sides of the mountains, is

scattered over with farm-houses and cultivated patches of ground, amidst vast forests of fir-trees, mingled with birch. Sheep, goats, and cattle were seen browsing high up on the hills, and among the rocky summits of the mountains.

At the next post station to Vang, we overtook our förebud. This is always a great annoyance, to which, however, all who journey in this thinly-inhabited country, in which there is such a paucity of travellers, are at all times liable; and for this reason, if possible, the förebud should always be started sixteen or eighteen hours beforehand, as much time must necessarily be lost by him on the road at night, when he is frequently unable to procure a horse; and even by day it sometimes requires a search of three or four hours to discover the horses, which are sent out to feed among the mountains. The truth is, the people who keep these post-houses generally have no horses, or at least rarely furnish horses of their own; they are authorized to make a call for them upon the nearest villagers, and are entitled to a very small sum from them for their trouble, called *call-money*. They have the privilege, as far as I could collect, of being exempt from the payment of taxes, and also are allowed to sell corn-brandy. With all the difficulty and delay which must occasionally occur in procuring horses, a förebud is, nevertheless, a useful instrument in abridging it. The way in which he is started is so nearly the same as in Sweden, that it would be superfluous to repeat it here.

A very useful little volume, in the form of a road-book, may be purchased at Christiania, containing the different routes from the principal towns, and mentioning with the greatest exactness the names of every post station and their distances, whether by land, or by water,—the rate of pay for the hire of horses, or for boats,—as well as a variety of other useful information. This manual was invaluable to us, as our servant, who understood it, was enabled to make out the förebud tickets correctly. On the present occasion we sent the förebud on immediately, and passed away the time by taking our dinner, which consisted of bacon and eggs, and brown rye bread, the only articles to be had in this place; but as they were all pretty good in their way, we made ourselves perfectly contented with the fare. Soon after our repast, and much sooner than we had any reason to expect, the horses arrived, and we proceeded.

Every turn of the road now presented the most diversified and enchanting scenery. At a place called *Ougedahl*, we again came up with the förebud, but having driven about sixty miles, and the evening being far advanced, we resolved upon passing the night here, despatching him immediately to order horses for the morrow.

The post station was quite as good as one could reasonably expect to meet with, in a country where travelling is so unfrequent, and where there are no public conveyances of any description to be met

with; but a stranger will feel himself not a little incommoded in the mode of sleeping or getting through the night. For my own part I nearly underwent suffocation between two eider down mattresses before morning. The bedsteads are all very short, being generally much under six feet from one end to the other, so that when the mattress and pillows are placed on them, they are reduced to less than five feet, and a moderate sized person must therefore either sleep with his knees bent up to his face, which is by no means agreeable, or with his legs half out of bed, which is perhaps still less so; but this is much the same in Germany. However, we made it out pretty well, and would have been most happy to have met with eider-down mattresses in many parts of our travels. After an excellent cup of coffee in the morning, we pursued our journey.

We were told it would be desirable to lay in a stock of provisions at Christiania, but this is certainly unnecessary. Perhaps as the rye bread is sometimes coarse, sour, and sodden, a few biscuits would not be amiss; but even these would get crumbled to pieces. Thin and crisp oat cakes can generally be procured; they are baked over the fire on a round iron plate, exactly similar to that which, in some parts of Lancashire, is called a *girdle*, where the same kind of oat-cakes are in common use, and are called *clap-bread*—in Norway, *flad-bröd*, where it is seldom so good, the oatmeal being frequently mixed with barley or rye. As the coffee is always

excellent, the traveller need not encumber himself with tea, and the necessary equipage for making it. He will besides generally find in the rudest parts of Norway abundance of milk, cream, and butter, all of which are good; there are few cottages that have not a cow or two. In the small patches of ground attached to the cottages were generally growing oats, rye, turnips, and potatoes, and frequently we observed the hop-plant in great luxuriance. Very few of the common culinary vegetables were under cultivation, except cabbages and radishes, and not much of these. All these articles, together with strawberries, which grew plentifully by the roadside, in a wild state, as well as raspberries,—but these were not abundant,—will enable the traveller, in the summer season, to make it out pretty well.

At a little place called *Sand*, on the borders of the lake, we found breakfast waiting our arrival, having ordered it by the förebud. A large supply of fine fresh salmon trout was placed before us, to which, as it may be supposed, we did ample justice, but the good lady of the house did not appear to think so, for she brought in a second dish, which it was quite impossible for us to touch. She literally was a good lady, and though somewhat aged, (I might say old,) she really was a most amiable creature; her attention to us was quite extraordinary—it was overpowering; her whole mind was bent upon serving us; then she wished to cram us like children, and made herself exceedingly uncom-

fortable because we could not possibly eat everything that she placed before us. Her activity was equal to her hospitality; it was most remarkable for a person so far advanced in years: she bustled in and out of the room like a young girl, bringing in with her all manner of good things. Her demand for payment was so very little, that we insisted on adding a trifle to it, which seemed to gratify the good old creature very much. We both agreed that if we had reached this place the preceding evening, as we intended, had not our förebud disappointed us, we should have passed a more comfortable night than had been our lot.

I was much struck with the difference we had thus far experienced between the fare of the Norwegian and the Swedish peasantry. With the exception of a few unfrequented spots through which we had to travel, the superiority in the comforts of the former, scanty as they must be admitted to be, is conspicuous throughout the country. Their rye bread is generally better, being light, whereas that of the Swede is heavy, sour, and doughy, like a mass of paste; and the corn-brandy of the Norwegians (to them the very essence of life) is far more pure than in Sweden. Fresh butter is an article scarcely ever seen amongst the Swedish peasantry, whilst in Norway no other is met with during the summer months; and I cannot call to mind having more than once, or twice at most, found it even indifferent; it was almost invariably excellent. The Norse cows

are small, and not unlike, in shape and appearance, to the Alderney breed. Among them are many beautiful animals, and so active that they seem to jump from rock to rock as nimbly as the goats.

Between Sand and *Hof*, both on the borders of the lake, we passed a grand waterfall from a mountain torrent which rushed into the lake from the eastward, and being the first that we had encountered in Norway, it was hailed with no uncommon degree of delight, though we had witnessed the falls of Trollhätten, to which the one in question was not worthy to be compared; but it was the forerunner of those more magnificent ones in prospect, as the road over the mountains which lay before us should become more elevated and rugged. From the time of our leaving Christiania the weather had not been very favourable, and we had encountered some heavy showers of rain, but it was now become clear and serene; the views of the country were extensive and beautiful, but the sun was burning hot, and incommoded us not a little.

On approaching *Rodnæs* we passed another fine cascade. Here the Rands Söe became narrower, and was occasionally lost sight of from the road. At this place we had a proof of the ascent of the country by the appearance of ploughs for clearing off the early snow from the roads in the winter, which were here collected by the road side; and as we proceeded, we found them placed at

short distances from one another, as in Sweden. At Rodnæs we had again overtaken our förebud, and we had no alternative but to send on our servant to order horses at the next station, whilst we waited the arrival of them at this. Luckily the people of the post-house were able to provide him with a horse and cart without much delay, and he drove on accordingly for the above purpose. The horses are generally out at grass many miles away, and have probably come seven or eight miles before they are harnessed in the carriages; and it not unfrequently happens that they are employed in getting in the hay about this time, and have had the collar on them for several hours previous to their arrival. It is on account of these things that delay is occasioned, and the förebud is not always to blame for loitering on the road, as it often happens that he is himself detained for three or four hours for the want of a horse.

Having at last got our horses, we proceeded onwards. We were now at the upper extremity of the Rand's Lake, in sight of which we had so long pursued our journey, and were now travelling upon the ridges of a deep ravine of rocks, which displayed some of that wild and romantic scenery of Norway we had often heard of. The river was flowing over its rocky bed far beneath us; not a turn of the road but brought some magnificent prospect with it, either immediately before us, or through the chasms in the lofty ridges of the ravines. Mountain streams

gurgling down their pebbly beds, in haste, as it were, to add their tribute to the clear waters of the larger river beneath, were of frequent occurrence; the clattering noise of "the brooks that brawled along the wood"—the roaring of a cascade, sometimes dashing down the rocks close to the road side, and of others heard only at a distance,—produce an effect on the mind, of which no description can convey an adequate idea; while the eye is reposing on the side of the towering mountain, displaying its varied tints of the dark green pine trees, the more lively verdure of the grassy banks, and the blackened rocks among which they were intermixed. We may now, in fact, be said to commence only the ascent, through winding rocky defiles, of that part of the great central chain of mountains which is called the *Fille fjeld**.

The cottages or single houses, which lie scattered over the sides of these mountains, are all of wood—often painted of a red colour, sometimes whitened, and frequently left the natural colour of the wood. They are constructed of logs rudely squared, but closely fitted together, and the seams filled up or caulked with moss; sometimes an exterior planking covers the

* *Fjeld*, usually written *Fjeld*, and pronounced *Fi-eld*, is a high mountain or group of mountains.

Tind is a peak of a mountain.

Braen is a glacier.

Hammer is a rocky promontory.

Bakké is a rounded hill.

As is a range of hills.

logs, and generally the interior is wainscoted, that is to say, has a lining of plank, but not always; and the floors, as in Sweden, are generally strewed with cuttings of the juniper bushes, which grow abundantly in all the mountains of Norway. These cottages are rarely seen in the narrow parts of the gloomy ravines, but are perched on the sides, and frequently on the summits, of their rocky inclosures, in order to enjoy as much of the enlivening beams of the sun as the mountainous nature of the country will permit. In these rocky defiles and their steep sides, the horses and cattle find excellent pasturage, and it is quite surprising to see them clambering to the very apex of a rugged cliff, or verge of some precipice, to get at their food.

We had now taken our leave of the Rands Lake, which had so much contributed to the pleasure of our journey, by affording us a constant succession of the finest lake scenery that probably is to be met



with in any part of the world, not even Switzerland excepted. It had gradually narrowed till it became reduced to its feeding stream, which we had to cross at a village called *Tonvold*, over a wooden bridge of a singular and simple construction, thrown across a foaming cataract. It consisted of a single arch, if it could be so called, formed by logs of wood crossing each other at right angles, as in the preceding sketch.

This short stream was formed of the united waters of the *Etnedal* and the *Dokke*, on the former of which we had to proceed as far as the village of Etnedal, where we again crossed, and had to pass over a mountain ridge of 4043 feet high to the banks of the *Reina Elv*, a rapid stream bursting out of the *Strand* lake, which is stated to be at an elevation of 1137 feet; it is a long and tortuous sheet of water, encompassed by mountains from 4000 to 4200 feet in height*.

* The heights of the mountains, lakes, and roads, noticed in this Excursion, are taken from a very splendid map of Scandinavia, in eight sheets, compiled by order of the king of Sweden, under the direction and inspection of *Charles Forsell*, in Stockholm, from the year 1815 to 1826. As Dr. Hutton makes the Stockholm foot to bear to the English foot a ratio of 1 to 1·073, and Celsius of 1 to ·979, I have considered these two as nearly alike. These elevations are much below those of Mr. Esmark and of Von Buch, as will be noticed in their proper places. If the Swedish author should have made use of Danish feet in the Norwegian portion of the map, which is not unlikely, each being equal to 12·35 English inches, the several heights will more nearly correspond, but still be different. If to the heights in the Swedish map be added *one-fifteenth*, they will very nearly correspond with Professor Esmark's measurements, and will reduce the Danish nearly to English feet.

Waterfalls and cascades now began to meet the eye in rapid succession, some attracting more attention than others, according to their greater altitude and mass of water, but each of them affording delight to the wondering gaze of the traveller. It may be necessary to explain that by *waterfall*, I mean a sheet of water falling over a ledge of rock without interception to the abyss below; by *cascade*, a sheet of water, falling by leaps from rock to rock, and dashed among them into foam; and by *cataract*, a torrent of water forcing its tortuous way among rocky fragments down the bed of a river more or less sloping.

At the summit of an enormous pine-clad mountain, and as it were at the very verge of it, the spire of a church caught the eye, rearing its tapering shaft high above the stunted firs and birches; there was no habitation, apparently, near it, and the situation was singularly striking. The parsonage, and a few other dwellings, were, no doubt, near to the church, but hid from our sight by the forest of firs and birch-trees.

On our arrival at *Strand*, close to the lake of the same name, we found ourselves again detained for horses, and therefore resolved on passing the night here. We fared well at this place, having procured for dinner some fine fish fresh from the lake. Milk and cream are always good, and the corn-brandy is also palatable. This spirit is distilled from barley, and sometimes, I believe, from rye and oats; is flavoured rather strongly,

sometimes with aniseed, and sometimes with caraway-seed, at least so we thought, though we understood the peculiar flavour was given by the flowers of some of the mountain plants, perhaps the juniper-berry, with the addition of a little sugar*.

The traveller may also generally procure plenty of a particular kind of cheese, of a sweetish taste, and poor in quality, made, I believe, of goats' milk. But there is another kind of cheese, called *Gammel Ost*, which literally means "old cheese," that is excellent, but rarely met with, except in the houses of the gentry or substantial farmers. We thought it equal, and not unlike in flavour, to good ripe Stilton†.

* Dr. Clarke says the flavour is given to it by the addition of the hægberry, which he says is the bird-cherry (*Prunus padus*), whose juice is red, whereas the spirit is as clear as the purest water. The Swedes flavour their ardent spirit with aniseed.

† Dr. Clarke has speculated, not very happily, on the term *Gammel Ost*. Having asked a family who had been kind to him, what he should send them from England, the answer was "A Gloucester cheese." "And in return," he says, "they promised us some *Gammel Orske* (perhaps more properly written *Gamla Norske*) the produce of their own farm." He had before talked of this cheese, "which resembled excellent old Cheshire," and that "in making it they use butter-milk and yeast,"—singular ingredients enough, it must be confessed!—*Travels in Scandinavia*, pp. 588 and 736.

Speaking of this cheese, another traveller says, "A particular species of *sweet* cheese [not in the least sweet] highly prized here, is produced on special occasions. It is called *Gammelen Orse*, or old cheese, which Mr. Janson told us had been converted by the ingenuity of some English traveller into *Gammela Norse*, or 'Old Norway,' much to the amusement of the natives."—*Elliot's Letters*, &c., p. 143.

After our dinner we strolled up a hill by the side of a little stream of water, to collect wild flowers for our amusement, for neither of us knew much of botany. Blue-bells were growing in great plenty; foxgloves, saxifrage, groundsel, and that most common of all plants, the sow-thistle. We observed some heaths, but not in flower and not luxuriant; but their usual companion in our country, the furze with its golden blossoms, was wanting. We picked some whortleberries (*vaccinium*) and cloudberry (*rubus*), both of which are commonly eaten, and some raspberries. In strolling in the thicket we came across several ant-hills of great size, being eight or ten feet in circumference, and three or four high; they were all formed round the trunks of decayed firs, which had been torn down by the wind, or cut down for fire-wood. It was amusing to watch the little insects working so industriously; some of them were carrying pieces of wood much larger than themselves, and all hurrying to and fro equally regardless of each other, and of us who were admiring their active pursuits.

Starting early the next day, we entered upon what I should have been apt to consider as the sublimest scenery that Norway, or even Nature, could exhibit, had our excursion ended here. Indeed it appeared difficult for the imagination to conceive anything more magnificently wild and awfully grand—and yet we found it much surpassed in the course of our travels—than the castellated forms of the mountain

peaks, blackened by time and the weather, and rent into pinnacles and turrets, rising out of their wall-shaped sides, between which and us was a yawning gulf, choked with masses of rock and rubble; in this gulf or ravine a large body of water was flowing, rapidly meandering its serpentine course but constantly interrupted in its progress by the huge fragments that, by impeding, swelled its volume, and—

————— “when collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.”

In the course pursued by this mass of water a constant succession of grand falls present themselves to the eye and the ear, one of which was particularly fine: in its rush from the upper ravines of the mountains, it was divided into two cascades, across each of which was thrown a wooden bridge of primitive construction. In this part of the road the traveller is surrounded on all sides by rocks of enormous height, rising almost perpendicularly from their base, while the sides of the mountains are covered with forests of dark green fir trees, which rear their lofty heads above each other, vying in height with the steep rocks among which they are blended. The precipices both above and below the narrow road are most frightful to look at: no precaution whatever is taken to prevent carriages from slipping off into the abyss below. In many places these precipices were perpendicular,

and sometimes even inclined inwards, or overhung their base. The road too was so narrow as to be little more than barely sufficient to admit of the wheels of the carriages between the edge and the side of the mountain; had we happened indeed to meet any other travellers here, (which was, fortunately, not very probable,) we should have been under the necessity of taking the horses out, and of lifting the carriages over each other. The chances, however, are against such a meeting, for not a single human being had hitherto appeared to us on this route. Oftentimes the road before us seemed to terminate altogether at the very brink of a precipice, when, on reaching the spot, it was found to turn sharply round; and these sharp turns, with the yawning gulf beneath, incur almost inevitable destruction, should the animal become restive, or an overturn unfortunately take place.

On attaining the summit of the very high mountain up the side of which we were now clambering, and the ascent to which was the steepest road that I ever remember to have witnessed in any part of the world, Switzerland not excepted, we were agreeably surprised to find it to be level, or nearly so, for some little distance, and covered with a forest of fine fir-trees. Many of these were marked for felling, and others were already cut down. The firs in this part of Norway appear to grow vigorously to the height of considerably more than 2000 feet above the sea; they are of two



VIEW OF A MOUNTAIN PASS.

species, the Scotch fir which produces the red deals, and the spruce fir that yields the white ones. The spruce ceases to grow at a lower elevation by 200 or 300 feet than where the Scotch will thrive; and where the mountains exceed the height at which the pine forests will grow, the birch creeps still higher until it becomes a mere shrub. In many places, up the steep sides of the mountains, may be seen large masses of rock protruding through these forests, and adding to the picturesque effect of the scenery.

If the ascent of this mountain was found to be difficult and somewhat dangerous, the descent was perfectly terrific; it was so steep that the horses were literally obliged to scramble down on their haunches. We looked along a valley many hundred feet below us, shut in on all sides by steep, rugged, and lofty mountains. Those at the extreme part of the view were capped with snow, upon which the sun shone brilliantly, forming a great contrast to the general gloomy appearance of the deep ravines. Cascades were observed pouring down their waters in every direction, sparkling in their passage down the sides of the mountain, and occasionally lost amidst the dark thick forests of firs.

We had no sooner reached the bottom than we had to toil up another steep ascent, from the summit of which the eye was relieved by a beautiful lake suddenly breaking upon the view, its finely-fringed banks meandering along a verdant valley far

beneath us, beyond which the mountains appeared to be less precipitous, and partially cultivated : a few cottages, also, were seen scattered along their skirts, and on the borders of the lake. In this part of our route we left our carriages, to examine a cascade at a short distance from the road. It had some resemblance to the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, but fell from a much higher ascent, and was fully equal to them in the mass of water tumbling over, notwithstanding the state of the river was said to be at this time comparatively low. On the breaking up of winter, when the snow first begins to melt freely, and to discharge itself down the mountains, the falls of water must be everywhere grand in the extreme.

We now approached the high range of mountains, whose tops we had seen from a distance covered with snow. The fir-trees had, during our ascent, gradually diminished in size, and at last wholly disappeared, leaving only a few birches of slender growth, mixed with juniper-bushes; and even these vanished before we reached the summit, and with them every appearance of even a shrubby plant; the only symptom of any living thing in the vegetable creation were some mosses and lichens, with a few small Alpine plants, three species of which have been found even at a much higher elevation: these were the *Ranunculus gracilis*, the *Gentiana nivalis*, and the *Ranunculus glacialis*, the last of which I am informed by Sir Thomas Acland he

found in full flower close to the curve of perpetual snow on the peak of *Sneehätten*. The most remarkable of the lichens was the *Islandicus*, made use of by the peasantry as a vegetable, equally if not more nutritious than the *dulse* of the Scotch or the *laver* of the Welsh, and well known to us as a medicinal drug. Here, too, was growing in patches the *lichen rangiferinus*, the favourite food of the rein-deer, conspicuous by its white leaves, as if covered with a hoar frost, and glittering in the sun; but though the animals themselves are said to be common in the *Fillefi-eld* mountains, we saw no traces of any. The sides of the mountains on our right, which were composed of naked masses of rock, rose perpendicularly to an enormous height, and cascades were seen streaming down the rents or ravines into a lake far below the level of the road, appearing dark as Erebus, from the deep shadow thrown upon it by the gigantic mountains, which descend abruptly to its very shores.

This lake is called the *Miose Vand*, being the largest of a chain of mountain lakes which give rise to the Reina river; whose waters, after many a foaming torrent, become again tranquil in the *Strand Sõe*, and thence spreading out into the broad Tyra Lake, fall into the Drammen river. The *Miose Vand* has an elevation of 1576 feet above the sea. It lies midway between two very lofty peaked mountains or *tinds*, that of *Skudshorn* on the north being 4700 feet, and *Hugakollen* on the south, 4230 feet; while

the road itself, the river, and the lake, are in a deep ravine. In the midst of this wild, romantic scenery stands the post-house, and near it a very curious old wooden church, richly ornamented with carving. Most of the churches we have hitherto seen on this journey are wooden structures, humble in their size, simple in their form, and plain in their architecture; and the wood being covered over with a coating of some composition resembling tar, to preserve it from the weather, they have generally a sombre appearance. From this great elevation it was curious to observe how very diminutive the houses appeared, when seen at a little distance along the feet of these mountains; they were literally mere specks.

It was a matter of some speculation with us how the horses would manage to scramble up the side of the mountain we had now to ascend, which we imagined it would be next to impossible for them to effect. They contrived, however, to overcome all difficulty, by making a great effort every now and then, and gaining about twelve or fifteen yards each time, when they suddenly stopped of their own accord, to recover their wind and rest themselves; at which times I used at first to be somewhat apprehensive that the carriage would fall backwards and draw the horse after it, but soon discovered that there was no real danger of this. The horses by throwing themselves forward and standing with their fore-legs completely under them, place themselves in such a position as to enable them to resist the weight

of it, without any apparent difficulty; but it was distressing to see how the poor creatures panted for breath whenever they stopped. Being fed upon nothing but grass, they have not the same strength nor wind as our grain-fed cattle possess. It is not less extraordinary to observe, as I have already mentioned, with what perfect safety they trot rapidly down the hills; those we had were but small ponies, in bad condition, and had never felt the teeth of a currycomb.

As we were travelling in a country where, at this season of the year, there is perpetual day, we were often deceived as to the hours, and in crossing these mountains, about the very centre of the *Fillefi-eld*, the attention became so riveted to the sublime scenery, that I found it, to my surprise, to be eleven o'clock at night, when I imagined it to be about seven or eight. We pushed on till about one o'clock, when we arrived at *Nyestuen*, where we found but poor accommodation for hungry and weary travellers; but fatigued as we were with the long day's journey, for we had walked over the greater part of the road, I never slept sounder in my life.

We had passed the regular post-station, which is called *Skougstad*, our servant having told us he thought we should fare better at *Nyestuen*, to which we had regularly ascended, in the last stage, to a very great elevation. We found it, however, not only of a very inferior description, but the charges

were more exorbitant than in any other place we had yet been. The bill which was delivered to us amounted to three dollars and a half (or about eleven shillings and eight pence) for two beds, in the same miserable room, some black bread and butter at night, the same in the morning, and a cup of coffee. The bread, too, was not only black, but of the coarsest description we had met with. As this was literally all we troubled them for,—because they said it was all they had,—we thought it right to resist payment, and told our servant to inform them that we threatened to insert a remark on their exorbitant charge in the *Livre des estrangers*. The consequence was that a fresh bill was immediately made out, the amount of which was somewhat less than half of what they had before charged, and even that was dear enough as compared with what we had been charged at other places. Their only excuse was that we were foreigners,—our servant said Englishmen,—and they consequently, I suppose, imagined that we were overloaded with money. I notice this as a rare instance of any attempt at imposition by the simple-minded highlanders of Norway—so rare, that it was the first and the last that occurred to us; and I am not at all sure that we were not rather too hard upon these miserable inmates, doomed to spend their lives on a spot close to the point of perpetual congelation, and whose lonely dwelling does not probably receive a dozen visitors in the course of a whole year.

In this high situation stood a small wooden church, and near it was the highest of the chain of lakes I have just mentioned, and whose waters find their way into the Gulf of Christiania : a second lake a little farther on gives rise to a river, which flows in an opposite direction ; this, therefore, is the point of separation of the eastern and western waters. Nyestuen lies between two mountainous ranges, the highest point of that to the northward being 3170 feet, and that on the south 4200 feet. But the highest point of the *road* is between Nyestuen and the next stage, *Maristuen*. Snow was lying in many places both on the road and in all the recesses of the sides of the mountains. We may therefore consider this part of our journey to be nearly at the curve of perpetual congelation, which, in the parallel of 61° , would give an elevation of about 3500 feet above the level of the sea ; but as the south and the west sides of the contiguous mountain, exposed to the sun, were but partially covered with snow for 500 feet above us, I should estimate the road at about 3000 feet. Mosses, lichens, and the snowy gentian, were the only plants that appeared in this part of the road *.

Having now attained the summit level, from

* Von Buch I perceive says, that this road at the marble pillar, which marks the boundary between the districts of Bergen and Christiania, and which is at the highest point, rises to the height of 3973 English feet, but he does not say how this was obtained. The Swedish map does not mark the elevation of the road ; but the Peak of *Suletind* on the south side of it, and along the base of which the boundary line of the two districts passes, is stated to be 5840 feet.

whence, as already stated, the waters descend in opposite directions, I may here notice a peculiarity in the Norwegian rivers, which seems to be common to all of them. These rivers almost invariably have their sources in mountain *vands*, out of which they roll their impetuous streams over their rugged beds, forming generally a succession of cataracts. On reaching a plain or narrow valley, nearly level, their waters meeting with an obstruction from some rocky ridge, are retarded, and expand into a *Søe*, or lake, whence flowing over the obstructing ridge in the form of a cascade or cataract, they resume their course; and thus, after a series of lakes and their connecting streams, are finally deposited in the ocean, the grand reservoir of all.

It was a raw, foggy morning, and had been raining much during the night, when we took our departure from Nyestuen. The road still continued along this summit level; the mountains were enveloped in clouds; and it was as piercing cold as I had ever felt it; so much so, indeed, that it was with difficulty I held the reins in my hand. The snow appeared to have recently fallen, and was lying in detached patches close to the road, and in many places on the road itself. By taking up a handful, and retaining it a short time, it produced a glow on the skin, and appeared to make the blood circulate more freely, and to restore warmth to the hand.

Whilst my ears were smarting with the cold, it

was impossible not to look with a sort of invidious feeling upon the bushy crop of hair which hung over those of our servant, completely protecting, not them alone, but also the back of his neck from the inclemency of the weather. Whether it was with this view that the fashion originated, of course I cannot say, but all the peasantry, as well as the inhabitants of the town, wear their hair in the same manner; and it is a fair supposition that it had for its object some convenience of this kind. In the course of this day's journey we observed a number of stakes fixed into the ground to point out the road, in winter, when the surface is covered with snow. Here we passed the obelisk or pillar which marks the division between the Christiania and Bergen districts, and informs the traveller that he has come 26 miles (about 180 English) and has got 21 (nearly 150) before him.

Previous to our descending towards some huts, where our horses were to be unharnessed and turned loose to feed, as we could get no fresh ones, there appeared before us another magnificent range of mountains, which seemed to stretch across the country directly in front of our route. They too were more or less enveloped in clouds, which were playing around their summits, whilst we had descended to a clear atmosphere beneath. This range, as we afterwards found, was higher than the one we had crossed, and there was considerably more snow upon it, but fortunately the road

descended towards the valley. The mountain cottages are the most wretched-looking hovels that can well be imagined; and were generally in so ruinous a state, that they appeared as though they had alone stood—

“ Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away.”

They are built, like the cottages in general, of logs of wood, are very low, and the roofs covered with moss or turf, on which the grass and weeds were sometimes seen growing to a most luxuriant height. Sometimes, indeed, a shoot of birch-tree, juniper, or other shrubs, had taken root on the roof, and very often, when abutting against a rock, a goat or kid might be seen grazing upon them. But miserable as these dwellings certainly are, we never failed to procure good milk, cream, and butter within them, and always received a most friendly welcome; the cattle were usually grazing below the road, far down in the valley.

The mountains now converged towards one point, and the road having descended into the valley, we came upon a large stream of water, and travelled along its banks for some distance. It was the same river that took its rise near the post-house of Nye-stuen, and is called the *Leirdal*. This Leir of the valley, or rather of the ravine through which it flowed, is narrow and rocky, and the river foamed at a fearful rate, over enormous masses of rock, which

had tumbled down from the sides of the enclosing mountains; and here it formed an endless variety of the most beautiful cataracts. The roaring of these falls, and the gurgling of the numerous streams that were rushing down the precipitous sides of the ravine, though sometimes deafening to the ear, afforded such delightful music in the middle of a hot summer's day, as mitigated, or appeared to mitigate, the temperature of the air.

Oft, as I sat musing in my little carriage, did I listen to the mingled sounds of cascades, cataracts, and waterfalls, of mountain-torrents, brawling brooks, and gurgling rills, with the sharper and sweeter notes of the feathered tribe, around and over head, "harmoniously confused," and even imagined I could arrange their diversified sounds into some kind of order like the notes of the musical scale. I fancied there was not only cadence, but time or measure too, in the music. The deep and solemn tone of the waterfall was suited to the *Adagio*; the various sounds of the cascade, as it leaped from rock to rock, corresponded with the *Andante*; the rattling cataract, among the fragments of its rocky bed, resembled the *Allegretto*, and the trickling rill in its descent, emitting—

"A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed to make"—

was a sort of *ad libitum*,—and, thus indulging in these freaks of the imagination, did I while away

the time, and shorten the journey across this wild and highly romantic mountain passage.

We were now again proceeding among the thinly-scattered huts and hamlets of the peasantry, in the western verge of the chain of mountains that runs down the midst of Norway, and divides it into two parts, very different as to surface and climate from each other. We found, however, the dress, the appearance, and the condition of the peasantry to differ little from those on the eastern side. The men mostly wear a red skull-cap, not unlike those which are worn by the Greeks, short jackets, and trousers. Each man has a large knife attached to his side, generally speaking, by a leather waist-belt, on which is frequently some number of brass ornaments. The knife is a most useful instrument to the native peasantry of Norway, equally adapted to cut wood, and to cut their bread and cheese, and, indeed, to perform as much, and as varied service as the little dagger of Hudibras, and some of them a great deal more: for with this knife they make their own furniture, chairs, tables, saddles, harness, carts, and wheels; also chests, boxes, bowls, basins, spoons, drinking-cups; in short, all kinds of wooden-work, some specimens of which are very ingeniously carved. Necessity, the great mother of invention, has made them all artisans. There is no trade, in fact, that a Norwegian peasant cannot, and does not, when required, turn his hand to; he unites in his own

person that of a carpenter, blacksmith, weaver, rope-maker, tailor, shoemaker, joiner, and cabinet-maker. But all this is matter of necessity, and the production is probably not worth the labour and time bestowed upon it, except that both time and labour, if not thus employed, might be lost in indolence and inactivity. "Whoever," says Von Buch, in the true Johnsonian style, "makes so many things, must make them badly, and will not be able to do with the bad what he could have done with better." But the question here is not whether good is preferable to bad, but where or how he is to procure what is better? Having no market to go to, he is glad to compromise between excellence and utility, between what is good and what is indispensable. Nor are instances of the higher qualities wanting: in the Museum of Copenhagen are many curious specimens of carving in wood by the Norwegian peasants, and among others a bust of Christian V. executed by a simple cow-herd, who, when the king paid a visit to Tronyem, in the year 1688, stood in the way he had to pass, with a knife in his hand, and cut out so complete a likeness of his countenance, without having any other opportunity of seeing him, that it was sent, as a great curiosity, to Copenhagen, where it still remains in the Royal Museum. In fact, clocks and watches, and church-organs even, have been constructed by the self-taught Norwegian peasantry.

Many parts of the ravine along which we were

now proceeding reminded me strongly of the Italian side of the Simplon. The mountains were equally bold, the road winding along the side of them very similar, and the overhanging precipices, which one almost shuddered to look at, were such as make the traveller ready to exclaim—

“How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!”

A spot was pointed out to us where a carriage, with two horses, had fallen over about a year before into the tremendous torrent below, and been dashed to atoms; and yet, strange to say, or rather it is perhaps not strange at all to say, that no precaution whatever has been taken to prevent so serious an accident in future; for who, it may be asked, in this poor, remote, and almost untravelled region, is to bear the expense of such a work? Not the peasantry certainly, and the public at large is very little interested in incurring such an expense.

At *Hæg*, about ten miles beyond Nyestuen, we observed the sides of the mountains once more to be thickly covered with stunted birch, hazel, and other kinds of brush-wood, but not a fir-tree was yet visible. The upper parts of the mountains were still quite barren of trees or shrubbery; juniper, and a species of heath, but not in flower, were the highest inhabitants among the shrubby plants that we observed; but after a long and continued descent, down which we advanced with great rapidity, a thorough change of scenery gradually took place.

At a spot called *Borgund*, the woods had resumed their former vigour; and at *Lysne* the road became level or nearly so, and was carried along the bottom of the valley in which the river flowed, until it emptied itself in the *Sogne fiord*, at the extremity of one of its numerous branches, which stretched into the very heart of the mountains, at least eighty miles from the sea. At this termination of the river Leirdal, is situated the hamlet of Leirdal-soren, a small fishing village. Thus did the distance of about twenty miles from the highest summit of the Fillefi-eld bring us from an elevation of 3000 feet, at the very lowest estimation, to the level of the sea, being at the rate of one hundred and fifty feet in a mile, which will fully account for the rapidity of the Leirdal river in places where the ravine is steep and rocky.

This village, small as it was, appeared to us as one of the largest we had seen since we left Christiania, and was, therefore, hailed as one where we might repose ourselves comfortably for a day but we soon discovered that its chief characteristic was that of a total want of all comfort and cleanliness, being externally incumbered with a general accumulation of all manner of filth, but mostly arising from the offal of fish, which evidently formed an essential part of the subsistence of the inhabitants. The smell of this offal, which assailed us as we walked in the heat of the sun, between two rows of small cottages, in our way down towards the fiord, was quite intolerable.

Fortunately, however, the post-house was removed to some little distance from this dirty spot, and here we passed the night, with a greater degree of comfort than the first appearance of the village had promised ; but anxious to be on the move, early on the following morning we hired a good-sized boat, and after some little difficulty in getting our carriages embarked, prepared to proceed on the fiord, which we were told was the only mode of pursuing our journey. We also engaged five men to row us down this arm of the fiord, at a specie dollar a head, the value of which is 3*s.* 4*d.* We ascertained, as nearly as we could, that the distance we had to go was not less than twenty-eight English miles. When all was ready, we embarked on this inlet of the sea, though here at a very considerable distance from it. Our agreement was that one of the men was to pull two oars, so that altogether we were considered to pay for and to row six oars. Our boatmen were remarkably fine fellows, and pulled a regular and steady stroke, and the oars, being broad and flat at the end, took great hold of the water. The boats were light, and, like the whale-boats, were of the same shape at the bow and stern, both of which rise very much out of the water, and run to a sharp edge. The long tiller they make use of is rather awkward and uncouth, extending very much into the boat, and consequently an annoyance to the passengers. Their general appearance, however, might be called elegant, and the workmanship excellent. Our boatmen had taken care to provide plenty

of provisions for themselves, and at the end of two or three hours, at most, they pulled to the shore, where they landed in a cove made by some rocks, and there regaled themselves at their leisure.

The mountains on either side of this enclosed branch of the fiord descended abruptly to the water's edge, down the ravines and chasms of which fell numerous full and broad cascades, six or eight being visible at the same moment. At one time this branch of the fiord exhibited a fine expansive lake; again it became so narrow, as to give the appearance of a river hemmed in between two rocky banks. The first branch on which we had to row is called *Urland*, out of which we turned southerly into another arm of the same fiord, called *Nærøen*; the two may be considered as one continued lake, enclosed between mountains of great picturesque beauty, some of them rising perpendicularly, like the side of a gigantic wall, to the stupendous height of 4600 to 5400 feet. The weather was beautiful, and as we rowed along the lake, not a breath of wind was felt sufficient to raise a ripple on the water; but the intense heat of the sun was almost intolerable, and whilst we were suffering from its piercing rays, it was somewhat vexatious to look up to the snow-clad mountains, and still more so to see large patches of it lying very low down in the crevices and other places to which the sun has never had access. It imparted no portion of its cold to the lake, on which we experienced a difference of temperature from that of the preceding day, upon

crossing the mountain chain of the Fillefi-eld, of 34° of Fahrenheit's scale. It was now 76° in the shade, but a difference to this amount is not unfrequent on the same spot within the four-and-twenty hours, a scorching day being generally succeeded by a piercing cold night. The temperature, moreover, on the western, is very different from that of the eastern, side of the mountains. In winter, when all is frost and snow and ice on the latter, the whole west coast, as high almost as the North Cape, is free from ice, and the numerous fiords are for the most part navigable. Mr. Everest proceeded from Molde, in the month of February, to Bergen, along the coast, and navigated the fiords of Sogné and Hardanger without any obstruction from ice; while the Elvs and the Söes to the eastward were one mass of ice. It is well known that the western side, whether of continents, islands, or mountains, is always warmer than the eastern; but in addition to this the western side here has the advantage of the sea, with which the fiords are on a level, while the eastern side not only faces the mountains of Sweden, but is itself mostly elevated several thousand feet above the sea.

We had taken refreshments with us in our boat, as we calculated, from our inquiries, that we were likely to be upon the water the greater part of the day. These consisted of bread and butter and dried salmon, which, with corn brandy, was all we could be provided with at Lierdalsoren, and was, in fact, all we could have wished for; the salmon,

smoked over a fire of juniper or fir-wood, acquires a peculiar and agreeable flavour. It is very common in the western part of Norway, and, with the stock-fish, furnishes a very essential part of the food of the peasantry.

Our second halt on the water was at a little spot called *Fronigen*, where we landed and got some good milk; this place is about half way to *Gudvangsoren*, where our voyage was to terminate. The house at *Fronigen* was more comfortable than any we had yet met with: the room was even papered! It was besides well-stocked with some handsome old furniture, and a harpsichord of great antiquity helped at least to "make up a show." Again on the water—not a human habitation was to be seen for miles and miles, as we glided along this branch of the beautiful fiord, nor any living creatures, save the sea-gulls and a few porpoises, which were sporting about on the surface, rolling their broad backs out of the water. •Not being aware that this fiord had an immediate communication with the sea, for the water did not even taste brackish, and being so very far inland, eighty miles at least, I was greatly surprised to see them. The boatmen said they were seals, but they had more the appearance of porpoises.

Having been so long on an arm of the sea, and yet the water being still perfectly fresh, may seem to require an explanation, which I apprehend is not very difficult to give. In the first place, there are no tides on a great part of the western coast of Norway; at Bergen they are not perceptible; in the whole of the

Baltic, and from thence along the western coast of Norway, as far as Tronyem, there is no perceptible tide; at Hammerfest in $70^{\circ} 38'$ latitude, it rises about eight feet. I pretend not to explain this, but merely state the fact. There is, therefore, no rush of seawater into the fiords; and as into every branch of these there falls a mountain-torrent, the fresh water of which being lighter than the salt water, the former floats upon the latter, and being undisturbed by any tide, remains separated from it. It is well known that, for the same reason, the whole Mediterranean fleet has been watered on the sea off the mouth of the Rhone.

Towards the end of our voyage, a breeze sprung up, which caused so much motion as to wet us a little, and make us glad to land at *Gudvangsoren*, which we did about 8 o'clock in the evening, having been upwards of twelve hours on the water. Our men had to row the whole distance, with the exception of a period of about half an hour, when they took advantage of a side wind, and set sail. They were a happy and cheerful set, and worked hard, and most willingly. They were thankful to receive from us a little more than a dollar a-head, to which we considered them well entitled, after pulling twelve hours under a broiling sun.

We passed the night at this place, from whence we recommenced our land journey. The road is conducted along a deep valley, strewed over with large fragments of rocks, which have rolled down from the mountains, and among which a mountain

torrent was foaming in its passage down to the fiord. On leaving it, we had to ascend a most formidable rocky hill, which was as steep as any we had yet encountered, in the course of which we came in sight of two of the most superb waterfalls which had as yet attracted our attention. One of them in particular, called the *Keel-foss*, was exceedingly grand; it darted a copious stream perpendicularly down the face of a steep rock, after falling in a succession of cascades down the ravine of a mountain of the enormous height of 2000 feet, throwing out its spray, on reaching the bottom, to a considerable distance around, upon which the rays of the sun reflected a rainbow of strong and beautifully brilliant colours. The other, higher up the stream, is called the *Sevle-foss*, descending from a height of about 1000 feet*.

It would be endless to describe, or rather to attempt to describe, the ever-varied beauties of the face of nature, exhibited the whole way from Christiania to Bergen, which we are now approaching. I am only afraid I may have already tired the patience of the reader with the oft-repeated and feeble description of the mountains, fiords,

* The *Voring-foss*, which falls into the *Hardanger* fiord, is marked on the map at 900 feet. Mr. Elliot says "the river falls perpendicularly without a single contact with the rock 900 feet into a valley scarcely broader than itself. The body of water is, perhaps, equal to that of the Handek in Switzerland." He calls this "the largest waterfall in the world, (except that at Gaver nie in the Pyrenees,) and the lion of Norway."—*Letters from the North of Europe*.

forests, and waterfalls ; but as they were noted down at the end of each stage—and the whole of Norway is one extraordinary and uninterrupted succession of this kind of scenery—I trust to be excused for having dwelt so much upon that which has made an indelible impression upon my mind. I must not, however, omit to mention that we passed a little fiord, on the second stage of this day, which was exquisitely beautiful. The snow-tipped mountains, with their margins of verdure, were reflected by the surface of the lake, which, if possible, was more transparent than any we had yet seen ; and as we drove close to its margin, it was amusing to see great quantities of fish swimming about, their size, shape, and colour, clearly distinguished, though at very considerable depth. Near this place were scattered several hamlets and habitations, with a church and præstgaard, or parsonage. I believe it is called *Opheim*.

This being the sabbath-day, all the peasantry were in their best attire, and many of them were dressed fantastically enough. One of the men who accompanied the carriages wore his hair in long ringlets over his shoulders ; being of a fine glossy brown, he evidently had taken some pains in dressing it out. From the last-mentioned village till our arrival at *Vossevangen*, another neat little village situated on the margin of a lake, was one continued series of lakes, connected in a chain by the same river, flowing down a beautiful and

well-cultivated valley, abounding in neat houses, and evidently well-peopled. Here we came up with our förebud, and were detained upwards of four hours for horses. There was a church of considerable size in the village, and we overtook great numbers of the peasantry, who were repairing thither, many of them having journeyed several miles; indeed, we were told that it was not unusual for families to go twenty miles to hear divine service performed in the districts of Fillefi-eld and Hardangerfi-eld. They were all neatly attired in their Sunday dresses. The men's coats and waistcoats were studded with buttons, some very small, and closely placed together, and others of large dimensions, and more apart, according as it seemed to suit the fancy of the wearer. The women wore white caps, flat at the top of the head, and folded at the sides into two projecting semicircles. Their dresses were of a dark-coloured cloth, and plaited rather full all round, very short-waisted, and the body in front was richly ornamented, like the stomachers of our great grandmothers, with gold embroidery on some bright-coloured cloth, generally introduced in the shape of a heart. They had also long white sleeves, but not puffed out like those which our young ladies have usurped, both as to name and shape, from the bishops.

Driving onwards, we passed through another small village, where our ears were saluted with the tones of the violin. We stopped to listen, and

entered the house from which the music proceeded. We found a party assembled, who were dancing their very singular and favourite dance, peculiar to the country, called the *Polsk*, which, however, I cannot pretend to describe. The chief merit of the performance appeared to be that of throwing the legs high up in the air, whirling swiftly round, and, after many a flourishing turn, stopping short, and standing firmly on one leg. Dr. Clarke, who resolves every thing he meets with to some parallel case in high antiquity and classical authority, found at once, in the tumbling and capering of the Norwegian peasantry, the very dances that were practised in ancient days. ‘The most common are, the *Halling* and the *Polsk* dances. The first is undoubtedly the dance of Hippoclités, the Athenian, when contending with other rivals for the daughter of *Clisthenes*; namely, a dance in which the performer, standing upon his head, kicks his heels about in the air as his hands. The other—that is to say, the *Polsk*—answers the account which Herodotus gives of the Attic dance, performed to the *Emmeleia*, which, by its indecency, offended Clisthenes.’ Now, what the Doctor saw indecent in the Norwegian *Polsk*, I am quite at a loss to conjecture*.

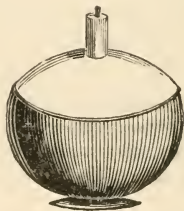
* Dr. Clarke has given in a vignette a graphical description of these ancient dances. In the back ground is a person standing on his head and kicking his heels in the air; a second heaving up his leg and arms, while the fiddler, with a modern Cremona, stands

By way of encouragement to the group of dancers, we treated each of them with a glass of spirits, and the ladies ventured to sip, but did not appear to relish it. One of the boys who accompanied our carriages joined in the dance. The company, both male and female, conducted themselves with becoming propriety, and it was a great pleasure to see them thus innocently enjoying themselves. We shook hands with the whole party on taking leave—a custom of the country which it would be deemed rude to omit. I have even known a beggar hold out his hand when a piece of money has been given to him, and the boatmen would constantly do so on taking leave of us.

Here we again embarked on a remarkably transparent lake, called the *Evanger Sjøe*. The evening was beautifully calm, and we landed in the course of an hour, and walked a couple of miles to *Bolstadoren*, to which place the boatmen dragged up our little carriages. This village is situated on a small branch of the *Gielte fiord*, which passes Bergen, and is divided into a multitude of ramifications, one of which is the *Bolstad*. Having passed the night here, we embarked on the morning of the 15th once more on the blue waters of the

also on one leg, while in the foreground is a pair—"sure such a pair was never seen"—the man on both knees, and the woman, whose hand he holds, looking very surly; and this is the representation of the ancient Greek dances, so very like to the *Polsk* and the *Halling*!

ocean, in a five-oared boat, and crossed the arm of the fiord in about an hour, to *Dalseidet*, where we were detained some little time for horses to take us to *Dahle*. On entering a little cottage at the last-named place, for the purpose of hiring a boat, we discovered that there had been a christening the preceding day, which was Sunday, and much feasting was going on in consequence of it. The table, which consisted simply of a clean deal board, well scoured and in high order, was spread with great quantities of flat-bröd, or oat-cakes, of enormous circumference, and as thin as wafers; fish, both dried and fresh, and huge bowls of cream, with eggs beaten up in it, together with other ingredients which I am unable to describe, formed a part of the repast, but I could not consider this as a very palatable porridge. I believe it goes by the name of *floote-groot*, and is frequently nothing more than rye or barley-meal boiled in cream. There were also two large bowls or basins filled with butter, heaped up, or raised in a sort of mound, considerably above the brim, and in the centre of each basin was stuck a tallow candle, as thus—



which had burned very low down towards the butter, imparting a portion of its liquid contents to the surface. This was the only occasion on which we found the tallow candle exhibited; but the basin of butter was a standing dish wherever we went, and the first that the good woman of the house usually placed on the table, as the symbol of welcome. We scarcely ever entered the cottage of a peasant, however humble, but the Norwegian housewife, like Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite, "brought forth butter in a lordly dish," generally, however, in the shape of a large wooden bowl.

The mother of the child was lying in her bed with the little infant by her side, which we were informed was just eight days old. She was a very pretty woman, but looked delicate. Although she could not have been more than twenty years of age, we were told that this was her third child. The father of the young woman's husband, who was himself present, was as fine a man as I ever beheld; and we had a specimen of his powers, for he accompanied us in the boat as one of the rowers. This poor man seemed greatly pleased at our going into his cottage, and insisted on treating us with a glass of spirits, in which we drank to the health of the mother and child. He asked particularly to what country we belonged, and, as I have invariably remarked to be the case here and elsewhere, notwithstanding what has been said to

the contrary, he appeared to be much pleased on being informed that we were Englishmen.

These poor people were possessed of two small silver cups, on which they appeared to set a great value; they were proud to display them, and gratified at our noticing them. We gave them a small token of our good will and satisfaction, shook hands, and took our departure.

We were more and more delighted as we proceeded, with the honest and simple-minded peasantry of Norway, and deeply regretted our inability to converse with them, except through an interpreter. Poorly as they appear to live, they are in no way depressed, but are active, sprightly, and have every appearance of being blessed with sound and healthy constitutions, gifted with much intelligence, and frequently disposed to be witty. We understood that, although they struggled hard for their independence, and at last submitted to the yoke of Sweden, on compulsion, they are much more happy than they were under the dominion of Denmark; less annoyed with petty demands upon them for certain services; less taxed, which always seems a great boon; the conscription is abolished; and the laws are more favourable to the liberty of the subject. Two points they were most anxious to obtain—the application of the surplus revenue to the wants and improvements of Norway,—and the abolition of the aristocracy*. The first, I believe, is yet in discus-

* No rank or title but what is conferred by office—none hereafter hereditary—no exclusive privileges.

sion; the latter they have eventually obtained, much against the wish of Sweden, where nobles are "as plenty as blackberries." The Norwegians hold in great veneration the memory of their ancient kings, and what they now wish for is a monarchical democracy—a king and the people, without the intervention of a third estate. The peasantry are said to be somewhat superstitious, as, indeed, all mountaineers are, more or less. They are not much given to roam; they are attached to their mountains, their rivers, and their fiords, which are made the burden of their songs. They have several national airs or hymns, in celebration of their heroes, their beauties, and their mountains, set to simple and melodious airs.

Whilst the men were putting the oars in the boat and preparing for our reception, we amused ourselves by *fathoming* the water close in shore. Every little pebble was so clearly seen, that we imagined the depth could not be more than three or four feet at the most; but it proved to be more than twelve feet. So great is the deception, that one can hardly believe one's own senses. The extraordinary clearness of the water of the fiords of Norway has been remarked by all travellers, and I believe has no parallel in any other country; but it has not, that I am aware, been satisfactorily accounted for by any: perhaps it may be owing to the combined effect of the purity and transparency of the water itself, the clear blue sky overhead, and

the clean white sandy bottom which prevails almost in all of them* ; and yet blue skies and sandy bot-

* “ Nothing can be more surprising,” says Sir A. de Capell Brooke, “ and beautiful than the singular clearness of the water of the Northern Seas. As we passed slowly over the surface, the bottom, which here was in general a white sand, was clearly visible, with its minutest objects, where the depth was from twenty to twenty-five fathoms. During the whole course of the tour I made, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary as the inmost recesses of the deep thus unveiled to the eye. The surface of the ocean was unruffled by the slightest breeze, and the gentle splashing of the oars scarcely disturbed it. Hanging over the gunwale of the boat, with wonder and delight I gazed on the slowly-moving scene below. Where the bottom was sandy, the different kinds of *asteriæ*, *echini*, and even the smallest shells, appeared at that great depth conspicuous to the eye; and the water seemed, in some measure, to have the effect of a magnifier, by enlarging the objects like a telescope, and bringing them seemingly nearer. Now creeping along, we saw, far beneath, the rugged sides of a mountain rising towards our boat, the base of which, perhaps, was hidden some miles in the great deep below. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us; and when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent, which on this side was suddenly perpendicular, and overlooking a watery gulf, as we pushed gently over the last point of it, it seemed almost as if we had thrown ourselves down this precipice, the illusion, from the crystal clearness of the deep, actually producing a sudden start. Now we came again to a plain, and passed slowly over the submarine forests and meadows, which appeared in the expanse below; inhabited, doubtless, by thousands of animals, to which they afford both food and shelter—animals unknown to man; and I could sometimes observe large fishes of singular shape gliding softly through the watery thickets, unconscious of what was moving above them. As we proceeded, the bottom became no longer visible; its fairy scenes gradually faded to the view, and were lost in the dark green depths of the ocean.”—*De Capell Brooke's Travels in Norway*, p. 195.

toms are not peculiar to Norway; besides, the open sea is equally transparent along the whole coast. How different is this in Switzerland, where all the waters are dirty, except about three miles of the Rhone, where it is purified in passing through the lake of Geneva. The reflection of the mountains is often as strongly and well defined in the water of the fiord as the rocks themselves; and when viewed at a short distance, it is no easy matter to decide whereabouts the line is that separates the water from the shore, and this uncertainty, when on the fiord in a boat, has a most singular effect: every thing appears topsy-turvy—houses upset, trees growing the wrong way, men walking on their heads, cattle on their backs. In short, the whole appearance wears a complete deception.

We left Dahle in a four-oared boat, and proceeded down the south-eastern arm of the fiord, which leads up close to Bergen. We had taken with us a bottle of spirits to serve out to the men, in order to keep them in good humour, and to make them pull the better. Although the corn-brandy is so plentiful and cheap, and great quantities are consumed, yet drunkenness is a vice not common among the Norwegians. On the contrary, it is a remarkable fact that the only man I have seen tipsy since I left England was one of our own countrymen, who was on board the steam-packet, on leaving the Tower Stairs,—and a Swede. The Norwegians are as little addicted to the use of the tobacco-leaf

as to spirits, except, like our seamen, in chewing it; and excepting also the gentry of the towns, who make no ceremony in smoking their pipes among ladies in their drawing-rooms. The peasantry, however, smoke but little, and I do not ever remember to have seen any of them taking snuff.

We saw nothing in the shape of game, either of birds or quadrupeds, while travelling on shore, but wild ducks and sea-gulls were numerous on the fiords, particularly so on this. In fact, the sea was nearly open to us in one part of this branch; and after a very rough passage of five hours, we landed, and proceeded to Bergen, which we did not reach till after ten o'clock at night, but it was still broad daylight. We were now got into so civilized a part of Norway as to see the people engaged in hay-making. When a patch of grass—for it would be absurd to call it a field—was cut down, it was hung up to dry on hurdles on the spot; and when it was sufficiently dry to be carried away, it was placed on small sledges. The quantities of this article appeared to be so small, that we had not yet discovered how they contrived to keep their horses and cows alive during the winter.

The first view of Bergen from the summit of a lofty hill which we ascended is striking and favourable; its situation is delightful, and the sun was just on the point of setting behind the high range of mountains which front the bay. But a grander object still presented itself by the setting rays

lighting up the immense glaciers on the *Folge-fonde* (5590 feet high), though at the distance of more than twenty miles to the south-east of Bergen, which we were told, if near to the mountain at such a time, the ice would present as beautiful and brilliant colours as those of the rainbow*.

We had just been seven days in performing the journey, which is about three hundred and thirty English miles; and throughout the whole of this distance almost every mile exhibited scenery of great picturesque beauty, or romantic grandeur, unequalled, perhaps, taking the same extent, in any part of the globe; but it was singular enough that in all this distance we neither met nor were overtaken by a single human being travelling to or from his home, except a party near Bergen going to church.

Hitherto I had been greatly pleased with the manners of the people, and felt that I could pass all the time I could command very happily in a country where there was so much simplicity, good nature, and friendship. The servant we had engaged, whose name was Jonas Smith, turned out all that we could wish him to be—an active, honest, and obliging man: he knew his place well,

* “Behind a splendid ridge, about twenty miles from Bergen, the glacier of Folge-fonde bursts upon the view. It was ascended by Professor Esmark, whom I visited at Christiania. He calculates that it is nearly forty miles in length and twenty in breadth, and that its summit is raised upwards of 5000 feet above the level of the sea.”—*Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe*, p. 139.

and never took any advantage of our familiarity with him, which we found was quite necessary, to keep both him and ourselves in good humour, while undergoing considerable inconvenience and privation of all comforts. Our carriages, too, stood the journey well; they were exceedingly well calculated for the country, and went over some very rough places without sustaining the slightest injury. Mine, besides, stood the test of being once upset, without injury to the vehicle or the driver.

CHAPTER II.

FROM BERGEN TO TRONYEM.

Bergen—Trade of, and Fisheries—Preparations for Departure—New route over Fiords and Mountains towards *Tronyem*—Departure from Bergen—Boats, Boatmen, and Passages across various Fiords—Sketch of a Mountain Cottage—Simplicity and Hospitality of the Peasantry—Scanty fare of—*Sneebraen*, or Glaciers—Domestic Economy of the Peasantry—A Wedding Party—Sea-gulls—Town of *Moldé*—Remarks on Boating on the Fiords—Character of the Boatmen—and of the Peasantry—Improvement of the Country—Remarks on the Fiords and their corresponding Ravines—Character of the Norwegians generally—Arrival at Tronyem.

THE little town of Bergen may vie in cleanliness with one of Holland. The houses are neatly constructed of wood; and, with the exception of two or three that are painted green, amongst which was our hotel, the rest are white, and look as if they had all just got a fresh coating, which, added to the roofs being covered with bright red tiles, gave them a singular and lively appearance. Their gables are towards the street. At most of the doors were standing small water-casks, which are filled daily for the supply of the family. These casks were also neatly painted, some red and some white. The house at which we took up our abode was called the "*Auberge de la Constitution*;" it

belonged to Mr. Gerdes, who speaks our language very tolerably. It is situated in the pleasantest part of the town, facing an open parade, where the soldiers occasionally exercise. We had an opportunity of seeing some of the mounted citizens going through their manœuvres. Their horses were in good condition, and they altogether made a far better appearance than any of the soldiers I had seen at Christiania.

The best street in Bergen is called the Strand-street. It is considerably larger than the rest, and there are a few substantially-built brick houses in it, which have been erected within the last two or three years to replace others destroyed by the fire which occurred in the spring of 1830, when many of the wooden buildings were burnt to the ground. It is frightful to think of such an occurrence as a fire in a town like Bergen, where the streets are all very narrow, and the houses entirely of wood, with the exception of those few I have alluded to in the Strand-street; it would be almost next to impossible to arrest its progress.

The chief export trade of Bergen consists of timber, tar, and fish salted or dried, such as salmon, cod-fish, ling, and herrings; haddocks, with various other kinds of fish for immediate use, are mostly caught in the vicinity. The dried and salted fish is sent to the Mediterranean in great quantities, and also to Hamburgh and Holland, from whence are brought back all kinds of garden-stuff

and fruit. Lobsters are caught among the rocky islands on the coast in immense numbers for the supply of the London market. The trade in timber, however, is very limited ; the great supply of this article being from Christiania, Drammen, and the other ports on the southern and south-western coasts. The building of ships at Bergen we were told had nearly ceased, and the only manufactories of any importance were the sugar-refineries and potteries ; yet the population was confidently stated at 20,000 souls. We were rather surprised not to see a single square-rigged vessel in the port, and only a few fishing-boats ; but Bergen does not depend on its own coasts and fiords for the fisheries that constitute the greatest portion of its trade, and contribute to its wealth. Every spring of the year, the towns of Bergen, Christiansand, and Moldé, are said to send upwards of three hundred fishing-vessels to *Vange* and *Lofodden*, close to the renowned Maalstrom, in about 68° latitude, to fish for torsk (or tosk) and cod. These vessels, added to about 3000 boats, furnished by the several provinces of the Norlands, supply a multitude of men engaged in this fishery, amounting, it is said, to not less than twenty thousand *.

The fish-market, which is held every Wednesday and Saturday, presents a curious scene ; the noise could not be exceeded by that which is said to pre-

* Von Buch's Travels in Norway, p. 182.

vail at our Billingsgate; the women's tongues were clattering on all sides and in all directions, each endeavouring to squall louder than her neighbour, and all talking at the same time, and pointing to the fish they were desirous of purchasing. One poor man, whose fish seemed to be more sought after than the others, would have been almost torn to pieces by these women, had not a railing stood between him and them, because he was unable to attend to all at once. I observed very fine mackerel sold at a *skilling* a head, which is at the rate of three for a penny; and a fine large turbot was offered for sale at eightpence. The inhabitants make use of little other animal food, during the summer months, than fish; butcher's meat being exceedingly scarce, and reserved for winter. We were able, however, to get some, for the first time since leaving Christiania, at our inn, where we found ourselves very comfortable in all respects during the time we remained at Bergen.

Previous to our arrival at this place we had made no settled plan as to our future proceedings, not having been able to gain much information that could be depended on at Christiania. Indeed, we were there given to understand that if we reached Bergen and back again within the month, to which we had limited our time in Norway, we should have accomplished a great feat. That feat, however, as far as Bergen, we had successfully performed in less than a fourth part of the time, and without accident

or injury to ourselves or to our little useful carriages. The first thought that struck us, after reaching Bergen, was to dispose of these vehicles and to return to Christiania across the *Hardanger Fi-eld* on foot or on horseback, but we were dissuaded by every one from undertaking so perilous a journey—assuring us that it would be next to madness to attempt it after the heavy falls of rain which had taken place, and which we should there find to be snow—in short, that it was impracticable to cross that chain of mountains at this season of the year.

Our thoughts were next turned towards Tronyem, which we were told might easily be accomplished, by returning along the road we had just come, almost as far as the point we had started from in turning off to Bergen. To this we both decidedly objected, not being desirous of encountering the dull and uninteresting fatigue of retracing our steps. We therefore resolved to undertake the journey to Tronyem by a route hitherto little frequented, and one indeed which might be said to be all but unexplored. It was described to lie across high and rocky promontories, islands, and fiords, whose ramifications run up close to the great central chain of mountains; and that by crossing in succession land and water, we should reach a town called *Moldé*, from whence, striking off by a beaten track, it would carry us to Tronyem: but the people here ridiculed the idea of our little carriages being able to convey us over such roads,

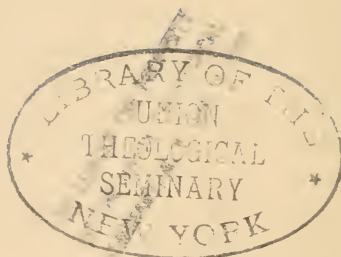
or want of roads, and across so many fiords, as we should have to encounter. We found, however, something like a route laid down in our little road-book, so that we were sure there was one of some sort or other, and that, if it came to the worst, we might make a present of our vehicles, and proceed either by boat, or on foot, or on horseback.

Having thus made up our minds, as preparatory to starting, we despatched our portmanteau in a vessel bound to England, retaining only those things of which we should actually be in need, and which we put into a large carpet-bag. As it afterwards proved, it was fortunate we did so, as the portmanteau would not only have encumbered us, but must have been knocked to pieces.

We had no opportunity, and not much desire, to form any acquaintance in Bergen, which might only have detained us longer than we could have wished. In the course of our stay, we one day followed a funeral procession to the church-yard, which is just outside the town. The coffin was conveyed direct to the grave, and lowered at once into it, without any service being read over the body; but the priest mumbled a few words, and having sprinkled a little white sand over the head of the coffin, walked away. A few children, who were stationed round the grave, immediately sang a hymn, making a great noise, but little music. No one was present who appeared to be in the least affected. The burial-ground here was not kept in



NORWEGIAN WATCHMEN.



such neat order as I have remarked in other parts of the country.

I must not take leave of Bergen without mentioning its comical-looking watchmen—comical, at least, to our present eyes—but certainly not very unlike what the miscalled ‘guardians of the night’ were in London a few years since. They are dressed in a suit of brown, and wear a hood over their heads, which hangs down upon the shoulders, and they carry with them the long pole with spikes which I have before mentioned as the weapon used by them at Christiania. The annexed sketch will serve to convey an idea of their personal appearance. They were mostly old men; and the only use they can be of to the city must be that of giving alarm in case of fire; to chant their song, the same I suppose as that heard in Christiania; and to frighten away the wolves and jackalls, which are said to stroll into the town at nights.

On Wednesday, the 17th of July, we left Bergen, on our route to Tronyem. We had been strongly advised by the British Consul, Mr. Greig, (to whom we felt ourselves much indebted,) to engage a boat to carry us and our carriages as far as *Leervig*, in order to save ourselves the fatigue of crossing a number of fiords which run deep into the land between that place and Bergen, as well as to avoid the intermediate rugged ridges, which were represented to be nearly, if not altogether, impassable. Disposed as we were to listen to this advice, the wind unfortunately blew strong from the north-

ward, with so little prospect of a change, that we were compelled to abandon this project, and to proceed at once *per mare, per terram* (which it literally was) on our direct journey, over hill and over fiord, towards Tronyem; but so undetermined were we, up to the moment of starting, that we had some thought of making a fair wind of it, and proceeding to the southward, towards *Stavanger*, where we learnt that the grand scenery in that quarter would amply repay us. We had reason to be glad, however, that we gave up this idea.

On leaving Bergen, we almost immediately had to ascend a very steep hill, from the summit of which there is a beautiful view of the town and its landlocked bay. We had not proceeded far beyond this before we began to experience the miserable roads which we had been led to expect. Having driven for some time over a rugged and barren mountainous track, very steep and rocky, which required great caution to preserve our little carriages from destruction, we arrived in safety at a place called *Rodland*, which is the first post-station. Here we were detained for a considerable time before we could procure horses, and in the meanwhile amused ourselves in looking over the *Livre des Etrangers*, or book in which travellers insert their names. It commenced in the year 1821; but there were scarcely any names entered in it, and not one of our own countrymen among the number. This led me to examine all the books carefully as we travelled onwards, and the result was, that not one Englishman appeared

to have been upon this route for very many years, if ever, as some of the books, afterwards met with, began with the year 1795, and the greatest number of names contained in any one of them did not exceed forty, that is to say, one stranger in the year. It is not probable that any English traveller would have omitted to write his name in *all* of these books, had any such performed this journey; I shall, therefore, at the risk of being thought tedious, note down every stage we stopped at, every rocky promontory we crossed, and every fiord we had to navigate. While the circumstance of being the first to traverse this part of Norway served to increase our delight, it also seemed strongly to confirm the report of the difficulties we were likely to encounter. Our journey hitherto had been over a public road, though to us it was private enough, for, as before mentioned, we had neither met nor been overtaken by a single human being in the course of a distance of more than 300 miles, excepting towards the close of the journey, by a party on their way to church.

The interior of the post-house afforded neither accommodation nor cleanliness; the furniture was scanty and mean. There were several books on a shelf over the door, which I had the curiosity to look at; they consisted of Bibles and psalters, and other religious works. The people were listless, dirty, and slovenly, both in their persons and their dress. The second stage was no better nor less rugged

than the first: if in places the line of our track (for it could not be called a road) was a degree smoother, it was hid under tufts of grass, nettles, and thistles, that were growing abundantly over its surface, and continually occasioned the horses to stumble. As we approached a place called *Horvig*, we came in sight of the first fiord which we had to cross, and which presented a very picturesque appearance. Huge and fantastic rocks of every possible shape, and some without shape, with their rugged summits pointing to the skies, and their bases descending abruptly into the clear water of the fiord, formed a fine contrast with the dark and dismal gloom in the farthest corner of the latter, over which the frowning mountain cast its deep shadow.

We hired a small boat to carry ourselves and our carriages across to the next post of *Isdaal*, but were obliged to take off the wheels, to allow their stowage in the boat, which otherwise could not have been done; and this was an operation we found it invariably necessary to go through on future occasions: but our servant soon got into the way of it; and with the assistance of the several boatmen we had to employ, and who were always ready to afford it, the delay was less than might be expected. When the wind was unfavourable, the carriages were placed one at the bow, and the other at the stern, with the shafts projecting out, by which arrangement the men were enabled to take their seats and use the oars, but we ourselves were

obliged, upon more occasions than one, to seat ourselves in the carriages. If the wind was fair, the carriages were generally placed across the gunwale of the boat, one on each side of the mast. These boats are all built alike; they are very sharp, and exactly the same at the bow and stern, and rise high out of the water, but they are broad in the beam, and are constructed with a very few planks. The passage across to *Isdaal* is short: the wind, however, being ahead and the water rough, an hour and a half elapsed before we landed. Having done so, we walked to the post-station, which is situated at a short distance from the water's edge, and the boatmen dragged the carriages up the rugged sides of the hills. Here we procured some excellent milk—an article which, with butter and cream, even here rarely failed us; but beyond these, and dried fish and oaten or rye cakes, the inmates had little to offer. It was not long before we succeeded in getting horses, and were on our route to *Næsse*, which is the next station. The post-house and an adjoining hut or two give the name to the spot. As the word “post-house” might perhaps convey an erroneous idea, and lead one to suppose that it might be a tolerably comfortable resting-place, it may be as well to mention, that it is generally nothing more than a wretched hovel built of rough logs of wood, very low, with a roof covered with sods or withered grass, and within full of filth and apparent wretchedness, the inhabitants being extremely

poor. The following sketch represents one of the best of them hitherto met with on this route.



The first part of the road to Nœsse we found to lie over a rough and barren surface, and between ridges of naked rock, similar to those near Bergen, being chiefly of that kind which is called gneiss, and which, with mica slate, appears to be the chief component of these projecting flanks, protruding from, and appearing to support, like so many buttresses, the great central chain of mountains. But towards the latter part of this land journey, as we approached the water again, the soil became comparatively rich and covered with verdure. Oats and potatoes were growing luxuriantly near the detached cottages, and the few inhabitants we saw were busily em-

ployed in getting in their small patches of hay. There was no want of grass : in many places it so completely covered the road as to be inconvenient to the horses ; but towards the end of the stage it had been mowed very close, and was so level that it would have made an excellent race-course. The ridges by the sides of the road were clothed with an immense quantity of blue bells and foxgloves in full flower, which, with a wild geranium and several herbaceous plants in flower, made an agreeable display of brilliant colours.

Our arrival at the village of Nøesse was announced by every dog in the place. First one gave the alarm, then another followed it up, and in less than a minute our carriages were completely beset by them, barking and howling most furiously as they alternately approached and retreated from the lash of the whip. On alighting, it was quite necessary to arm oneself with two or three large stones to keep the animals at bay, as they were very fierce, and would fight against the whip ; but having once received a blow from a stone, they generally kept at a more respectful distance, barking incessantly, however, till our departure. This mark of respect was paid to us at every spot we passed, where there were a few houses scattered about. The inhabitants were not so noisy as the dogs, but not less astonished at seeing us. Every soul flocked out to look at us—men, women, and children—and were just as inquisitive about us as

our transatlantic brethren are represented to be, more particularly as to our movements: "Where do they come from?"—"Where are they going?" (well might they ask,) and "To what country do they belong?" were questions invariably put to our servant; and as they had never seen any thing like our carriages before, they were as much the objects of curiosity as ourselves.

At Næsse we had again to embark; but the boatmen were busily employed in haymaking, in consequence of which we were detained a short time; and a further delay was occasioned by their making it a rule never to embark without first finishing a good meal. Each of them, however short the distance may be, think it right, no doubt on good grounds, to provide themselves with a box of victuals and a small keg of water or milk, but I have never known them to take ardent spirits. Some of these provision-boxes are large enough to contain a supply for a week's consumption, from which I conclude that cases may have occurred when they have been driven by a sudden mountain blast out to sea.

It was past ten o'clock when we embarked; the evening was beautifully calm, and

"The weary sun had made a golden set."

We had a most prosperous passage across, for in about an hour we stepped on shore, and found ourselves among rugged and barren rocks,

without the slightest sign of any living creature near us, and, for aught we knew,

“ Far from the track and bless'd abode of man.”

Indeed, on casting our eyes around, it was no difficult matter to fancy ourselves landed upon a desolate island. We now learnt from the boatmen that the nearest house was a long way off; and, anxious to seek repose, we accompanied one of them from the water-side, who had the kindness to say he would go and order horses to be sent down to take up the carriages. We had not proceeded far over a circuitous route, winding among rocks, before we lost sight of our boatman, who, being an active fellow, had, unperceived by us, taken to his heels, forgetting that he was acting in the double capacity of guide and förebud. We continued, however, to walk onwards, but saw no signs of life: all was still and dreary, and the brilliancy of the evening had now subsided into that sombre kind of twilight which, in these northern latitudes, lasts for two or three hours between the setting and the rising of the sun.

Fearing that we had missed our road, I climbed up some high rocks, and, to my great joy, discovered a very small spot that betrayed some faint signs of cultivation; here I had no doubt the post-house was stationed; and so it turned out to be, which saved us the annoyance of retracing our steps, as we must otherwise of necessity have done, or have lost ourselves in this dreary region.

At this station were three or four scattered cottages, so much alike that it was no easy matter to discover which was the post-house. Failing to gain admission at the first we assailed by knocking, we tried another, which happened to be the right one: the name of this place is *Hundven*. The dogs, as usual, barked; but they were all shut up. The woman who opened the door had been told by the boatman that some travellers were coming, so that our situation was luckily known, and we were saved the trouble of making a vain attempt to explain it. The windows in these houses were so small as to give but little light, and we groped our way through a room where the whole family were sleeping. As we passed into the apartment allotted to us, the good man of the house (for so I suppose him to have been) asked some question, but did not further disturb himself, leaving it entirely to his wife to "make us comfortable," which she was very willing to do, and gave us a speedy proof that she considered us as friends; for she left us for a moment only, and returned with a large basin of fresh milk, without waiting to be asked for any thing. This good woman first sipped, as a token of friendship and welcome, and then delivered it to us, telling us by signs to drink it all, and that we might have more; she then left us to ourselves. It was delightful to see so much hospitality and simplicity of manners, such readiness to do a kind act, coming, as we had done, unawares on a family

at an unusual hour, when the whole had retired to rest. This open-hearted and unostentatious benevolence made ample amends for the want of any thing like decent accommodation for the night.

Three recesses, filled up with hay or straw, occupied one whole side of the room; there was no bedding, and even if there had been, it would probably have added only to the filth of the place. We had no alternative but to wrap ourselves up in our cloaks and lie upon some benches which were fortunately there, as the floor had not been swept, apparently, for a long time, and was covered with dirt and sand.

As there was little danger of oversleeping ourselves, we were prepared to start at an early hour the following morning for the next stage, called *Lindaas*. The road was very similar to that of yesterday, sometimes strewed over with rocks, and sometimes choked up with grass and weeds. The heat of the long days, and the heavy dews of night, cause the grass and native annual plants to spring up with uncommon rapidity, wherever there is the slightest soil to allow their roots to fix themselves.

At Lindaas we again embarked for *Steenvaagen*, and, with a fair wind blowing fresh, landed on the opposite side in about an hour and a half. In a part of this passage we were exposed to the open sea. We had again to ascend the ridge of hills, on foot, two miles to the post station, and to order

horses to be sent down to the fiord for the carriages, as the road here was too steep and rugged to allow of the boatmen drawing them up. This, of course, always occasioned great delay, as the horses were generally out among the mountains at grass, and rarely at hand.

The poor peasantry, along our present route, appeared to be in worse circumstances as we proceeded. Nothing could well exceed the marks of poverty which were exhibited in the interior of the wretched hovel at this place. All the stations, indeed, we had hitherto passed in this route were miserable enough, but this was more divested of every thing like comfort than any which had before occurred. The whole family were partaking of their sorry meal whilst we remained. The poor old father had a house full of children, some of them grown up, and others mere infants; he was so pale and sickly, and so famished in his appearance, as to remind us of Shakespeare's apothecary—

“ meagre were his looks,
“ Sharp misery had worn him to the bone.”

There was a fixed melancholy in his countenance which seemed to be that of one whose hopes had been blighted; and he occasionally uttered an involuntary sigh, as if to say, that his life was of no more use to any one in this world. The younger male part of the family had a large bowl of oatmeal porridge to themselves, which they ate

with great avidity with their wooden spoons, much in the same manner as is usual with the Russian peasantry, filling them one after another in rapid but regular succession. The women were similarly occupied; and we remarked that every one of the party, after they had finished their meal, were seized with violent hiccups, probably attributable to their rapidity of eating. One of the women, who was seated from the rest, seemed to have charge of the younger children. She was busily employed in rocking one of them in a cradle, and in feeding two little girls as well as herself, and a large dog, who also shared with them. Not a word was spoken by any one of them during the whole meal. For ourselves, we were unable to procure any thing for breakfast but some sour milk and oatcakes of the most coarse description. This was one of the most sorry habitations we had entered; but we met with nothing in the very poorest hovels, that bore the slightest resemblance to the picture drawn by Sir A. De Capel Brooke, of "a capacious bedchamber at Breiden, at one of the wealthiest farmers not far from Christiania*."

* "On opening the door, a scene both curious and strange to my eyes presented itself. In five or six large beds, or rather wooden cribs, near twenty persons of both sexes, perfectly naked, were lying together in heaps; and the dark copper-coloured skins of some, contrasting with the whiteness of others, rendered the group still more extraordinary. To complete it, on the ground several large pigs were enjoying the sweets of repose, and responding with drowsy grunts to the snores of, I might almost say, their fellow swine. The singular practice, common to both sexes, of sleeping devoid of any covering, is very general in Norway."

The carriages having at last arrived, we proceeded towards the next fiord. The grass grew luxuriantly around the rocky fragments, and a few cattle and sheep were grazing among them. Here we embarked in a very small boat, with two men only, whereas we have hitherto had five. The wind was fair and the water smooth; but carrying one large square sail up and down the mast, we could not help considering it to be somewhat dangerous, particularly when so laden, and top-heavy, as it was with the carriages. In fact, we had a small puff of wind which, I confess, shook my confidence not a little, though the men, to do them justice, were, as they generally speaking always are, very careful.

In two hours we landed at *Nordgulena*, on a branch of the Sogné fiord, and drove across another ridge to *Ruthedal*, on the main trunk of the Sogné fiord, where we again embarked in a four-oared boat for *Leervig*, on the opposite side of the same fiord. Whilst waiting for the men, we took our dinner on shore, and were much annoyed by musquitoes, which were literally swarming about us. Our dinner consisted of a few biscuits, which we had been lucky enough to meet with at one of the stations, with some dried salmon and corn-brandy, the latter of which we deemed it prudent never to be without. The passage had occupied about two hours. At this spot the grandeur of the scenery had greatly improved: it was, in fact, magnificent. The granite rocks, as

we supposed them to be, were bold and of great height, and descended precipitously, indeed almost perpendicularly, into the fiord; but a sudden and heavy fall of rain prevented us from enjoying the view as much as we should otherwise have been delighted to do.

It was late in the evening when we landed at Leervig, where we found a very comfortable post-house, much superior to any we had met with on this side of the country, being well stocked with some curious old furniture, and having the appearance of a gentleman's residence. The house, externally, was painted white, and kept in neat and good order, both within and without. Every thing was clean and well arranged, and it was a great pleasure, after the hovels we had been in, to pass the night here.

We fared sufficiently well, and, among other things, were treated with some *Gammel Ost*, which is by no means common among the peasantry; the charge was a mere trifle for our night's lodging and entertainment. In addition to the post-house there are a few small cottages, which in these remote regions might be said to constitute a village.

Leaving Leervig at an early hour in the morning, we pursued our journey, which still carried us across broken and rugged mountains, but they now assumed a more imposing appearance. Their high rocky and jagged summits were denuded of all verdure, but their bases were clothed with clumps of

firs and birches, interspersed with swelling knolls of grass, on which larger herds of cattle were grazing than we had yet seen. Sheep and goats were rarely met with, but here there were a few of both climbing about the rocks, and even the cows and horses were seen perched on the edges of precipices that made us shudder to look at them. Our route now began to be exceedingly interesting, and the scenery to improve considerably. The roads, too, were pretty good, and even mile-posts were placed regularly along, which in all countries is a great satisfaction to the traveller. The names of the different people, who are held responsible for the good state of the roads, were also placed at certain distances, painted on wood, mentioning for how many yards each was considered accountable—the same as on the road from Christiania to Bergen. Another convenience was that of being able to procure horses the moment we reached the end of each stage, by sending on a förebud the preceding evening.

We had now to pass over some very high and steep mountains; but the fatigue was amply compensated by the road overlooking the most lovely little valleys or ravines, each having its quiet glassy fiord occupying the lowest bottom, and flanked by walls of rock; but the views were interrupted by the unfavourable state of the weather, and much rain fell. Towards the end of the second stage on this day, the rain ceased, but the mountains became enveloped in a thick mist, which, indeed,

had prevailed the whole day to a certain degree; in consequence of which the postmaster said it was in vain to attempt finding the horses, and we were therefore under the necessity, rather than be detained, of driving the same horses on to the next stage, which was a very heavy one, for the road now began to wind through mountain passes, blocked up nearly with fragments of rock, the sides rising almost perpendicular to an enormous height; yet, wherever a slope or ravine occurred, they were clothed with fir-trees to their very summit. The clouds were playing about these forests, and broke into a great variety of forms as they glided along the mountain sides. We crossed a small wooden bridge, the four corners of which were ornamented with posts having men's heads rudely carved upon the top, with caps upon them, meant, apparently, to represent soldiers.

The condition of the people for the last two or three stages had evidently improved, and appeared to continue to do so as we advanced on our journey. The houses formed a great contrast to the miserable hovels in which we had recently been. They were now carefully and strongly built, and the roofs, of a tolerable height, were supported by large rafters; light, also, was admitted through their sloping roofs, as well as through the windows in the sides. They were also neat and clean within. The roads were good, and the general aspect of the country pleasing.

We were surrounded by lofty mountains, some rugged and rude, but others covered with verdure, and numerous cottages scattered over their sides. These dwellings are rarely seen in deep valleys, where the sun stays not long enough to absorb the damp. They therefore perch their wooden dwellings on the very verge sometimes of a precipice.

The end of the stage brought us to *Trods*, where we had to embark upon one of the most beautiful fiords we had yet seen. The post-house at this place was tolerably comfortable: one of the rooms was fitted up with some very ancient-looking furniture, similar to that we saw at Leervig. The chairs were covered with richly-embossed leather, the backs very high, and the wood work curiously carved; some small pieces of plate, glass, and china-ware were exhibited in a corner cupboard: the floor was strewn with juniper leaves, and there was an air of neatness and comfort in the apartment of this solitary abode that was gratifying to behold. It was one of those freeholds which we understood had been transmitted through many generations of the same family. We procured some eggs, which were a great rarity to us, as poultry, from the scarcity of grain, is not often seen; our servant, who was a useful fellow on all occasions, made them into an excellent omelet; after which we were lucky enough to get ferried over in a very fine boat with four men, who pulled six oars, which is not uncommon.

A magnificent range of mountains is seen from Trods descending down to the margins of the fiord, the lower parts of them covered with verdure, of every variety of shade which Scotch firs, spruce firs, and birches, with intervening grassy glades, can afford. When these fiords are narrow, the picturesque beauty of the shores is increased by being more distinctly seen; whereas, when they are of great breadth, the objects on the sides of the distant mountains are lost, and little else than the blue outline remains to be admired. The sea-gulls that frequent these lakes and fiords in great numbers make a melancholy screeching noise—the only one that assails the ear—amidst a general silence broken only by the distant roaring of some waterfall or cascade, pouring its water through the dark forests which clothe the side of the mountain into the lake beneath, the sparkling stream occasionally bursting into view, and then suddenly losing itself in its circuitous course. The water of the fiord, being perfectly fresh, might have led us to suppose that we were on an inland lake, and not on an arm of the sea; but, as I have already observed, this is by no means conclusive; it was more-over evident that the sea had a communication with it at no great distance, from the quantities of seaweed, as well as muscles, which were adhering to the rocks close to the line of the surface water.

We landed at *Sveen* in a couple of hours. This spot is beautifully situated on the banks of the

fiord we had just crossed. The post-house was, like that at the last station, neat and comfortable. It was something quite new to us to see cushions to the chairs, and white muslin curtains to the windows, and it really appeared as if we had at last reached once more something like the abode of wealth and fashion. The landlord, too, was more than usually intelligent and communicative: he had not passed the whole of his life at Sveen, having once been a merchant at Bergen, and failed. He was a good-humoured sort of a man, and took a great liking to us in a short time: so much so, indeed, that he positively refused to be paid for our fare, and told us, if we would only spend a day or two with him, he would lend us his guns and fishing-tackle to amuse ourselves with. We were obliged, however, to refuse the invitation, and left on the table what we considered an ample remuneration for his hospitality.

As we had determined on reaching *Hafstadt* before we slept, we took an affectionate leave of our friend at ten o'clock at night, and drove about eighteen miles, at the end of which we reached Hafstad, when the day was again beginning to dawn, which was at one o'clock. It rained very heavily, and we were much drenched on our arrival. We slept at this place, and left early in the morning. The country continued to improve; the roads were excellent, cottages neat, and more numerous, and their inmates appeared to

be at their ease. They were all remarkably well clothed: the women covered their heads with hoods, which fell down over the shoulders in the form of a cape: the men wore good stout cloth jackets and trousers. We passed one or two pretty-looking houses, painted white, which were evidently the property of gentlemen in good circumstances. At the end of this stage we crossed a short ferry, and found our horses, which had been previously ordered, waiting our arrival on the opposite side. Two magnificent cascades, rolling into a small vand, particularly struck our attention as we drove along. The roads had now again become heavy, and the weather was very wet. We passed through a large forest of pines, the finest timber I have seen; some of the trees being very lofty, perfectly straight, and of a large circumference, might have served as mainmasts for line-of-battle ships.

Our next stage was *Vasenden*, where I was surprised to find in this sequestered spot that the post-master could speak a little, though very little, of our language. We embarked on another fiord, hemmed in by lofty mountains, the lower parts of which were well cultivated, and a number of houses scattered along their sides. The snow was lying in patches here and there near their summits.

We were nearly four hours on the water before we landed at *Skei*, where we were detained for horses, and could not help recollecting Dr. John-

son's description of the place with a name so similar, in the Hebrides :—

Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
Quam grata defesso virentem
Skia sinum nebulosa pandis.

The post-station, however, could not be said to be “grata defesso,” being but a miserable place. On leaving Skei, a complete change of scenery took place, and some of the grandest features that we had set eyes on since our arrival in Norway presented themselves to our view. A great mass of rounded mountains, whose summits were completely covered with snow, appeared on the right at the distance of eighteen or twenty miles; they are marked on the map as the *Snee Braen*, with heights varying in loose round numbers from six to seven thousand feet, from which I conclude their height had never been ascertained by actual ascent.

The road now began to wind through a deep and narrow ravine, completely shut up by mountains apparently of granite, of an enormous height, which rose literally perpendicular, the valley itself being choked up with huge blocks of stone, which had rolled down their sides. Some of these blocks could not have measured less than forty feet in height, and half of that in width. These detached rocks were mostly gneiss and mica slate, interspersed occasionally with granite and sandstone. Most of the flanks, or projecting buttresses, be-

tween the fiords, appeared to consist of gneiss. The clouds were now hanging over the sides of the gloomy range which seemed to terminate the valley, while the summit was clear or only partially enveloped. The sun, apparently struggling to burst forth, shed its faint rays upon the vapours beneath, and the white clouds contrasted well with the dark peaks and pinnacles which pierced through them. We had seen nothing yet to equal the sublimity and grandeur of the scene.

Arriving at *Forde*, we embarked on the *Breum Vand* for a place called *Beed*; the passage occupied about two hours. We had five men to row the boat, which, as well as the last we were in, was merely a row-boat, and carried no sails. *Beed* is prettily situated on the lake. The same snowy mountains, before mentioned, presented themselves to our view as we approached the village, from whence the glaciers of *Snee Braen* were distinctly visible. The range, when viewed from this place, appeared rugged and peaked, and may be considered as a part of the loftiest summit in the great cluster known by the name of *Langefi-eld*.

Being unable to procure horses, we were under the necessity of remaining the night at this spot. The post-house was a comfortless place, and there was a sad want of cleanliness about it in every thing. Taking our departure from *Beed* on the following morning (Sunday), we had a very lofty flank to ascend, and were soon in the midst of the clouds, so that we were prevented from seeing any

thing until we had reached the summit, which was clear; from hence, looking back, we had a fine view of the long line of the Langefi-eld mountains, particularly of the Snee Braen, with its snowy summit. On our descent, another lovely fiord, the *Indvig*, broke upon the view. We had hoped to have breakfasted at *Udvigen*, situated on the margin of that fiord, where we had again to embark, but here they had nothing whatever to offer us, which had also been the case at Beed. To this disappointment was added, that the horses which had been harnessed to the carriages were very bad, and quite unfit for any work.

We are not, however, to conclude that the peasantry, who could afford us nothing to eat, were in an absolute state of poverty. They all possess a considerable number of cattle, but keep few of them at hand; most of them, for two or three of the summer months, are driven into the valleys and ravines of the mountains, where there is abundance of good grass. Hither the younger part of the family resort; the females to manage the humble dairy, generally of four stone walls, thatched over, where they make butter and cheese for the winter's consumption. The brothers guard the cattle with their rifles, to protect them from the bears and the wolves. Mr. Elliott, in crossing the unfrequented route of the Hardangerfi-eld, gives an interesting account of three girls in a most desolate spot, far removed from all human kind. He describes them as pleasing specimens of human nature, their manners peculiarly interesting, having nothing of levity,

nothing of affectation. A miserable stone-built hovel, of one apartment, with a hole in the roof to admit light and air, "served for parlour and kitchen and all;" it was the dairy, where they manufactured their salt butter and cheese, and the chamber where they sat and slept.

On the return of the cattle from the mountains, they are generally in good condition, and towards the end of September, when the winter begins to draw near, the slaughtering season commences. "In Norway," says Jens Wolff, "where butchers' shops and a daily supply of fresh provisions are unknown, Michaelmas becomes a busy and important period; the preparation is great, and in large families exceeds all calculation. Oxen, sheep, calves, pigs, and porkers, are indiscriminately slaughtered; the pickling, preserving, potting, smoking, and sausage operations commence; ladies of rank intermix with their servants; all the females of the house are collected together, the whitest arms are bared, and soon become impregnated with salt; the ruddiest complexions turn pale with fatigue; and if a stranger should, on these occasions, enter the house, he would be at a loss whom to address as the mistress of it."* This description, of course, can only apply to opulent and extensive landholders. The common farmer is probably obliged to content himself with one or two oxen or cows, and as many pigs, to salt for winter provender.

* Sketches of a Tour through Norway and Sweden, by JENS WOLFF, Esq.

The expense of hiring boats, as well as horses, fortunately for us, is regulated by the post; twenty skillings per mile is paid to each man, and twenty-four skillings for the hire of an eight-oared boat, which we were sometimes lucky enough to meet with, though the four men never managed to pull more than six oars. For a ten-oared boat, or five men, the rate of payment is higher in proportion, and for a small four-oared boat, with two men, less.

On our arrival or departure from any place, all the village, where there was one, came out to stare at us, and the men stood with their hands in their breeches' pockets, immoveable,—“fixed like the monument on Fish-street Hill,”—and staring in amazement with all their eyes. But this is quite natural for persons, who, perhaps, not half a dozen times in their whole lives look upon a stranger.

A passage of two hours brought us to *Faleide*, on the opposite shore of the fiord, and here, as at the two last stages, we were unable to procure any breakfast, all they had to offer being sour milk, of which they themselves are fond, or, making a virtue of necessity, seem to be so. Having sent on our förebud the night before, we found horses waiting. The road was carried over a very steep hill, strewed with fragments of rock and loose pebbles. The horses were not shod, and this I have remarked to be common on this side of the mountains. Throughout the country these animals are fed upon nothing but such grass as they can find, and which in summer they can procure plentifully for them-

selves in the mountains: how they subsist in the winter it is difficult to say, as the quantity of hay is so small, and kept generally for the cows; but we were told of various ingredients being mixed up together, such as the small branches and shoots of birch trees and firs, cut small, which, with salted cod, ling, whiting, and other fish, are made into a mess, of which all kinds of cattle are very fond; indeed, on the sea-coast, fish is a main ingredient in the food of horned cattle. The Norway horses are hardy, and capable of going through a great deal of work, notwithstanding their scanty fare. On being taken out of harness after a long stage, they often throw themselves down, and roll about on the ground among the dust, if they can find any, and even in the snow. It is a common practice to give them a handful of salt on returning home from a stage, for which the attendants assigned three reasons: the first was, that they like it; the second, that it refreshes them; and the third, that it gives them an appetite when turned loose to graze. *

Pursuing our route, we came to another forest of firs and birch, through which we had to pass.

* The hardness of the Norwegian horse is proverbial; his food in the depth of winter is hay, chopped straw, with a few beans, and occasionally a slice of black bread from the hand of his master; a currycomb never touches his coat, which is long and shaggy; he lies down on the bare boards in his stable, and is turned out without the least preparation; when unharnessed, after a run of ten or twelve miles, he rolls in the snow to refresh himself, and seems but little fatigued by the distance he may have gone.—*Sketches of a Tour through Norway and Sweden*, p. 13.

Several sheds were erected along the road, in which the wood-cutters were fashioning the timber after it had been felled. Some of it was already sawn into planks, at the mills, which were at some distance, near the fall of a river into the fiord, which generally happens at the upper end of each branch of those great inlets of the sea where it meets the base of the mountains. These are the romantic spots which a traveller who has time, and the summer before him, would find the highest gratification in visiting. Our tour led us nearer to the sea-coast than to the base of the great chain.

We had to embark for the tenth time since leaving Bergen, for *Grodaas*, where we landed in about an hour. The water was rough, the wind blowing fresh a-head. We found horses waiting for us. The scenery continues of the same wild character; it is equal to any I ever saw in beauty and grandeur. The mountain-roads were good, and so were the horses, and we made the best of our way to *Hellesvit*, where we had to embark again on a branch of the *Stor* fiord. Close to this spot there is a magnificent cascade, which bounds down into the fiord over several ledges of rock. Most of the bridges we have crossed are built of wood, but there are also many with stone piers of rude construction, with planks from pier to pier. These are composed of large stones, loosely placed one upon another, without any cement whatever; and when they do not fit closely,

the interstices are filled up with small stones and pebbles.

The crowd of people in the village of Hellesvit was greater than any I had hitherto seen; they had evidently been drinking, and I was a little fearful that we might have had some disturbance, on account of a Swede who had arrived a few days previous in a thread-bare coat, and in the character of a pedestrian. He was uncommonly tipsy, and insisted upon *boring* us with his conversation, although our servant repeatedly told him that we did not understand one word of what he was saying. I saw, however, that his object was to get a passage in our boat; but as he was in such a state, we were determined not to take him, particularly as he seemed to be an insolent, quarrelsome person. Finding that he failed in his endeavours, he gave way to abuse, but it was fortunately thrown away. I could not help thinking, in the event of a disturbance, where it might end; there were no authorities in the place (save the priest), and one man seemed as good as another. Matters, however, turned out very differently, and we were soon acknowledged as friends by the villagers, owing to the kind interference of the priest, or pastor, who came up and attempted to address us in French, but could make little of it. He then spoke to our servant, who informed us who he was, of which we were ignorant, and that he wished to invite us to his house; that there had been a wedding that

morning, and he thought it might be agreeable to us to pay a visit to the bride. We of course were delighted, and in proceeding thither the whole village followed us, and *sans cérémonie*, as many as could, walked into the parsonage, which was filled in a moment. The good pastor cordially shook hands with us, and received us with great civility. The bride was not in the room when we entered, but was brought in for the purpose of dancing before us. She was decked out in gaudy apparel, and looked very like a gingerbread queen. Her upper dress was gaily embroidered with tinsel, and she wore what appeared to be meant for a silver crown upon her head, to which were attached various gold or gilt ornaments; and beneath it hung her long hair in flowing ringlets, which "streamed like a meteor" over her neck and shoulders, not ungracefully, as she danced; but she appeared, not unnaturally, to be somewhat abashed at making such an exhibition on such an occasion, in the presence of strangers. A good humoured old man, who afterwards turned out to be the vestry clerk, was her first partner; her next was a female, and they danced very gracefully together; but her third partner was by far the best dancer I had seen among the Norwegians: he was a good-looking young man, uncommonly active, and danced with great good taste: he was very pressing that I should also dance with the bride, but, unfortunately, waltzing is an accomplishment which I cannot boast. I concluded this young man to be

the husband, but we were afterwards introduced to another who sustained that character, and who presented each of us with a dram of strong spirits in a little silver cup, out of which we were to drink to the health of the bride. We were pleased with the decorum with which the assembly conducted themselves; on leaving the company for our embarkation, we shook hands with the bride and bridegroom, the priest, and the vestry clerk, and I think with the fiddler also, who was the next in rank and importance; and my friend gave the bride a few English needles, with which they all seemed much pleased.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before we stepped into the boat, and we had a long passage to make; the wind was a-head, and blowing fresh, and the water sufficiently rough to have made a person ill who had not been used to the sea. A heavy dew fell, and the night was bitter cold. Soon after eleven o'clock it became dusk, but at one o'clock the day began to break. We occasionally disturbed an immense number of sea-gulls which were roosting on the rocks; they rose in clouds, and flew wildly about, making a melancholy screeching, not being accustomed to have their rest broken in upon at such an unseasonable hour. They lay their eggs on the small uninhabited islands of the fiords, which are collected in great quantities by the fishermen.*

* To the northward of Tronyem, we are told, the Egg Islands, called *Für*, are ver valuable possessions. "When the possessors

The length of the passage was nearly doubled by our being obliged to creep close in by the rocks the whole way. At last, to our great delight, we landed at a spot called *Slyngstad*, about three o'clock in the morning. This place is situated on the margin of the Stor fiord. The postmaster was a young man, who had recently settled there with his wife and child; they did not seem to care the least about our disturbing them, but received us with much attention, and made immediate preparations for our accommodation. In about an hour they told us our apartment was ready, but we discovered that there was only one bed in it. We therefore resorted to "*tossing up*" for it, which is the only fair way under such circumstances, and I had the misfortune to lose; so I wrapped my cloak round me, and threw myself down on the floor, which was in truth *very hard*, after passing the night on the fiord.

The following morning our host provided some coffee and eggs for breakfast, which set us all to rights again. The landlord told us he had never

of the *Vär* come in quest of the eggs, the bird knows them, and remains quiet, for he knows from experience the superfluous eggs only are taken away, and that one is always left in the nest. But foreign vessels and strangers frequently fall upon the *Vär*, and rob the place of the whole of the eggs, when all the flock, to the number of many thousands, rise at once, and fill the air with the most frightful and lamentable cries. If this robbery is repeated, they lose all patience, and leave in a body the ungrateful *Vär* for another, whose situation seems to promise them better protection and quiet."—*Von Buch's Travels in Norway*, p. 130.

before entertained any travellers, and was quite at a loss to know what to charge, so that it was left to us to give him what we considered a proper remuneration.

We embarked again on the following morning (the 22nd), on the same branch of the fiord, with a wind blowing strong against us, and the water much ruffled, but in the course of an hour or two the wind lulled, and it became smooth; the water was quite salt, and indeed at one point the fiord was open and near to the North Sea. Here we observed the mode of catching fish in general use on all the fiords. A platform or jetty of some length is run out into the fiord at a height of probably fifteen or twenty feet above the surface, at the end of which a man is stationed, who, as he sees occasion, drags up the net, which has been set at about ten or twelve yards from the scaffold. The extraordinary clearness of the water shows him when any fish are within the net, and the same cause may have given rise to this mode being adopted, in order to prevent the fish from seeing their danger.

As we approached *Soeholt*, where we landed after five hours' rowing, the water became quite smooth, and was of the most beautiful blue colour. The scenery now underwent a change: the mountains were fast softening down into hills, and assumed the shape of cones covered with verdure; but immediately beyond them were seen a lofty

range, with snow lying in detached spots about their summits. The men in our boat pulled well; they were as sturdy a race as one could wish to see. The immediate approach to Soeholt is beautifully picturesque. At a short distance from the village there is a well-built wooden church, which forms a pleasing object; it is painted white, as is usual, and the roof is neatly tiled, and from its centre rises a small steeple. The churches are, generally speaking, very humble edifices, and the wood is payed over with some composition, not unlike tar, to preserve it from the weather, and three or four little windows admit light into the body of the church.

Close to the water's edge at Soeholt is a long line of boat-houses; and a great number of boats, as well as fishing-nets, are kept there; certain indications of this being a considerable fishing spot. The post station here was more clean and comfortable than we had lately found them. We were received in a very friendly manner by the landlord, who shook hands with us on entering his house, as a signal of welcome; his wife was a fine, handsome woman, and waited on us at table with much kindness and attention. On the commencement of our journeying in Norway, the custom of females attending their guests was any thing but agreeable, particularly where the lady appeared to be of a superior cast; but we soon got reconciled to it, and the more readily as they seemed to take a pleasure in

performing this office, and evidently did not consider it any trouble, still less a degradation.

On a large open piece of ground close to this village, I was surprised to see some soldiers at exercise; they were men belonging to the village, who were compelled to exercise *two days* in the twelvemonth, as a sort of local militia; they marched uncommonly well, which was the more remarkable considering the little practice they could have had. Every male, on acquiring the age of sixteen, we understood, was obliged to enrol his name in the militia, and was liable to be called out one month in summer; but this practice is said to be discontinued.

Having procured horses, we proceeded to *Remmen*, where we had to embark for *Moldé*: our horses were unshod, which has frequently been the case since leaving Bergen: the road was excellent, and the surrounding country wild. At Remmen there is a neat post-station where the traveller might rest comfortably, but this was not our object. This place appears, by the last mile-stone we passed, to be thirty-three miles and a half from Bergen, or $234\frac{1}{2}$ English miles, and it is reckoned to be one mile and a half ($10\frac{1}{2}$ English) across the Moldé fiord to the town, which is seen distinctly from hence.

The distant mountain-peaks, and pinnacles to the south-eastward, were observed to rise out of a mass of snow, but the hills at the foot of which the town of Moldé is situated, facing a wide expanse of

waters, bear some little resemblance to that part of the Isle of Wight which faces Portsmouth; the town appears not unlike Ryde, and the shore is quite as beautiful. At seven in the evening, we embarked in a good-sized boat, with six fine young fellows to row us: it was a lovely evening, and the water as smooth as a sheet of glass; our course lay straight across. After being so completely shut up among the mountains of Norway, whether on the land, or on the fiords, it was quite a relief to the eye to look around from the boat, as we crossed the broad sheet of water, and enjoy the extensive and varied panorama which was laid open to our view; the sensation was something similar to that of gaining admission to the open air, after being confined in a close spot; for hitherto valley had succeeded valley, ridge of rock was followed by similar ridges, and fiord by fiord, and the whole shut in by the impenetrable barriers of mountains; nor did we get rid of these gigantic masses altogether here; but they were seen at a great distance rising above each other, in every direction, far as the eye could trace around, all varying in their forms,—some being so peaked and rugged as to resemble those huge icebergs we have read of in the Polar sea; and the more so, from being not only capped with snow, but the chasms in their sides filled with it, and forming what are called glaciers. Some of the peaks were enveloped in white clouds, which hung over them apparently motionless.

The sun setting behind the north-western mountains threw its last glimmer around, tinging the rugged and pinnacled summits, blackened by time and the weather, which we were leaving behind us, and forming a great contrast to the sombre appearance of those sides of the mountains and deep ravines that were screened from its parting rays; which, still visible through a slight opening to the sea, in the distance, added to the general effect of the picture, seen as they were flickering along the surface of the water.

In crossing, we passed an immense flock of wild ducks, which did not take wing until we came close upon them. The sea-gulls were also very numerous. It was amusing to watch them catching the shoals of young fish as they approached near the surface. At last we reached the entrance of a small bay, to which a narrow passage led between some small rocky islands. The bottom here was visible at a very great depth, being of white sand, and the water as clear as crystal, without even a ripple upon its surface. Moldé, when seen from the opposite side, had the appearance of a considerable town, but as we neared the shore, its dimensions were contracted to those of a moderate-sized village. Our boatmen pulled admirably, so that we made the passage in about two hours. Hitherto I had generally stepped *out* of the boat with far more pleasure than I stepped *in*; but somehow or other, it was with feelings of considerable regret that I here set my foot on shore,

under the impression that we had now passed the last of these delightful fiords; and on casting my eyes around to take a long and lingering look of the last of those enchanting scenes we had witnessed, and which, in all human probability, it would never be my lot a second time to behold, I confess I felt something like a melancholy sensation. I believe such deep and numerous inlets of the sea, as those we have crossed, are not to be met with in any other part of the world, accompanied with such romantic wildness and beauty, so well calculated to attract the admiration and rivet the attention of the traveller.

Moldé, though a small town, contains several large houses, and is a place of some importance. The streets were kept in good order, the houses neat, and mostly painted white; but by way of finery, others might be seen

“Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;”

mostly in separate, but sometimes in the same building. We succeeded in getting good beds at the post-house, but we soon saw that we were by no means considered in the light of welcome visitors; in fact, we discovered that we were the first travellers who had ever applied to the good people for a night's lodging; and on this account they seemed rather unwilling to receive us at first, and could not be prevailed upon to make any arrangement (which they might easily have done) to accommodate our servant, who

for a long time was unable to find any place in the town where he could get a night's rest. Our passports were *viséd* at this place, being looked at for the first time: on producing them to the landlord or postmaster—he observed we were described therein as *Gentilhommes Anglois*, and treated us more courteously; but we had no fault to find with him individually, from the first; it was his lady who was the disobliging person, (and to the credit of Norwegian ladies be it spoken, she was the *only one of that character we met with*.) She appeared to think she was conferring a great favour by allowing us to remain there. But the poor lady had perhaps seen better days; and, supposing it to be so, we were inclined to pity rather than to blame. The husband was a fine, handsome-looking man, and an officer in the army; he wore a neat uniform, and a ferocious pair of mustachios, which were every now and then enveloped in the clouds of tobacco which rose from his pipe. To make amends for the wife's incivility, we had here the first really good breakfast since we left Bergen: the coffee was excellent, and we were treated with white bread, which was the only white bread we had met with in Norway, excepting at Christiania and Bergen.

Leaving Moldé the following morning, we found the road to run along the side of the *Fanné* fiord to a considerable distance, the scenery very different from that we had lately been accustomed to, but yet pretty; we were in fact now running

upon level ground. The road was kept in excellent order, and the horses being good, we drove on at a great rate, having a tolerably well-cultivated country in view, and there were plenty of cattle grazing on the hills. Having sent on a förebud the preceding night, we found horses waiting our arrival at the different post-stations. Fields of oats, rye and barley continued to be seen throughout this day's journey. At the fourth stage from Moldé, the face of the country began once more to assume its former grandeur; the road became rugged, and a fine range of mountains rose on our right. We soon arrived at a spot called *Heggem*; from hence to *Ungvigen* the scenery was romantic and beautiful: towards the close of this last stage, to our great delight, the *Tingvol* fiord, with its surrounding mountains, broke upon our view, and we soon had to embark upon it for *Bækken*, where, in about an hour, we landed, and were detained some time for horses. We observed here, and indeed at every village on the road, after leaving Moldé, great quantities of fur clothing, placed in the open air, for the purpose I suppose of preserving it from the moths. There was nothing remarkable in the wooden habitations, except their lofty chimneys, which are composed merely of loose stones, without cement or mortar, appearing as if they would fall to the ground, or through the roofs of the cottages, with the first puff of wind that assailed them. From Bøeken we drove a very short distance be-

fore we reached another fiord, equally beautiful as the last, named *Hall's fiord*, upon which we embarked at six o'clock in the evening. Our boat was very small, the wind was fair, and there was plenty of it; indeed rather too much, for the boatmen, finding the boat was unsteady in consequence of the carriages, steered to the nearest small island, where they took in some large stones to place at the bottom as ballast: this brought her gunwale so very close to the water's edge as to be nearly even with it; and as the wind was high and the water rough, it struck me (as a *landsman*) that it was not at all improbable we should be swamped: in a short time, however, after our departure, it came on to rain very heavily, and the wind dropped considerably, upon which the stones were thrown overboard.

At ten o'clock, we landed at *Surendalsoren*, situated at the end of a small branch of the Hall's fiord; and here I landed with a different feeling from that when we fancied we had taken leave altogether of the fiords at Moldé. They were, in fact, in this part of Norway, tame in comparison with those we had passed, and were now become so tedious, that I was not sorry to think we had in reality made the last passage across the Norwegian fiords.

The boating is certainly attended with considerable hazard, as the wind rushes suddenly down the mountains, and might upset a frail boat in an in-

stant, particularly such small ones as are sometimes used by the Norwegians on their fiords; but I must do the boatmen the justice to say, that they were, in general, exceedingly cautious, and watched the wind with great care; and when the fiord was tolerably broad, they could always see the breeze coming, by the rippling it made along the surface of the water, and prepared accordingly. The man who steered mostly held the sheet in his hands, so that the danger of accident was less, as he could always let it fly in a moment: some, however, did not take this necessary precaution, but fastened it, and whenever they did so, I invariably held in my hand a sharp knife to cut the sheet, knowing there was no time to be lost if a sudden squall of wind once caught the sail.

This last was the fifteenth fiord upon which we had embarked since leaving Bergen, and had crossed fourteen rugged and rocky interjacent flanks of the great chain, which required that the operation of taking or putting on the wheels of the carriages should be performed thirty different times: this, of course, occasioned considerable delay and trouble on our journey, and sometimes put our patience to the test. We were, however, highly satisfied with this unusual route, though attended with hard fare and much fatigue; but to have seen those lovely lakes and stupendous mountain precipices, and to have witnessed the conduct of the honest boatmen, of whom we had had not fewer than sixty, are worth

any sacrifice of this kind. They were a fine sample of the human animal,—active, powerful, and robust; never did I witness so much good nature, such constant cheerfulness, such willingness to oblige, and such perfect contentment as they invariably exhibited. I would have given any thing to be able to talk to them, but, that not being feasible, I was obliged to content myself with the pleasure of seeing them laugh and talk with one another, which they did, with great good humour, the greater part of the way they had to row us; and whenever they happened to see any person on the shore at work, who was within hail, they would always exchange a few friendly words, although they had probably never seen each other before.

We always took care to have a small bottle of corn-brandy with us in the boat, to serve out to these people; and they were all evidently much pleased at this little mark of attention, and expressed their thanks, one after another, as our servant filled them a small glass, in the usual way, by a hearty shake of the hand. On paying their fare, we also made it a rule to give them a small trifle beyond what was their actual due, for which they also expressed their gratitude by the observance of the same ceremony. Their address was invariably firm, manly, and open; their manners simple and pleasing; and they appeared to know no guile. Indeed, this character may be applied to the greater part of the peasantry of Norway, and more especially to those little knots of some twenty or thirty persons who

cluster round the post-houses, as they are called, by the sides of the fiords, secluded from all the world besides, and forming a little world of themselves. Of these simple people may be truly said what the poet has applied to their neighbours of Lapland,—

“They ask no more than simple Nature gives:
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires—no pride-created wants
Disturb the peaceful current of their lives.”

It often struck me, that these single-minded people are very much like what the peasantry of England might have been in former days, before manufactures and large farms had destroyed all semblance of agricultural equality by reducing the small farmers and peasantry—

————— “ere England’s griefs began,
And every rood of ground maintained its man.”

The simple arts that administer to the wants of the Norwegians have made but little progress towards what is called refinement, and the improvements in agriculture equally little.

As we approached Surendalsoren, I remarked a fox which had descended the mountains to the water’s edge; and, singular enough, this was the only wild quadruped of any description we met with in Norway: but, in the winter, we were assured, the traveller is not so secure, and that wolves and foxes, and other destructive vermin, are plentiful and troublesome enough. The wolves are said

to prowl about in troops of dozens together, while ice and snow remain on the ground.*

The post station being situated at some little distance from the shore, we got the boatmen to drag up the carriages, which they did with great willingness. We fared but badly as to food; but, what was of more importance, we enjoyed the luxury of clean beds. The following morning we proceeded on our journey. The roads were good, as well as the horses: generally, indeed, these animals are perfectly safe; not one of them, out of the great number I have driven, had any appearance of having been down. On asking the price of one which I had driven, and had just been purchased, I was informed it had cost about two pounds. Another had been purchased for six pounds, which I should have been glad to have got in England for fifteen or twenty.

The surface of the country now became more tame:—the mountains were not so lofty as we had been accustomed to see them; the ground, in parts, was well cultivated; crops of potatoes, as well as

* "A journey, in winter, down the great Norwegian lakes, would be attended with infinite pleasure, if it were not for the wolves, which are extremely dangerous in the early twilights of winter. They avoid everything which hangs over their heads, and therefore flee the woods: this is singular enough, but not the less true: many of the peasants can defend their possessions in no other way from the wolves than by a hedge enclosure, through which the wolf may creep, but over which he cannot spring. He will go round the hedge before he will creep through it."—*Von Buch's Travels*, p. 84.

quantities of oats, were growing luxuriantly, and hops not less so—the quality said to be good—but the beer made with them is execrable—at least that which we tasted.

Our next stage lay through an extensive valley, the greater part of which was also well cultivated. A rapid stream of water flows through it. The boats upon this stream are well calculated for the purpose, and show some ingenuity in their construction. The stern is perfectly square and flat, so that the current would carry them down, if the head was kept straight, without any assistance: the bow of the boat is sharp. The houses in the villages were now much improved in appearance: they were better finished in every respect than what we had hitherto seen, but still of wood. The mile-stones were quite ornamental: they were also of wood, painted to resemble marble, with bright, gilt letters inscribed on them. The half-mile stones are marked in a similar manner.

We had to cross a bridge, before which was a gate, the opening and shutting of which were simple and ingenious. A string led from the gate to the upper part of a small birch tree. When the gate opened, the birch, being very pliant, bent with it; but when it was let go, the birch-tree righted itself, and, of course, drew the gate after it.

We were unfortunate in the weather to-day: much rain fell: indeed, since leaving Bergen, we have had a fair share of it: the inhabitants say that it

is always so at this season. The mornings are generally fine, and the rain begins to fall soon after mid-day; but in the evening it clears up again. The scenery has now assumed a softer character; the mountains are dwindled into hills, whose sides slope gently, and are completely covered with verdure; and grain of different kinds is growing more abundantly than in any other part of Norway we have yet seen. The peasantry have the appearance of being more comfortable, better clothed, and better fed, quiet, and well-behaved people. It is surprising, indeed, and speaks much in their favour, that there is so little drunkenness amongst these simple people, and the more so when one reflects on the excessive cheapness of this corn-spirit. A quart bottle of the very best that could be bought at Christiania, or in the other towns, costs only eighteen skillings, or about six-pence English money; but the common price is twelve skillings, which is four-pence.

Changing horses at *Kalstad*, and proceeding to *Gundal*, the face of the country is still very beautiful. *Kalstad* is situated in one of the most lovely valleys we have seen, and the village was clean and neat. It consisted chiefly of a row of very neat houses, painted deep red, with white window frames; and they were two stories high. The approach to it was over a stout wooden bridge, also painted red. A few nights since, the weather had been so severe as completely to destroy several fine crops of

potatoes which we passed on the road, which would prove a severe loss to the inhabitants.

We arrived at *Gumdal* late in the evening; and, not having sent on a förebud, passed the night there. Not far from this station, there is a copper-mine in work, but we had not time to visit it. The post-house was clean and comfortable, and what we got to eat was good: it consisted of eggs, dried salmon, and coffee, the latter of which was excellent. After being nearly smothered to death between two eider-down beds, we started early the next morning for *Tronyem*.

A road comes into Moldé from the great road between Christiania and Tronyem. This was apparent from the travellers' books containing many more names; but still I could not trace one of our own countrymen among them.

The horse which was harnessed in my carriage on leaving Gumdal, was one of the best I have driven. At first, I was unable to hold him in, and he ran with his nose close up to the man who was seated at the back of the other carriage; and in going down hill I was fearful of an accident; but finding my arms beginning to tire, I drove on in front, determined to let him go as fast as he pleased; and I certainly never saw a horse trot so quick, without breaking into a canter. I was very soon far before the others. On alighting, I was informed that I had driven the fastest horse in that part of the country, and that he was acknowledged

to be so. The Norwegians pride themselves upon their horses being able to trot fast ; and some are said to trot as much as sixteen miles in the hour !

In the post-house at *Fandrem*, on the *Orkel Elv*, where we changed, there were several curious old leather chairs, beautifully worked with gold, on a blue ground, which, when new, must have been very handsome. They were high-backed, similar to others I have remarked elsewhere. This kind of furniture seems very common, and, no doubt, descends as an heir-loom in the family.

The sudden changes in the scenery are very remarkable : for many miles we had been driving over a quiet, well-cultivated country ; but on leaving this last place, we ascended some steep hills, from the summits of which the views were extensive ; the surrounding scenery became wild, and forests of firs numerous, with cultivated patches among them ; this kind of country lasted for a considerable distance, but changed again at *Hammer*, on leaving which we crossed the *Guul Elv*, in a ferry-boat. Changing horses at *Skiefstad*, we were now upon our last stage to Tronyem.

The whole coast of Norway, from Christiania to the North Cape, is deeply indented with these noble inlets, some of them running to the distance of 50 or 60, or even 80 to 100 miles inland : they are generally separated from each other by mountainous ridges, the flanks or buttresses of the great central chain that permeates Norway from north

to south. It is impossible not to regard those fiords as having been scooped out from the more solid parts of the continent by some tremendous rush of waters, which carried away the looser materials—in all human probability, by that deluge, which we are told, on sacred authority, once overwhelmed the whole earth—that rush of waters from the north, which is supposed to have swept away those large boulders of gneiss and granite, similar to those traced by Professor Buckland, even as far as the plains of Livonia and Esthonia, where they lie imbedded in deep sand, and some of which are also found in Norfolk, distant, in both situations, many hundred miles from the nearest primitive and parent mountains. The rocks and islands in the fiords, and along the coast of Norway, are innumerable, and have all the appearance of being once united to the main land—*fast land*, as the natives significantly call it*.

If Mr. Buckland could devote a couple of the summer months to trace the numerous arms of these fiords to their extreme points, where they meet and receive (as by the Swedish map they all do) the streams of their respective ravines, many of them terminating in a grand cascade or waterfall,

* “The term *fast land* may almost seem to have originated in the convulsions which in former ages must have torn in pieces the whole of Norway, striking off, perhaps at a blow, the thousands of islands from the main land, shivering the latter, and dividing it by inlets of the sea, in such a manner, as to render it difficult almost to tell what is or is not continent.”—*Travels through Norway, &c.* by A. de Capell Brooke, p. 278.



FASHIONABLE PEASANTS.

the ravine being cut abruptly off—he would find his theory of a sweeping torrent and his distant boulders greatly corroborated, by the riven and disrupted mountains, the scooped-out ravines and fiords, and the thousand rocks and islets that beset the coast of Norway.

The peasantry throughout the country generally wear red caps; their dresses vary considerably. In some parts short breeches with large knee-buckles are the fashion, in others loose trowsers. Near Tronyem they seem to have but little taste in the cut of their clothes; some of them have the skirts of their coats made of prodigious length, hanging close to the heels, and coming nearly to a point at the bottom; the buttons, particularly at the waist, are about the size of a half-crown piece, or larger, if it suits their fancy. Others again, as if from a spirit of opposition, wear jackets so short as to terminate a little under the arms: these look more ridiculous, if possible, than the long coats, as it gives them the appearance of long-backed, overgrown boys, out of all proportion, and yet many of them were well-made men. They all wear their hair hanging slovenly about the collars of their coat. Some few had hats, such as they were. A petticoat, and a jacket, bound with a sash round the waist, and a coloured handkerchief tied round the head, with the ends flying out behind each ear, constitute the common dress of the female peasantry. In such a country as that we have passed

through, where there are no towns, very few villages that contain half a dozen dwellings, and in many places one solitary house, the poor people have been taught by necessity to help themselves. Accordingly, the inmates of a family make their own hats, shoes, stockings, and woollen cloth, and perform all carpenter and smith's work. The females knit, spin, and make the clothing, and do all the drudgery of the house. While this gives them a feeling of independence, their lonely situation attaches them to their families and kindred, who rarely leave their native villages, excepting when the young people marry, and then only to some unoccupied spot in a neighbouring hill or valley, where food is to be found for their cattle. They rarely leave home except to attend some distant place of worship, or when the younger branches of the family, generally the females, are sent for two or three of the summer months to watch the cattle in the mountains, and to make their butter and cheese for their winter provision. How applicable to the unsophisticated mountaineers of Norway are those beautiful lines of Goldsmith, when speaking of the *then* patriot passion of the inhabitants of Switzerland:—

“ Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.”

When in the year 1814, these sons of the mountains and the fiords were struggling for their independence, and when it was decided to turn them over to Sweden, Lord Grey, in the House of Lords, asked—"And what people is it whose fate you are thus to decide?—a people who have never done you any wrong, who have never injured any of your interests—a people who are known to you only by their virtuous character, by their meritorious services, by their interchange of good offices, by the extension of your commercial relations, and by their constant and unremitting discharge of all those duties which constitute the moral greatness and happiness of a nation."

The Norwegian people are highly deserving this just and generous appeal made in their favour, but made in vain. At this time they were suffering under a severe famine, the miseries of which were further aggravated by a blockade of their ports on the part of Sweden, assisted by Great Britain. The merchants and inhabitants of Leith, in their memorial to the privy council, praying for permission to export grain to Norway, state, that the wretched Norwegians had been driven to the necessity of using the bark of trees, moss, and other substitutes, giving rise to nauseous and mortal diseases. Several accounts have mentioned *barke bröd* being occasionally used as food in Norway, but Von Buch seems to doubt the fact, not so much from its poverty and nauseousness, as from the trouble, the

labour, and the number of processes it must undergo, and then relates, in minute detail, from another author, the various preparations necessary from the felling of the vigorous fir-tree to the forming of the cake of bread.

The first view we had of Tronyem and its magnificent bay, which is completely surrounded with mountains, is very striking. A small island, on which is erected a fortress, called *Munkholm*, first catches the eye, and the town breaks upon the sight as the road makes a turn to the eastward. The numerous white chimney-pots rising from the tiled roofs are remarkable objects, and give quite a character to the town. Almost every house has two of these placed above the gable ends, invariably white. The buildings, with the exception of the cathedral, and two or three others, are of wood. Like those of Moldé, they are generally painted a deep red, dirty yellow, or white; these are the three favourite colours made use of, I believe I may say, in all the towns.

It was late in the evening when we entered Tronyem at a rapid rate, with the carriages literally covered with mud, which had dried hard upon them, and in many parts was nearly a quarter of an inch thick. The weather was exceedingly cold, owing to a northerly wind blowing directly in our faces across the bay. We were fortunate enough to procure rooms at Madame Holmberg's, who speaks English, where we were very comfortably

lodged during our stay, but still more fortunate in finding there the three gentlemen, Messrs. Smith, Entwistle, and Royds, from whom we had received so much civility at Christiania. We had told them of our intention, if possible, of going to Tronyem, after visiting Bergen, but they were not a little surprised to see us walk into their room one day when they were quietly at their dinner. They had crossed the Dovrefi-eld; and in consequence of what we heard from them of this mountain track, as well as what we had read of it, we determined upon pursuing this route to Christiania, rather than going by Røraas, which we had thought of doing, in order that we might visit the celebrated copper-works, as well as, if possible, to fall in with the Laplanders, who frequently visit this part of Norway in the summer months with their rein-deer; but, alas! our days in Norway were numbered.

Mr. Smith had travelled a great deal in the country, both in summer and winter, and had visited the North Cape; he spoke the language fluently, and we were indebted to him for many friendly acts; but one in particular, which was of essential use. On sending to the bank for the purpose of getting either our notes (which were of the bank of England) or our sovereigns exchanged for the money of the country, we were informed, to our great dismay, that they positively refused to receive them; and after sending our servant over the whole of the town to endeavour to dispose of them for Norwegian

notes, he returned, and said it was quite useless to try any more, as no one would have any thing to say to them. Here, then, we were in a pretty predicament, our Norwegian money being all gone. Upon acquainting Mr. Smith with our awkward situation, he most kindly went to his writing-desk, and wrote out a draft for thirty pounds, the sum we required, for which we gave him our English notes in return. We were quite unprepared for this dilemma. We had not met with any difficulty either at Christiania or Bergen in parting with bank of England notes, and they were always too glad to receive our sovereigns, which I certainly should have thought would also have been the case at Tronyem, but nobody seemed to know them here, a proof of what I had often heard, that there is not a Jew in all Norway*.

* “Norway is one of the few countries in which no Jews are found. When silver mines were first discovered, a foolish prejudice prevailed, that these lovers of money would secure and retain possession of the coin ; they were therefore expelled.”—*Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe*, p. 191.

CHAPTER III.

FROM TRONYEM TO CHRISTIANIA.

Tronyem — Cathedral — Public Buildings — Trade — Fortress of Munkholm — Prisoners — Falls of *Lierfossen* — Neighbouring Country — Productions — Road, gradual Elevation of — Commencement of *Dovreft-eld* — View and Height of *Sneehütten* — Peasantry — Height and Steepness of the Road — Highest Elevation of — Sublime Scenery — *Fjeld-stuen*, or Mountain Lodgings — Commencement of Descent — Excellent Road and beautiful Valleys — *Miosen* Lake and Valley — Arrival at Christiania — General Observations — Arrival in England.

THE name of this town, which the English call *Drontheim*, is spelled by the Norwegians *Trondhjem*, and pronounced, as I have already stated — *Tronyem*; which latter form I have ventured to adopt, as more convenient than the correct orthography, of which no mere English reader could guess the true pronunciation. In this I follow the example of Dr. Clarke*.

* In glancing over Dr. Clarke's Preface to his 'Scandinavia,' &c., I find the following passage:—"This word (*Tronyem*), if accurately pronounced in our language, would, with us, be *Trunyem*, which is the real name of the place. It was the wish of many of its literary inhabitants, that this should be duly stated to the English nation, with a view, if it be possible, to abolish the nick-names of *Drontheim*, and *Dronton*, bestowed upon this city by the *Irish*, who, from their intercourse with *Norway*, first gave rise to those appellations. It is not a more low and vulgar barbarism to write *Lunnun*, instead of *London*, than it is to substitute *Drontheim*, or *Dronton* in lieu of *Tronyem*."

The town of Tronyem is built almost entirely of wood, there not being above half-a-dozen houses in it constructed of brick, of which the Bank, which may be called the Bank of Norway, is one. The Governor's residence—a handsome palace—is constructed of wood; and one or two other public edifices are also of wood. The largest and broadest street is called the *Munk-gade*; but the houses are generally small, and only two stories in height; and, being irregularly placed, it cannot lay much claim to beauty.

The object of greatest curiosity is the Cathedral, or rather the remains of the ancient Gothic cathedral, which dates its origin from the eleventh century. Having suffered by fire, about one hundred years ago, and since that time frequently undergone repairs, very little remains of the original structure; but that part which is kept up for the purposes of religious worship is not an unsightly building, and is preserved in good repair and neat order. In the inclosure, or churchyard, we observed that flowers, fresh gathered, were strewed over many of the graves which had evidently been occupied for some years,—a certain and pleasing proof that their tenants were not wholly obliterated from the memory of those who survived them. Nothing can be more simple than these mansions of the dead, as they generally appear in Norway: a small mound of earth is thrown up, its sides neatly trimmed with a turf of grass, and the top strewed

with white sand, which has the appearance of being constantly renewed ; and in this sand are inserted the fresh-gathered flowers.

Within the Cathedral is an extensive vault, filled on either side with huge coffins, some of which must have been there a long period, as they were crumbling to pieces. One, however, had been placed there within the last year or two, which was considered a rare occurrence : it contained the body of a man who had lived to be a hundred and four years of age, and was placed in the vault of the Cathedral as a remarkable instance of longevity.

The most ancient part of the Cathedral is that which was so much injured by fire that the walls only are remaining ; but sufficient is left to show that the architecture was by no means wanting in good taste and execution. The part where the altar now stands is also of ancient date ; and some of the iron doors still remaining are curiously wrought. We were shown, as a great curiosity, “ St. Olaf’s Well,” within the walls. He is supposed to have been originally buried on this spot, but, according to tradition, on the removal of the body from the grave, the water rose up, and has continued as a well ever since.

As we happened to be at Tronyem on the Sabbath, we attended Cathedral service, and heard a good deal of singing and chanting, but certainly not of the best. The priest, who was a little, old man, delivered a sermon *extempore*, which occupied

about an hour: he had not even a note-book before him, yet spoke with great fluency, and very emphatically. He never once looked up, but kept his eyes closed during the whole period of his preaching. The ladies were arranged on one side of the Cathedral, and the gentlemen on the other.

Besides this Cathedral, there are three other churches, all of them plain structures. The other public buildings are—an Hospital for the aged and infirm, a Workhouse, or House of Industry; a Public Library and Museum, and a Public Grammar-school: there are, besides, other schools on the Lancasterian plan; nor can it be said that literature is neglected, particularly that which relates to the history and antiquities of Norway. Most of the lower class can read and write, and a Bible and Psalter may be found in every house. But we were not prepared to meet, in this northern city, in the latitude of 63° N., so many of the more respectable part of the inhabitants well acquainted with, and conversant in, the English language; and still less could we have expected to find how well-informed they were in regard to passing events in England, in which they appeared to take a more than common interest: they knew perfectly well who had spoken on such and such a question in the House of Commons, and which side he took in the debate. Both here and in Bergen, everything that relates to England seemed to create a deep interest. We are told by certain travel-writers, that Englishmen are

hated in foreign countries. I am proud to say, I never experienced it, and I am inclined to think the discovery must have been made by some of those who had brought on themselves, by their conduct, that feeling.

There was at this time very little shipping in the harbour. Fish—such as dried salmon, ling, salted cod, and herrings—tar, and timber, are the principal exports, the last mostly in the shape of deals. Copper is sometimes brought from the mines of Roraas, to be shipped from hence. There was no appearance of much trade—no bustle nor active movement—everything seemed at a stand, and the town exhibited no signs of a numerous population. We were told, however, that many of the wealthier portion of the inhabitants were at their country villas, and others had gone to Christiania on account of the Storthing. The streets were nearly deserted, and grass might be seen springing up luxuriantly in many parts of them. The shops were few, and not so well stocked as one sees them in a small country town in England. With difficulty we found one small silversmith's shop, and that very scantily stocked. I purchased, however, a few silver trinkets, of native manufacture, very tastily wrought, and neatly finished. These, and a variety of furs and skins, are the only articles that can be procured as acceptable trifles for one's friends at home: some of the latter—the ermines and eider-down—are very beautiful, and sold at

moderate prices, as compared with those demanded for them in England. The skins of bears and wolves may be purchased for about six or eight dollars a-piece, and would make very handsome fire-rugs, or rugs for the bedside.

Bergen has certainly more claims to be called the capital of Norway than Tronyem, although the latter is nearly as large; but the population of the former is stated at 20,000, while that of the latter is only 12,000. But Christiania, from its size, its population (about equal to that of Bergen), and its traffic, may lay claim to higher pretensions than either of them. The trade, in fact, has been abstracted by this and the other southern ports from both of those western cities, and for very obvious reasons; merchants will not go to a more distant market and fare worse, when they can effect their purpose nearer home and fare better. The society, however, at Tronyem, is of a higher cast than at either, for the very reason, probably, that their attention is not too much diverted by the occupations of trade. Von Buch says, that in no district of Norway is there such an attachment to their country, such true patriotism and public spirit, as in Tronyem; and the cause he assigns is ingenious enough*. But

* "The patriotism of Drontheim is more concentrated in the country, and less diffused. Christiania sends boards and planks to England, from whence it draws the means of living with comfort, and even splendour; and therefore it naturally wishes the prosperity of England, with which its business has been always success-

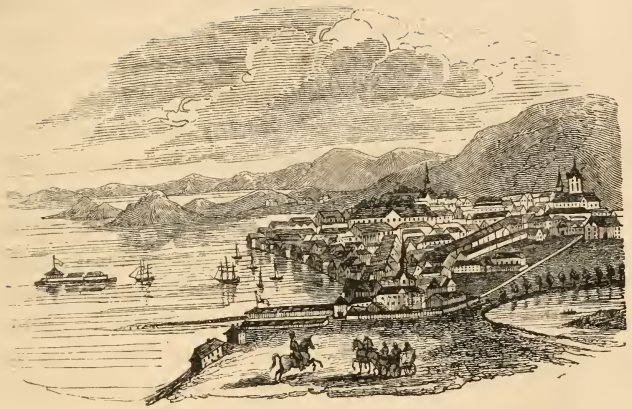
the agreeable appearance of the town, so much extolled by this traveller, did not strike us; on the contrary, the exterior of the houses appeared to be neglected, and many were obviously falling into decay; and we observed, what this author has stated, that, from the effects of the sun and moisture, the wooden buildings had become distorted, and all the little ornaments grown disfigured, so as to serve only to excite an unpleasant idea of disorder and decay. How, then, are we to reconcile what Clarke says, that “there is no part of Copenhagen better built, or neater in its aspect, than the streets of Tronyem?” To compare an ordinary wooden town to one of the finest second-rate cities in Europe is indeed *parvis componere magna*—“Imperial Rome with Mantua;” but the Doctor had just left a Laplander’s encampment of skin huts.

As the water which washes the foot of the town, and into which some of the houses are actually carried, and erected on posts, continues to be very shallow for some distance, a small pier is thrown

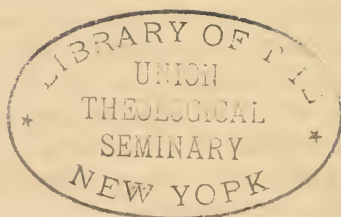
fully carried on. Bergen sends fish to Holland, and imports garden-stuffs in return: in Bergen, therefore, the people cannot be indifferent to what passes in Holland: but, in Drontheim, these foreign relations are not so determinate; their view is alone fixed on the country in which they live in security and repose, and every attempt to disturb that repose awakes most powerfully in them the spirit of self-defence, and repulsion of foreign attacks by which their peace may be endangered. Drontheim possesses the patriotism and public spirit of a solitary republic, and Christiania the spirit of a trading town, with extensive connexions in a large monarchical state.”—*Von Buch’s Travels*, p. 109.

out into the bay for the convenience of embarking and landing in and out of boats. The bay, which is only a branch of one of the most extensive of the fiords, is completely shut in by hills of considerable height, and is certainly very beautiful; but I must again disagree with Clarke in thinking it does not yield to the Bay of Naples, and that the isle and fortress of Munkholm eclipse the Castel del Uovo. All that can be said of it is, that this isle, with its castle, are objects that, by breaking the uniform surface of the fiord, are sure to attract the eye of the observer, their distance not being more than a mile from the shore.

By the kindness of our friend, Mr. Smith, we obtained permission from the commandant of the town to pay a visit to this fortress, which is built on a rock of small elevation, but sufficiently high to command a favourable view of the town, and the hills which inclose the bay, and on the sides of which are scattered a number of pretty-looking country-seats. A small detachment of twenty-five soldiers, who are relieved every fortnight, is constantly in the fortress to guard the prisoners, who are sent to Munkholm here as they are to the castle at Christiania: the number of them at our visit was twenty in irons, and two others, who had been sentenced to confinement for life; but they were allowed to walk about the fortress unencumbered with chains: one of these, I was informed, had been convicted of coining, and the other of murder-



VIEW OF TRONYEM.



ing a poor woman in the most inhuman manner, by first cutting out her tongue ; but it was proved, on the trial, that he was insane, and on that account his life was spared. The former was a respectable-looking person, very inoffensive, and was amusing himself on the platform where we landed, in fishing: he seemed cheerful, and asked two or three questions about us. The murderer was a much older man, and seemed to be quite idiotical : there was something very peculiar in his manner; he kept his eye on us, and as he passed, took off his hat, and we, of course, returned his salute.

The prisoners were employed upon the bomb-proof casemates, which were nearly completed. One of these poor men offered for sale a small clothes-brush, for which he asked a mere trifle, and I gave him more than he asked, to be divided among his fellow-prisoners: they were much pleased, and expressed their thanks warmly.

We remained at Tronyem not more than three days, at the end of which I felt quite as anxious to quit, as I had done to enter it. It was gratifying to have seen what may be considered as the most northern capital, not only of Europe, but of the four quarters of the globe;—but to have seen it is quite enough. The manners and appearance of the upper classes very nearly resemble our own. They are, in fact, notwithstanding what Von Buch may say, most of them more or less connected with the mercantile houses of England, and many have been educated

in England, and others every year are in the habit of visiting it. There is, besides, very little difference in the fashion of the dress of the inhabitants, generally speaking, except that they mostly wear their hair long and flowing behind: everything, in fact, looked English, except the dogs, many of which had a very wolf-like appearance; but though they looked ferocious, they were generally exceedingly good-tempered, and inclined to be social.

A visit to the beautiful falls of *Lierfossen*, situated four or five miles from the town, on the river *Nid*, was not to be omitted. We did not find them by any means equal to those of Trollhätten in Sweden, to which they have been compared, nor to those which I have mentioned near Bergen; but they are, nevertheless, two magnificent waterfalls. The lower one is a large volume of water, dashed into foam in its perpendicular descent over a ledge of rocks: the upper fall is divided into separate masses by an intermediate rock, and is further broken in its descent, as it bounds from cliff to cliff; the first is what I should call a waterfall—the latter, a cascade.*

We visited this spot in company with our friends whom we so agreeably met with in Tronyem: they took with them their fishing-tackle, and caught

* "The perpendicular height of the first fall is forty-eight ells (99 English feet), and its breadth two hundred (413 feet). The lower fall, one thousand yards distant from the upper fall, is forty ells (82 feet), and its breadth ninety (122 feet)." — *Clarke's Travels* — *Scandinavia*, p. 664.

three or four salmon at the foot of the lower fall, while we were present. It was amusing to see these vigorous fish leaping in various places directly up the stream of the fall, and, nothing disheartened by failing in the attempt, to try it again and again. Perched on a rock above the surface, we watched, in the clear stream, with what seeming caution one of the finny brood would approach the fatal bait; but, after playing round it as if conscious of the deceitful hook, in an unlucky moment, when—

“haply o’er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge : at once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen’d line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt’ring weed,
The cavern’d bank—his old, secure abode—
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile.”

Close to these falls are several furnaces for smelting copper ore, and also saw-mills, perched near the sides of the falls, similar to those near Trollhätten. It may be set down as a general remark, that wherever there is a fall of water near to, or in the midst of, forests of firs, there will to a certainty be found mills to saw the timber into baulk and plank. Both the foundries and the saw-mills at Lierfossen belong to Mr. Oveson, who owns the surrounding property, and alone enjoys the right of fishing in the immediate neighbourhood of the river and the falls. We received much civility from this gentleman, to whom we had been introduced by our friends. After satisfying

ourselves with the romantic scenery in the vicinity of the falls, we partook of refreshments at his house, from whence there is one of the most extensive views that could be desired of Tronyem and its beautiful bay, inclosed by hills of a moderate height.

Soon after our return, we left this northern city in the afternoon of the 28th of July, to proceed along the common road across the *Dovreft-eld* for Christiania, in a due southern direction. The shafts of one of our carriages had given way in going over the rough roads between Bergen and this place, where it had been repaired rather clumsily. In fact, as no ash grows here,—at least none was to be had,—new shafts of birch had been substituted, and of such large dimensions as to set pliability at defiance; the consequence was, that the motion of the carriage was almost insupportable. My companion and myself changed carriages occasionally, and each pitied the other while he was undergoing the ordeal of the birchen shaft—consoling ourselves, however, that the name was not more odious now than, in the shape of a birchen twig, we held it to be in days long past.

The country, in the neighbourhood of Tronyem, has an agreeable appearance, being well studded with villas or country-houses belonging to the gentry, with substantial farm-houses, and fields well cultivated with grain, chiefly barley and oats. Their orchards are not productive: apples, cherries, and plums appear to be the only fruits that have a chance of ripening, and even these depend upon the

season; but strawberries are abundant. A protracted spring or summer, and a sudden and early frost, not only destroys fruit, vegetables, and chiefly potatoes, but disappoints the hopes of the husbandman by preventing the ripening of his grain. In the town are oaks and lime-trees, planted round an esplanade; but they are sickly and stunted, and the *planted* ash barely exists. "At Tronyem," says Von Buch, "the oak does not grow easily; it will live there, but never grows any larger. Fruit-trees and oaks thrive in nearly the same temperature; and, where oaks cease to grow, fruit-trees are as great rarities as a palm at Rome, or a chestnut at Sund."

There are, however, no want of the common trees of the country in the neighbourhood of Tronyem; and neat villas and farm-houses are thickly scattered on both sides of the road. We were met by several persons of both sexes, on horseback, riding in towards the town; they were all well dressed, and the fashions not much differing from our own.

At ten miles from Tronyem we got sight of the valley of *Guul*, and its river, which discharges itself into a branch of the Tronyem fiord. Large forests of Scotch and spruce firs tower up the sides of the hills, amidst which are numerous farm-houses; and cultivated fields of rye, barley, and oats, were ripening for the harvest. Villages and churches are frequently seen from the road, which winds for twenty miles along the margin or ridge of this lovely valley, in which, to use the expression of Von Buch,

“the whole antiquity of the nation is crowded together;—it is the cradle of the land.” At *Melhuus*, the country begins to put on indications of swelling into loftier hills, and even of rising into mountains; but it is not till we reach *Soknæs*, the fifth stage from Tronyem, that we perceive those fine views that remind one of the Alpine scenery of Switzerland; but they are still much inferior to those we had experienced on the western side of Norway. The Guul comes from the eastward, but our route was south, along the banks of a small river that falls into the Guul near *Soknæs*. Here we spent the night—a place that ought to be avoided by all travellers. We found it altogether miserable, and sleeping was wholly out of the question; both creeping and flying creatures abounded; but I certainly was not

“*Hush'd by buzzing night-flies to my slumber.*”

The roads had hitherto been worse than we had usually found them, the soil being for the most part clayey; and not feeling the carriole, with the birchen shaft, very agreeable, I determined to try a stage on horseback; but this was a great deal worse, for the saddle was awkwardly made, and entirely of wood, as was also the bit in the horse's mouth. Two stages tried my horsemanship; and, thus mounted, I had quite enough of it at the end of the latter: even my friend's carriole, with its unelastic shaft, was preferable. These two stages brought us to *Birkager*, situated near a small *vand*, out of which the river flows, along whose banks we had

been travelling. A little to the southward of this, we had to cross the *Orkel Elv*, over a wooden bridge: this is a considerable stream running through a deep valley into one of the numerous branches of the Tronyem fiord. Here the elevation of the road is put down on the Swedish map at 1057 feet. The next stage, *Sundset*, is stated by Von Buch to be 1578 feet in height; and, observing here the Scotch fir growing alone, he asks — “Can spruce-firs actually rise no higher? It appears evident, however, that in this latitude, a height of more than 2100 English feet will not admit of their growth; and therefore we do not probably exceed the truth when we assume 600 or 700 feet as the difference between the two boundaries, beyond which the spruce and Scotch firs do not ascend.”

At the church and village of *Opdal*, we come upon the *Driva Elv*, which has its rise in various small *vands* around the foot of the lofty *Sneehåtten*, and, having run through a deep, rocky glen to the northward, as far as *Opdal*, takes a turn to the westward, and falls into the *Ting-vol* fiord. At *Opdal*, the road is marked at an elevation of 2114 feet, and at *Drivstuen* 2220. Here we might fairly be said to commence our passage over the *Dovreft-eld*, and the scenery became wild and romantic enough. There was little or no cultivation, and the lower parts of the mountains, clothed with impenetrable forests of firs, birches, and alders, bounded the view on all sides; but above

the forests, the upper regions of the mountain range were seen to be partially covered with snow. At Opdal, we obtained a first glimpse of the celebrated peak of Sneehätten, or the mountain *capped* with snow. It is the highest point of that part of the Norwegian chain of mountains called the Dovrefield, and, till lately, has been considered as the highest mountain peak in all Norway. Professor Esmark is, I believe, the only person who has ascended the summit of this mountain, with a view of ascertaining its height barometrically. By this instrument, he determined it to be 8115 English feet above the level of the sea; having previously ascertained the highest elevation of the road from which he started to be 4563 feet. These are, of course, but approximations, as the observations of the difference in the fall of the mercury, made by a single barometer, between the summit of Sneehätten and an elevation obtained by the same instrument at a great distance from the sea, must be liable to very considerable errors; they are, however, undoubtedly the best we have yet been furnished with.

Looking at the lofty and jagged peaks, rising out of snow, as they appeared from this part of the road, the traveller is scarcely aware of the enormous height he has himself attained by leisurely ascending up the public road. A gentle descent, or a piece of level road occurring now and then, makes him forget the weary ascent he has had

to climb. On these elevated plains, however, he will observe posts erected, which will put him in mind that they are intended to point out the road in winter, when the ground there is wholly enveloped in snow, and consequently of considerable elevation. Having passed the night at Drivstuen, we had now to commence the really formidable part of the ascent, which, by winding through rugged ravines, was still gradual, and by no means so abrupt as we had been told we should find it;—not at all to be compared with some of the mountain-passes we had to encounter on the opposite side. Nothing could be more civil and obliging than the people were at this place, where we found everything comfortable.

In the course of our journey through the deep ravine, we met with a poor idiot by the road-side; but whether he had the goitre or not, I cannot say. His eyes were fixed steadily on the ground, but his countenance indicated a cheerful disposition: he seemed to be perfectly unaware of the carriages passing him; the miserable hut, by the road side, in which the poor fellow lived, was close at hand; but no one appeared to take charge of him. This was the only imbecile we met with in Norway.

In this wild and dreary part of the country, and indeed in other parts still more wild, the poorest peasantry generally appeared cheerful, contented, and happy: the more I saw of them, the more pleased I was with their simplicity of manners, and their frank and open-hearted disposition; free as the native

mountain air they breathe, they hold the freedom they enjoy as a boon too sacred to be abused, and a privilege too valuable to be suffered to degenerate into licentiousness. Their gratitude, as well as their friendly feeling, is here, as we had invariably found it, expressed by a hearty shake of the hand. If at any time we gave a small piece of money to a little child, the mother always desired it to go and shake hands with us; and if it should happen to have omitted doing so—or if too young to be expected to do so of its own accord—she would herself bring it to us to perform this indispensable expression of gratitude. I once had the opportunity of giving a trifle of money to an old man who, we were told, was upwards of ninety-five years of age, though still tall and upright; and so grateful was he for this little mark of attention, that I thought he would never have done shaking hands with me.

Being told at Drivstuen, that the road to *Kongs-vold* was exceedingly steep and dangerous, and that it would be impossible for one horse to drag up our little carriages, while we were sitting in them, we, therefore, though not forgetting the pains and penalties of the wooden saddles we had already experienced, ordered horses to be saddled, for the purpose of relieving those in the carriages. We reached this formidable place in about three hours, and the carriages arrived soon after us. This part of the road is certainly wild and romantic, carried along a deep ravine, hemmed in on both sides with rocks,

and frequently choked up with huge masses; at such places the road winds up to the top of the precipice, from whence it is sometimes frightful to look below. Its height at Kongsvold is marked down at 3063 feet. The post-house at this place appeared as good as one could have expected in such a situation. But after the rugged and almost untravelled roads we had passed over in going to Bergen, and also from thence to Tronyem, we felt somewhat disappointed on reaching the summit plain of the Dovrefi-eld, of the approach to which, through almost impassable ravines, we had heard so much; in fact, it was tame in comparison with those we had gone over on the other side of the country. The sublime scenery, which I had pictured to myself as more grand and imposing than any thing we had yet seen, did not by any means come up to what my imagination had made it. The fact, I believe, is, that our little carriages, bounding lightly over the most rugged mountain-passes, felt none of those difficulties which occur to travellers in those heavy carriages which are generally used in crossing the Dovrefi-eld; nor, indeed, is such a heavy vehicle so free from danger, when once it receives an impetus downwards, which may possibly hurry it over one of the precipices into the abyss below. This, we were told, has happened; whereas the extreme lightness of our carriages enabled the driver to stop them at once in almost any situation of peril.

From Kongsvold to *Jerkin*, (or, as it is pronounced,

Yerkin,) the road attains its highest elevation at the source of the Driva Elv, which is marked down as 4594 feet. Von Buch, from the measurement of Esmark, states it at 4563 feet, the highest elevation, no doubt, of any mountain pass in Norway. It crosses, in fact, the Dovrefi-eld range, which at Sneehätten trends off to the north-east. From hence the road continues southerly over the highest ridge, which flanks Sneehätten and the Dovrefi-eld, and extends as far as *Moen*, or *Elstadd*, separating the two finest valleys in Norway, the *Lougen* on the west, and the *Glommen* on the east.

The scenery about this part of the road is certainly sublime, but still by no means equal in grandeur and sublimity to that we had experienced in our journey to Bergen, and still less so in many parts of our passage from thence to Tronyem. Having descended a little, we arrived at Yerkin about two o'clock, and remained there for the rest of the day. It is merely a post-house, without any village or collection of huts near it. The weather was exceedingly cold, as may be supposed, at an elevation of upwards of four thousand feet above the sea, and the wind very piercing. Intending to pass the night here, we amused ourselves for a few hours by hiring a couple of horses, and riding about the summit, nearly a level plain, upon which were growing a few stunted birch trees, or rather shrubs, some dwarf willows, junipers, and heaths, the tallest not many inches above the ground. The plain is, in fact, little better

than a naked barren moor. We looked for, but could not discover, that picturesque object which Von Buch describes to have seen at this place: "a dwarfish, miserable, crooked, and branchless Scotch fir stood there, wholly isolated, the first we met with again on these mountains; but it was sufficiently evident, from its figure, that it had been driven by mere accident into a climate in which it could only draw out a miserable existence. How can pines," adds this writer, "thrive in a latitude of 62° on elevations of 3672 English feet above the sea? M. Esmark found them in a thriving state, for the first time, in the *Foldad*, at an elevation of 2582 English feet."

A Scotch fir can claim but little pretensions to beauty in its most palmy state; but when solitary, perched in some lonely nook, or recess, high up on the naked side of a precipitous mountain, as it may often be so seen in Scandinavia, sturdily opposing itself to the blast, and insinuating into the crevices of the bare rock its snake-like roots for sustenance and support, we are far from despising this living remnant of antiquity; on the contrary, its shattered trunk, its crooked and twisted arms, its mutilated branches, almost denuded of foliage, by ages of exposure to the "pelt-ing of the pitiless storm," dispose the spectators to consider it, in all its deformity, as an object of veneration and picturesque beauty.

The appearance of the plain of Yerkin gives

no other indication of its great height than the scantiness of vegetation, and the coldness of the atmosphere. The Sneehätten, and the inferior ramifications clustering round its base, pour down their streams in rapid currents, which, when united, form the Driva Elv, the river along whose banks we have for several stages been proceeding. We had here, at Yerkin, a full view of the pinnaced peak of Sneehätten, with which we contented ourselves, without being at the trouble of ascending it. Its height, deducting that of Yerkin, is nothing remarkable. It necessarily loses much of its magnitude, or rather altitude, by being viewed from a base elevated above 4500 feet, leaving its peaked summit only about 3500 feet, which may be easily ascended from Yerkin in about half a day*. Sir T. Acland ascended the peak and returned in the course of twenty-four hours, including a twilight night. Mr. Smith, whom we met at Tronyem, ascended Sneehätten, with the intention of reaching the summit, but, falling in with a herd of rein-deer, like a true sportsman, he pursued the game, and did not accomplish his original intention. Mr. Everest

* In the Swedish map, Sneehätten is said to be 7714; but supposing it computed by Danish feet, it would only be 7940; by the same computation, the peak of *Skagstols tind* would be 168 feet higher than Sneehätten, or 8108. As, however, no authority is stated for the heights inserted on the Stockholm map, we must consider M. Esmark's as nearest the truth, which would give to *Skagstols tind* (assuming the above difference) an elevation of 8283 feet.

also ascended it, and returned in about eighteen hours, and disparages both its altitude and grandeur. He says it does not rise much more than 2000 feet above the level of the plain on which Yerkin is situated; but this is mere conjecture. The only objects he notices in ascending, were snow, precipices, and morass; some ptarmigan, golden plovers, snow finches, a few lemmings, and rein-deer moss. It is popularly believed that at the summit there is a lake, but Mr. Everest met with only a large semicircular broken down crater*. His geological description of this mountain is but meagre; he says, where the valley first opens to a large moor, they saw, on the side of the river, first, the gneiss, with white felspar,—next, a dark-coloured gneiss,—then, quartz-slate, with scales of mica between the laminæ, all dipping to the south-

* Sir Thomas Acland, in his correspondence at the time of ascent, has set this point at rest. He describes the crater to be broken down on the northern side, surrounded on the others by perpendicular masses of black rock, rising out of, and high above, beds of snow that enveloped their bases. The interior sides of the crater descended in one vast sheet of snow to the bottom, where an *icy lake* closed the view, at the depth of 1500 feet from the highest ridge. "Almost at the top," he says, "and close to the snow, which had probably but a few days before covered them, were some very delicate and beautiful flowers, in their highest bloom, of the *ranunculus glacialis*, growing most profusely: nor were they the only inhabitants;—mosses, lichens, and a variety of small herbaceous plants were in the same neighbourhood; and lower down, dwarf-birch, and a species of osier, form a pretty kind of thicket. The traces of rein-deer appeared on the very topmost snow."—*MS. Letter.*

east*. This great towering mass is stated, on the authority of Professor Esmark, to be composed almost wholly of mica slate.

The rooms in the post-house were comfortably warmed by means of stoves; and, had it not been for the very short beds and eider-down mattresses, I should have slept most soundly. Everything in the house was neat and cleanly, and we fared well. The oat-cakes were good, and so were some biscuits, made of flour and eggs, baked as thin as wafers. Yerkin may be considered as one of those regular houses, established ages ago, for the accommodation of travellers destined to cross high mountainous roads. On Dovrefjeld there are four of such houses — Kongsvold, Yerkin, *Fogstuen*, and *Tofté*. They are called *fjeld-stuen*, or *mountain-lodgings*, and are held by the hosts rent and tax free, who have the privilege, which is also extended to all the post-stations, of selling corn-brandy. They are said to have been first established by one of the Norwegian kings, for his own accommodation, in travelling from Tronyem, the seat of government; and they have been continued for the benefit of the public ever since. Nyestuen and Maristuen, in crossing the Fillefjeld, are of this description. It was not our good fortune, however, to meet with any travellers, native or foreign, to avail themselves of these accommodations. I conclude the Norwegians rarely travel, except in

* Journey through Norway, &c., by the Rev. R. Everest.

going to church, to a wedding, or a christening—at a funeral, the family of the deceased only attends. I understand, however, that the several roads are most frequented when the annual circuit is made by the *Sorenscriber* or puisne-judge, to hear and determine causes, when the *Land Foged*, or bailiff, or superintendent of the district, goes round at the same time, assesses the inhabitants, and settles any little differences or disputes among the peasantry, regarding parochial and other matters; but the *Storthing*, when sitting, appears to supersede all minor affairs.

For some distance after leaving Yerkin, the rocks, the ravines, and the general scenery, continued to wear the character of grandeur: the snow, which covered the tops of the mountain peaks, glittering in the rays of the sun, contrasted finely with their naked and black weather-worn sides, which, in descending towards their base, were finally buried in forests of fir-trees. It was bitter cold while crossing this elevated plain or moor, and as much as I could do to hold the reins firm in my hand; but the road was now excellent, and so even and regular in its descent, that we trotted rapidly all the way down to *Fogstuen*, at which place the elevation was reduced to 3150 feet. At this spot the *Folda Elv* takes its rise, and, flowing to the eastward, falls into the *Glommen*, the largest of the Norwegian rivers. *Fogstuen*, as the name implies—the foggy lodgings—is a most dreary habi-

tation, situated at the bottom of a deep valley or ravine.

We here changed horses, the road still continuing to descend ; and, at the distance of four or five miles, we reached the left banks of the Lougen river at the place where it is joined by the *Lessöe Elv*, from the eastward. We were now entering upon a beautiful valley, down which the *Lougen* was rushing with great rapidity. This river expands its waters into the *Losné Söe*, and, farther down, into the *Miosen* lake, which is of so great an extent as to be called generally by the name of fiord. Beyond this lake, the Lougen takes the name of the *Vormen Elv*, and once more spreading out its waters into the *Ojeren* lake, finally falls into the gulf of Christiania, at the town of Frederikstad. The source of the Lougen is in a small lake called *Lessöe*, near the foot of *Sneehätten*, on the southwest side, not far from which, and a little to the westward, is another small lake, out of which a river falls to the westward into the *Romsdal's* fiord. In some of the maps, I perceive that these two lakes are connected by a river, which would make—what is next to, if not altogether, impossible in a mountainous country—the same water, from its highest elevation, to run in opposite directions, part to the east and part to the west. It is rather surprising that so intelligent a writer as Von Buch should have suffered himself to be misled into this absurdity by these maps, which have never been altered

since the days of Pontoppidon. He says—" *Lessøe vārks vand*, a small lake, about nine English miles above *Dovre*, communicates at the same time with both oceans, and is not certainly more than 2343 English feet above the sea." It has, I believe, always been considered impossible that two rivers can flow out of the *opposite* sides of the same lake; one of them must wear down the channel at the point of *exit* to a lower level than the other. The valley of *Lessøe* intersects the great central chain of mountains dividing the *Dovre*-eld from the *Lange*-eld, as this is separated from the *Fille*-eld near *Viig*, and *Fille*-eld from *Hardanger*-eld *, by the pass we crossed on our way to *Bergen*.

The road continues to be excellent, and with a gradual descent along the left bank of the *Lougen*; its elevation at *Dovre*, or its opposite village, *Tofté*, having diminished to 1575 feet. *Tofté*, the first of the *fi-eld-stuen* in coming from *Christiania*, is romantically perched at the edge of a wall-sided mountain; it is a considerable village, and overlooks the beautiful valley of *Guldbrandsdalen*, which may be said here to commence.

Just before reaching *Tofté*, we passed a large hill of white silicious sand, which had the appearance of a drift of snow, particularly when the sun shone upon it: the whole surface, either from the

* It has been stated, that *fi-eld* signifies "mountain," or "a cluster of mountains." Our northern *fell* is probably derived from the same word.

wind or the rain, was beautifully smooth—so much so, indeed, that there was not a ridge, or an indentation, or the least unevenness, to disturb its uniformity: it had all the appearance of granular white quartz pulverized. At Tofté we observed, for the first time, a sort of sign put up at the post-house, to instruct the traveller of the name of the place from which he has come, painted on one side, and the distance; and, on the other, the place to which he is next going, together with the distance which it may be from the next post-house. Mile-posts are also very regularly placed, but, stupidly enough, they have been painted black, with white letters on them; and many of these were completely obliterated.

We are now proceeding through a part of the country where the road winds over fir-clad mountains, of easy ascent and moderate height, the lower parts of which are studded with farm-houses, and mostly under cultivation. Grain of different kinds is seen in great abundance, nearly fit for the harvest; the verdure of the meadows as soft and lively as any in England. As we approached *Vüig*, the country became still more fertile, and more abounding in cultivation: to judge from the appearance of the crops, which were generally heavy, the soil must be rich. Our servant, who was driving behind me, came galloping up at a great pace, to call our attention to the spot where Colonel Sinclair was buried. This Scotch officer was killed in 1612,

with nearly the whole of his little party, close to Viig, by the peasantry, who lay in ambush for him,—a feat that is never to be forgotten in Norway. It is commemorated on a wooden tablet, in a pass near the road side. This officer had raised a corps of 900 Scotch soldiers, who were on their way through Norway to join the forces of Gustavus Adolphus, against Christian IV. of Denmark. In passing the *kingelen* or defile, about 500 peasantry, armed with bludgeons, bows, and stones, fell upon them, and, as the inscription says, “broke them in pieces like a potter’s vessel.” They all perished. The inscription has been renewed several times, and the bravery of the feat is probably exaggerated at every renewal. Dr. Clarke found the one he saw headed thus—“Courage, loyalty, intrepidity, and whatsoever gives honour, the whole world, amidst Norwegian rocks, may learn*.” It was, after all, but a sort of Rob-Roy attack.

As we proceeded onwards, the country became more and more cultivated; and villages, churches, and clusters of cottages, were scattered over the sides of the hills and in the valley, in all directions; sometimes they might be seen in small cleared

* Eight years after this, we find the following inscription stated to be written on the tablet:—“Here lies Colonel *Jürgen Zinclar*, who, with 900 Scotchmen, was dashed to pieces like earthen pots, by 300 boors of *Lessöe*, *Vaage*, and *Froen*. Berdon Segalstadt, of *Ringaboe*, was the leader of the boors. This tablet was destroyed, in 1789, by a flood, and again restored by the boors *A. Viberg* and *N. Viig*.”—*Von Buch’s Travels*, p. 88.

spots, in the midst of the forests of pines, surrounded by little patches of verdure, but more frequently in the open valley. Dr. Clarke says, the road through Guldbrandsdalen, for 170 English miles, continues through a series of the finest landscapes in the world; that it is remarkable for the tallest people, and the finest horses and cattle, in all Norway; that the women are fair and handsome, and the men stouter and more athletic than any he had seen, with their light and long flowing hair, reminding him of Ossian's heroes. In these observations I entirely concur; and the contrast between them and their northern neighbours of the mountains of Dovrefjeld is very remarkable: of these, the persons of both sexes are diminutive and ill-formed, and their features large, ill-favoured, vacant, and void of expression; their hair light brown, inclined to red, flowing profusely over their shoulders; their complexion sallow; red caps, blue or green stockings, and large long light grey coats flounced with green, constitute the holyday dress of the men. The cattle partake of the diminutive size of the people; the horses are mere ponies; the dun mouse-coloured cows are remarkably small; the sheep equally so, with harsh and wiry wool; the goats are the only fine animals.

Not having sent on a förebud beyond *Moen*, we remained the night at this post-station, and enjoyed the luxury of clean sheets, which cannot always be depended upon.

The next morning we pursued our journey, and came to the post-station at *Elstad*; and, leaving this, we ascended a steep hill, from whence a panoramic view presented itself over a valley which may vie with any that Switzerland can afford. Descending the other side, the scenery is not less beautiful. We crossed a very romantic bridge, thrown across a chasm in the rocks, through which a foaming torrent of water was rushing down. Beyond this, the road winds along a narrow lake, which was not, like the lakes in general, remarkable for its transparency, but rather the reverse. This may be accounted for by the clayey appearance of the adjacent hills, the rocky ravines having here almost disappeared. On the opposite side of this lake there is an almost uninterrupted line of dark forests, thickly covered with firs, and with small breaks of cultivated ground, each enlivened with its cottage.

After a continued succession of varied scenery, all beautiful, along the left bank of the Lougen, we approached the Miosen lake; but, before we reached it, we had occasion to admire a very beautiful cascade in the river—one of the prettiest that we had yet seen. A ledge of rocks running across it, acts as a dam, over which the water, rushing with great rapidity, is precipitated with considerable force, and dashed into foam against detached fragments lying in the bed of the river. This fall bears a resemblance to that of Lilla Edet, in Sweden. The

rocks, blackened by the weather, appearing through the white foam, add to the general pleasing effect. Near this place we passed the spot where a person was beheaded about a year or two since, for the murder of a man who was employed in conveying the post. His body was exhibited for three days, close to the road side. We saw the pole and platform on which it had been placed: the head had been stuck upon the top of the pole, and the body laid across the scaffold, which was about three feet below the top of the pole. As far as I could learn of the story, it appeared that the man who was murdered was carrying dollars to a large amount for the bank at Tronyem, which had come to the knowledge of the other person, who waylaid, robbed, and murdered him. He was beheaded close to the spot where the act was committed, and his body lies buried at the foot of the scaffold.

We soon reached *Lille Hammer*, a pretty little hamlet situated at the upper extremity of the Miossen lake, which is a beautiful and extensive sheet of water, formed, as already stated, by the expansion of the Lougen river: it is about sixty miles in length, and of various widths, from one mile to four or five. *Lille Hammer* was once a town of some importance: it was the capital of the *Hedemarken* district, and situated in the midst of the richest part of Norway, and on the banks of this lake, which is navigable, though neither the Lougen nor its continuation, the Vormen, below the lake,

is so. Von Buch speaks, not very consistently, of the ruins of churches*; but in our short stay we saw none, and only observed that the houses were generally built of logs of wood, and neatly finished by being covered outside with neatly wrought plank, and the roofs tiled.

Finding our förebud had got no farther, we remained here the night. I had to myself a double-bedded room; and our servant informed me the next morning, that he had encountered great difficulty in preventing an officer, who was travelling through, from sharing it with me. He remonstrated upon it, and being a very determined person in his manner, we never knew him to fail in carrying his point, as he succeeded in doing in the present instance. Here we passed a comfortable night, and proceeded on our journey the following morning, the road lying along the beautiful *Miosen* lake, which occasionally we lost sight of altogether, and then came close upon it again: sometimes we were much above it, and at others on a level with it. Its elevation is put down as 437 feet above the level of the sea; but the

* "The isolated ruins of the numerous churches preserve its memory, and the great palace of Stör Hammer its name. The Reformation occasioned the removal of the bishop's seat from Hammer to Opslo; but still the town continued to prosper. In the year 1567, the Swedes advanced from Opslo to Hammer; they revenged themselves on Hammer, plundered the rest of the town, which had been already plundered by them, set fire to the houses, and destroyed every vestige both of them and the churches. The inhabitants fled to Opslo, and never returned."—*Von Buch's Travels*, p. 79.

mountains on both sides, more particularly on the west, are of considerable height, and clothed with firs and birches to their very summits. Even the road passed through forests of these trees, mixed with aspen and ash: the drive through them was very pretty, much resembling the approach which one frequently meets with to a gentleman's park in England. The bending branches of the spruce sometimes rest on the ground, and the deep, rich green is occasionally relieved by the graceful birch; but the fir-trees of Norway generally are not to be compared with those of Sweden, which rise majestically to an enormous height, and their branches generally are feathered down to the very ground.

The Hedemarken, through the centre of which the Miosen flows, is certainly a fine and beautiful district. It produces abundance of grain, grass, fruit, and vegetables. It may be considered with regard to Norway, what the Lothians are to Scotland; and to us, who had seen, in so long a journey, little else than barrenness, it appeared most luxuriant, and continued so to the post-stations of *Frogner*, and from thence to *Korsodegaarden*: in fact, the whole of the scenery along the banks of the *Miosen* is one constant succession of unrivalled beauties. A great improvement also has taken place in the painting of the mile-posts, which are now just the reverse of what they were, the boards being white and the letters black.

It was late at night when we arrived at a small

spot, just at the southern extremity of the Miosen, called *Holdt*, opposite to which, on the right bank of the river, which now takes the name of the *Wormen Elv*, is the post-station of *Minde*, to which we had to be ferried over; but as it was blowing strong, and was very cold, we thought it advisable to sleep at *Holdt*, rather than to cross the water; and on the following morning we were ferried over. It was blowing quite a gale of wind, and the river which flows from the Miosen was running very rapidly. In fact, close above the passage it was quite a cataract. Taken altogether, had we first seen this spot on our arrival in Norway, we should have described it as one of the most wild that could be imagined. After some little difficulty, however, we succeeded in crossing, and procured horses at *Minde*, to carry us on our journey. I cannot, however, take leave of the lovely Miosen lake without stating my hearty concurrence with Dr. Clarke, and other writers quoted by him, that the banks of this lake, and of its feeding river the *Lougen*, (not *Louven*,) for the distance of 170 English miles from *Tofté*, afford a series of the finest landscapes in the world; that it is doubtful whether any other river can show such a constant succession of beautiful scenery. He might have added, that the grandeur of the forest-clad mountains which enclose the rich and charming valley of *Gulbrandsdalen*, through which it winds its impetuous course, is quite equal to its beauties; and that the richness and fertility of the banks of

the lake are on a par with both. We here see farm-houses, and villages and churches, rising above each other from the level of the valley, till the naked rock forbids them to advance higher. In this flourishing district of Hedemarken we, as in the valley of Guldbransdalen, found the horses of a stronger cast, the cattle in higher condition, and what is still more remarkable, the men more stout and tall than we had hitherto met with in other parts, and the women handsomer and of a more healthy appearance. Every thing, indeed, wore an aspect of fertility, plenty, and comfort.

From Minde, however, to the very suburbs of Christiania, the traveller who has crossed the mountainous region of the Dovrefjeld will be apt to consider this part of the country tame and uninteresting. The road here began to be heavy, being composed of loose sand, which flew about in every direction, and almost smothered us with its dusty particles. The first view we got of Christiania and its beautiful fiord, studded with numerous clusters of islands, and surrounded by fir-clad hills, was highly gratifying to us; and we drove into the court-yard of the Hôtel du Nord, from whence we had started just one month before, with our little carriages, not much the worse for all the wear and tear we had taken out of them.

Thus ended our excursions in Norway, over which we had gone, in that little month, upwards of a thousand miles by land and by water; had tra-

versed nearly four hundred miles through a part of the country hitherto untravelled by any of our countrymen, and scarcely travelled at all; had visited Bergen and Tronyem, and had not retraced a single step;—a journey, in fact, which has never, as far as I have been able to ascertain, been attempted by any stranger.

Those few who have gone from Bergen towards Tronyem by this route, as I have elsewhere remarked, were Norwegians. All who had heard of our exploit, professed to be quite astonished; and the more so on being told that our little carriages had come back safe and sound. Few imagined, on starting, that we should have gone farther than Bergen and back in the time we had prescribed, and yet we did not average more than forty or fifty miles in the day, and remained a sufficient time at each of the two towns to satisfy our curiosity; but it must be observed, that we were seldom in bed for more than five hours out of the four-and-twenty, which enabled us to perform much more than a greater indulgence would have allowed.

Both my companion and myself took a peculiar interest in the Norwegian part of our excursions. There is no country which I have hitherto visited, where nature appears to have done so much to make it agreeable, and man so little to make it what may be called comfortable; none where I have been so much impressed with the grandeur of the scenery, and the honest simplicity of the natives.

Yet I have traversed every part of Switzerland—I have seen its lofty mountains covered with snow, its lakes, its rivers, its waterfalls, and its smiling valleys; but the valleys, the lakes, the rivers, and the waterfalls of Norway are not in any degree inferior. The mountains of Switzerland may be loftier, wrapt deeper in perpetual snow, and bound faster in “thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;” but where in Switzerland shall we look for the dense forests embosoming the bases of the wall-sided mountains, and where find those clear and glassy fiords which abound in Norway? Then, as to the people—what the Swiss peasantry may have been half a century ago, or more, I can only speak from what has been reported; but with all the good parts they still possess, and of which I have had experience, it would be a departure from truth to say that they are at all to be compared, in their integrity and single-mindedness, with the peasantry of Norway. The few of what may be called the upper class with whom we had any intercourse in the towns were of kind and affable manners, and clever, well-informed men; they were generally perfect masters of our language, and entered willingly into conversation. But we saw only a few of them. In Bergen and in Tronyem all the gentry were absent at their little villas, and some of them this year at the Storthing. To become thoroughly acquainted with the state of society would require a winter’s residence; to see

the country in all its beauty and grandeur, the only favourable time is in the summer months.

We invariably found the lower class simple and open-hearted, inclined to be very friendly, and always cheerful. Even those whom we saw in parts where their livelihood was earned most hardly, and who in winter must be reduced to almost absolute starvation, were nevertheless happy and contented. Black bread of barley or rye, with milk and butter, and sometimes a little dried or salted fish, constitute their daily fare. Butcher's meat is out of the question; thousands know not what it is, and the majority very rarely taste it. In the whole of our tour, excepting at Christiania, Bergen, and Tron-yem, we never met with a single morsel of it. The happy and contented disposition of these single-minded people, under all their privations, might afford an instructive lesson to those who have been pampered in cities, and surrounded by all the luxuries they could desire, and yet are discontented, and far from enjoying that degree of happiness which falls to the lot of these poor Norwegian mountaineers. They afford a practical exemplification of what the poet has so beautifully expressed—

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

One thing only disappointed us, and that was

the scarcity of birds and other animals that range under the head of *feræ naturæ*; in fact, we met with nothing of the kind. We had laid our account for falling in with vast quantities of wild animals, and abundance of those different species of the feathered race usually called game: not a single head of the one or the other made its appearance; neither wolves, nor bears, nor foxes, not one specimen even of that singular little animal called lemming deigned to show itself—a creature which, we are told, when on a migratory march, appears sometimes in swarms of thousands and tens of thousands, and, with a determination worthy of a swarm of locusts, will not be stopped by any obstacle, but will even make a bridge of one another's backs, to enable them to cross a fiord; but *how* these living bridges are constructed we have not been fortunate enough to meet with any rational or intelligible account. Then, as to flying game, not a black cock, ptarmigan, pheasant, or even a partridge, crossed our path. It is well we spared ourselves the trouble and inconvenience, which it would have been, of carrying fowling-pieces as a part of our very light baggage. That the above-mentioned quadrupeds exist in abundance in Norway, no further proof is required than the skins and furs exported from thence. The wolves are known to follow the cattle in the summer months into the mountains; the bears migrate to the northward in search of a climate more congenial with their feelings and

habits, and where a more abundant supply of food is afforded; then, as to the birds, some of them migrate to the north, others keep to the forests during the breeding season. It is true, our rapid progress along the line of the road was against our falling in with game; but the friends we met with at Tronyem had their rifles and fowling-pieces, and had laid themselves out for shooting, yet in the whole distance from Christiania they killed only a few plovers.

A recent writer has said, "No one ever left Norway without regret. It is a country, many parts of which a child might walk about with a bag of gold, and no one would molest it; where the stranger by day or by night may knock at any door he comes to and be welcome*;"—to all which I can most cordially subscribe. Previously to our Excursions in the North, I had cursorily rambled over parts of France, Switzerland, Italy and Portugal, of Holland and Belgium, all possessing their several attractions; but Norway is the country that most of all *attaches*—more even than Switzerland: yet, after all, we may seek in vain the whole world over, to find a country, that, take it for all in all, can compete with England, which, setting aside the natural ties of family and friends which bind one to that spot, is, in my estimation, beyond all comparison, with all its defects and drawbacks, superior in all

* Journey through Norway, &c., by Rev. B. Everest.

respects, morally and intellectually, to any other country I have yet seen.

“ Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth !”

I, too, “ leave Norway with regret.” I, too,
“ found a welcome at every door.”

“ ————— Many a courtesy
That sought no recompense, and met with none,
But in the swell of heart with which it came,
Have I experienced ; not a cabin-door,
Go where I would, but open'd with a smile.”

Farewell, then, to Norway !—a long farewell to her snow-capped mountains, her fir-clad hills, her lovely valleys, her clear and limpid streams, her clearer lakes and unfathomable fiords !—farewell, ye free and happy and contented sons of the mountains ! May no intruder disturb your peaceful cottages with wild and pernicious theories, that lead only to confusion and ruin ! listen rather to those sound precepts delivered from the mouths of your venerable pastors, your best instructors and truest friends ! Your singularly interesting country, and the many little acts of kindness I received at your hands, will long remain in my remembrance. Once more, then, virtuous, and therefore happy people, so long as you preserve your virtues,—
“ hail, and farewell !”

On the evening of the 5th of August, we again embarked on board the *Constitutionen*, and getting under weigh at an early hour on the following morning, proceeded in her to Copenhagen, touching only at Gottenburg.

The other vessel, which usually performs a part of the voyage, was employed in the service of Prince Oscar, of Sweden, who had gone in her to Bergen, with the intention, as I understood, of returning by land to Christiania. He had left the latter place but a few days previous to our arrival. It would have been singular enough had we fallen in with the prince on this excursion, as we did on the former, when in Russia.

The passage occupied three days, and on the morning of the 9th, having passed the night at Copenhagen, we proceeded to Kiel, in the same steam-boat which had before brought us from Lubeck. On our passage we passed between the richly-cultivated islands of *Falster* and *Moen*, and were almost within a stone's throw on either side.

The bay of Kiel is too well known to render it necessary for me to record its beauties; the noble expanse of waters—the deep wood which intercepts the view of the town on entering the bay—the trees feathering their branches to the very edge of the water, and the picturesque scenery which surrounds it, were not, however, lost upon us.

We passed but a few hours at Kiel, which in itself has little or no attractions. From hence to

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ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

[Chap. III.]

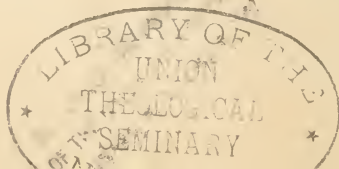
Hamburg is a distance of about fifty miles, which was performed over a highly-finished macadamized road; but the Diligence, as well as the posting, is so badly regulated, that the traveller seldom arrives at the end of his journey before twelve hours have elapsed.

We arrived at the Hôtel de Russie, at Hamburg, on the 10th, and were welcomed by Mr. Weidemann, to whom the establishment belongs, and whose civility and attention to our countrymen are well known to northern tourists.

On the 13th we embarked on board the Superb steamer, and after a boisterous passage,—which, however, was rendered as agreeable as circumstances would allow, by the good humour of Captain Morfee, whom we remembered three years ago, when serving as chief mate of the William Jolliffe,—we landed at the Tower-stairs, on the morning of the 17th of August.

THE END.

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